

JOHN "POLYESTER" WATERS TALKS TRASH

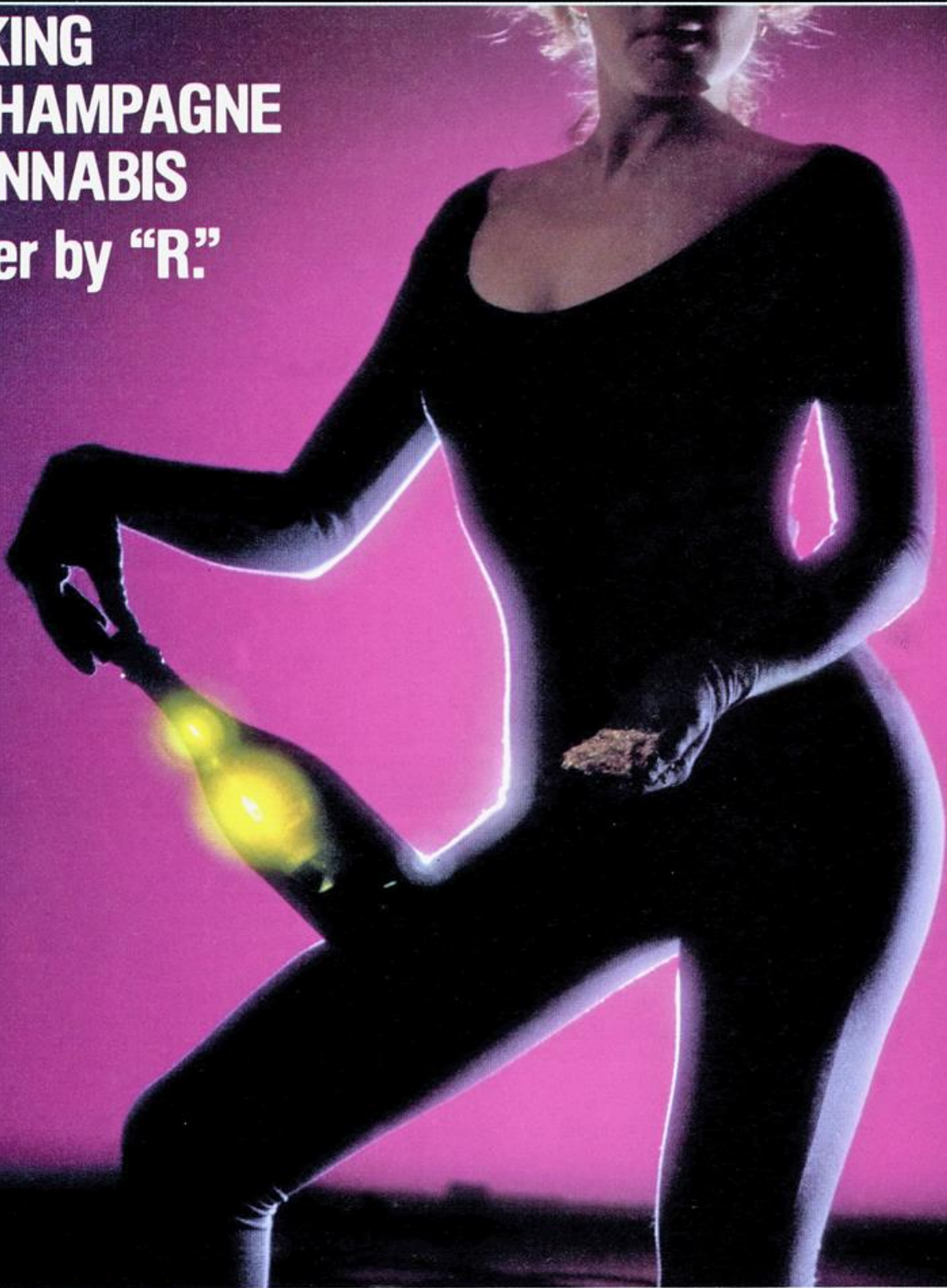
HIGH TIMES

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JANUARY 1983

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HIGH TIMES

No. 89 January '83

FEATURES

Interview: John Waters by Larry Sloman

With the success of his last motion picture, *Polyester*, John Waters finally crossed the culture line and became a popular overground director. Have big-time box-office receipts spoiled the auteur of such cult classics as *Mondo Trasho*, *Eat Your Makeup* and *Multiple Maniacs*? What do you think?

Investing in Drugs by Steve Kraus

The general idea being that, why take your chances on the street when you can have your stockbroker score you so many shares of Amalgamated Quaalude over the phone? Then you just sit back and watch your fortunes rise in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal*. In other words, they can't bust our stock portfolios

Why the Miss America Pageant Should Be Abolished

by Josh Alan Friedman

Josh Friedman went down to Atlantic City with nothing short of reverence for the Miss America tradition and a reservoir-tip prophylactic in his wallet. He returned home some 36 hours later and demanded that we print his story, because, in his words, "The world's gotta know." "Know what?" we asked. "Well, for one thing, they never have any sex." The fun begins on page

Centerfold: The Guru and the Grastoker

Tattoo You and you and you and you by Spider Webb

"When one is in a room with 15 or 20 heavily tattooed men and/or women who are also into leather and piercing, it is difficult to shake the feeling that some transcendental consciousness is informing the entire scene." It's also difficult to keep from losing your lunch, Spider old boy, but we love you anyway

Hero Spurns Painkillers: Another Kind of Singing

by Dean Latimer

Vietnam, circa 1967: Smack-dealing American servicemen are murdering each other over a piece of the Southeast Asian heroin traffic. The CIA, of course, has all the big contracts sewn up, but there's still a little something left over for the boys in the trenches. A fictionalized account of the way it really was

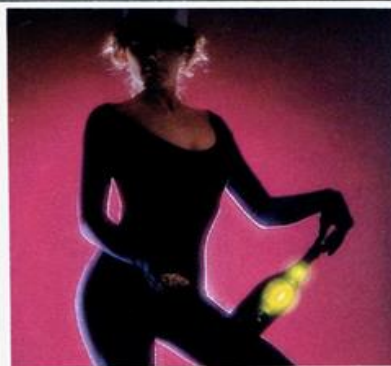
HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Coast Guard botches marijuana mutiny . . . Smuggler's plane bombs Georgia . . . How strenuous exercise can ruin your health . . . The Florida paraquat follies . . . "Light" cigarettes exposed . . . "Pac-Man" pusher takes fall . . . Pot bale saves lives . . . Cocaine colonels cede power in Bolivia . . . Did the Welsh invent whiskey?

Trans-High Market Quotations

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Visions	Fassbinder's last stand	92
Grow American	The sinsemilla technique	97



46 Raiders of the Lost Gold

by "R."

The Connoisseur meets the Marijuana Mystery Lady, and together they forge a new era in cannabis cultivation.

Cover photo

by David Michael Kennedy



40 Steal This Meal

by Abbie Hoffman

Someone is ripping off the great chefs of Europe—glomming their salmon eggs and guzzling their Dom Perignon. With a set of forged papers from *Playboy* magazine, he's passing himself off as a respected critic of the *nouvelle cuisine*. Authorities estimate that he's already snatched over \$10,000 of French food from various Parisian tables and should be considered long-armed and extremely ravenous.



58 Notes of a Dirty Old Man

by Charles Bukowski

This month marks the beginning of Charles Bukowski's column, "Notes of a Dirty Old Man." Sometimes it'll appear as an essay, other times as a short story, and every once in a while as a poignant reminiscence soaked in irony and alcohol like the one you're about to read.

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THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

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WHEN THE WORLD'S BEST GROWERS NEED A COMPLETE SYSTEM FOR:

- MULTIPLE FLOWERING of Orchids,
- COMPACT BRANCHING } of Roses,
- ENHANCED BUDDING }
- ENRICHED LEAF SPREAD for Violets

thru concentrating CO₂ for accelerated growth . . .

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MAXIMIZE CO₂ NATURALLY

CO₂—To increase CO₂ for enhanced plant growth, either 1. Seal the environment & pump it in, or 2. Speed up the air flow surrounding the leaf. Temp.—233 watts of heat energy from the 6 fluorescent lamps plus 1 incandescent bulb heats up and dries the air. As the HOT AIR RISES out, COOL AIR is drawn in.

	INSIDE	OUTSIDE
Air Speed	15mph	0mph
Humidity	40%	100%
Temp	90°	70°

LIGHT — HOW CAN 233 watts be as efficient as 1000 watts?



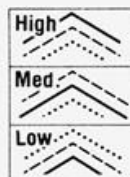
1. Plants always closer than 3 inches from any 2 light sources.
2. Total light reflection from top, bottom and sides of unit saturates top and bottom of all leaves.

FERTILIZED SOIL = INTENSITY FACTORS PLUS CAPACITY FACTORS

1. Intensity factors (IF) are nutrients readily available to plants
 2. Capacity factors (CF) are nutrients locked up in soil/fert. particles.
- Soil test results show the intensity factor and the capacity factor as a total number. A test result could show very high total nutrients while the plants are actually starving.



45 days from seed germination to photo below



THC —————
CBD - - - - -
CBN

CANNABINOID PROFILE OF MARIJUANA*

THC is the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana. CBD and CBN determine how THC is metabolized.

HIGH THC — psychoactivity is active, intense, shorter
LOW CBD —
LOW THC — psychoactivity is less intense, longer lasting
HIGH CBD —

HIGH CBN — The older the plant, the more "dopey" the effect.

THC increases with high Phosphorus medium Nitrogen
CBD increases with high Phosphorus high Nitrogen

	Orchids	Roses	Violets
Nitrogen	Low	High	Med.
Phosphorus	High	High	High
K-Potassium	Med.	Low	Low

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*Cannabinoid Profile and actual test results presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin Production and Plant Growth", pertains to any plant.

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ZA102	5 gr.	\$ 27.50
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ZC112	Quick Hit Vial	\$2.00
ZC113	Bullet ea.	\$4.25
ZC115	Amber Vial dz.	\$5.25



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1/8 oz.	\$18.50		ZA122	ZA117	ZA112
1/4 oz.	\$33.50		ZA123	ZA118	ZA113
1/2 oz.	\$65.00		ZA124	ZA119	ZA114
1 oz.	\$100.00		ZA125	ZA120	ZA115

ULTRA CAINE
PERUVIAN FLAKE
BOLIVIAN ROCK



SUPERIOR SPARKLE MANNITOL		
ZB109	1/2 gr.	\$ 9.00
ZB110	2 oz.	\$28.50



DEERING

SUPERIOR MANNITOL		
ZB107	1/2 oz.	\$9.00
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ZC103	Scale—2 gr.	\$21.00
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(All above in a slick locking box)		
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FLASHES

THE MAGIC OF MYLAR PHOTOGRAPHY

At right, *The Last Photo* of Jimi Hendrix, a sample of Ira Cohen's recent Mylar photography exhibition at the Art Gallery in New York City. A complex photographic technique, utilizing a variety of graphic skills, Mylar photography, for those of you who don't know, is when the photographer does some stuff to the picture so that when you look at it, it makes you feel like you're on acid or something.

Cohen's Mylar Chamber consisted of 44 prints of luminaries such as William Burroughs, John McLaughlin, Alejandro Jodorowski. As *Life* magazine said back in 1969, "From Beatles lyrics to Masters' theses few come as close to explaining the euphoric distortions of hallucinogenics as do the photographs of Ira Cohen." For how you can obtain one of these prints see page 78.



MORE POOP ON URINE TESTS

In our November cover story on marijuana urinalysis testing, it was explained why no such test can possibly prove either marijuana intoxication or voluntary use. Even as the story went to press, researchers at the University of North Carolina and the manufacturers of the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay released studies—belatedly—showing that these tests will, under various circumstances, show "positive" on urine samples fur-

nished by people who are guilty of nothing but inhaling other people's side-stream grass smoke.

As a result of these findings, efforts to lobby these tests into use by private and public employers are withering on the vine, and they probably never will show up in schools, after all. Individuals who have been branded "drug abusers" by these tests are now in a capital position to sue the tests' administrators for libel and slander if their individual test results were ever publicly revealed. Several such legal actions are currently under way, and will be closely covered in these pages in the future.

The Food and Drug Administration is currently investigating these tests, with a particular eye toward determining whether their wholesale abuse as "guilt"-determining devices is a result of misleading claims by their promoters, or simple ignorance on the part of those who have abused them in this way.

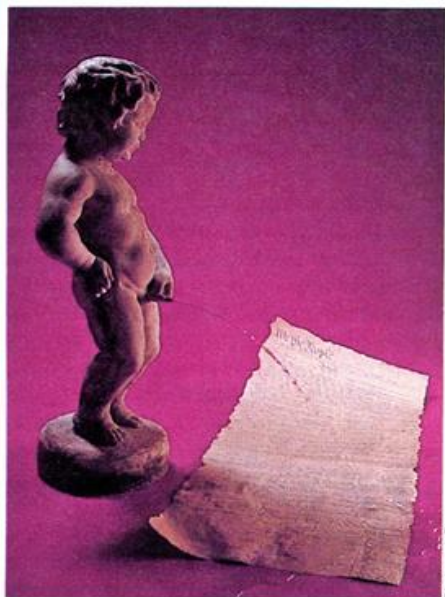
At this time, no government regulatory agency exists to monitor marijuana urine testing. No one in government has any idea of how many of these things have been sold, where they've been used or how many people have been harmed by them. It's a "private sector initiative" in the highest Reaganaut tradition. The U.S. Pharmacopoeial Convention, however, is interested in collecting data on these devices. The USPC's Medical Device and Laboratory Product Problem Reporting System concerns itself specifi-

cally with diagnostic devices which give deceptive results.

If you or anyone you know has been misdiagnosed as a drug abuser by a marijuana urine test, the USPC would like to hear about it. Send the details to: The United States Pharmacopoeial Convention, Inc., 12601 Twinbrook Parkway, Rockville, MD 20852.

The USPC will keep all communications confidential, if requested to do so.

—Dean Latimer
Sordid Affairs Editor



Richard Pan

DEATH GIFT

When I was twenty one my parents gave me a plain white envelope for a birthday present. I thought money was inside. But when I opened it I found a deed for a cemetery plot & the first annual ten dollar bill for maintenance. Father said the best places charge for cutting the grass, & that he'd pay for it until I'm able to. Mother said she hopes I won't ever have to use it. She said the woman I marry may want me to be buried beside her, so I may end up with two plots.

—from *Girlie Pictures*
by Hal Sirowitz
© 1982 Low-Tech Press

EAST MEETS LOWER EAST SIDE

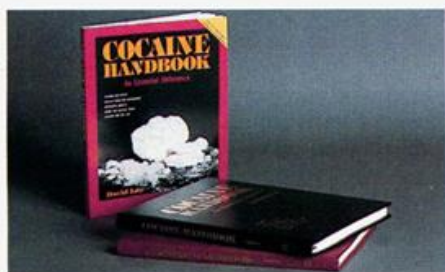
His spirit may soar like a hawk but he's still got the corneas of a 90 year-old man. So *HIGH TIMES* decided to throw a benefit for the one and only Ganesh Baba, marijuana mystic and subject of our December interview, in the hopes of defraying the cost of much needed ophthalmic surgery. The party was held at the Mudd Club in New York City and featured performances by a host of singers, dancers, poets and musicians.

Near right, the Ganja Guru addresses the multitude; upper right, poet Kathy Acker shares a special moment with the Marijuana Mahatma; Lower right, Valery Ois-teanu yodels in Ukraine.



Benita Abrams

Benita Abrams



THE COMPLEAT COCAINIST

That's right, America, from tasting to tooting, the best-selling reference source that packs more valuable cocaine information per page than you thought possible—*The Cocaine Handbook*—is now available in a special limited edition. Bound in genuinely handsome and pungently aromatic leather, the volume is signed by author Mr. David Lee and sells for \$100—the ideal Christmas gift for that special someone whose nose knows what's what.

Also available is a new, utilitarian hard-cover edition in washable and spill-proof red Kivar (\$35), and the original quality paperback edition (\$19.95). If your local bookstore has run out of these fine publications, they can be ordered directly from the publisher by sending a check or money order to And/Or Press, P.O. Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702, or call (415) 849-2246.



UNDER THE RAINBOW

A sit-down feast as foreplay? It's only natural when the main event features Little Annie Sprinkle upchucking her escargots in a graphic display of the latest craze in avant-garde sex, rainbow showers. And that's one of the milder spreads in the premier issue of *Sluts and Slobs*, a rollicking send-up of the diseased men's mag market, conceived by our own managing editor Josh Alan Friedman (along with veteran sex media monster Richard Jaccoma). At least one of the articles in *S&S* will form a chapter of Friedman's *Tales of Times Square*, a graphically real, Rabelaisian romp through the sexual netherworld appearing soon at your local bookstore.



WHO'S HIGH

Mike Wilmington, who debuts this month as our film editor, will be familiar to habitual *HIGH TIMES* readers for his pieces here on James Dean, George Romero and the movie *Conan*. Mike grew up in the hinterlands of Williams Bay, Wisconsin (pop.: 1,414 at the time), and like many culturally deprived youths in the heartland, lost himself at an early age to the local bijous, the early-morning movies and the late-late shows. Mike has published film criticism in *Sight and Sound*, *Film Comment*, *Film Quarterly* and other high-toned journals; his film columns for *Isthmus* of Madison have won him the Milwaukee Press Club Award for "best art criticism" the past two years running; and his book, *John Ford* (coauthored with Joseph McBride), earned plaudits from Elia Kazan, Peter Bogdanovich and Andrew Sarris.

FLASHES



GALBY'S APOLOGIES

Editor:

Well we shure are sorry but Libbian strongman Mooammer Gaddaffi sent over a hit skwad of unemployed CIA and NSA mersenarys on our Long Island grenade plant and bloo it sky-hi. And there went the hole season's crop of grenades plus all our cattalogs. So we can't send no cattalogs to all the swell people who wrote in to askk for them after reading the parody of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine in the August 1982 *High Times* "Seeds 'N' Stems" sextion. In fact we took and *burndt* all the ledders we got asking for wholesale mail-order grenade cattalogs. Because anybody answers ads like that in *Soldier of Fortune* or even *High Times* is shure to wind up on a Bureau of Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco hit list if theyre names leak out. If youre innarested, they was all male, and all any of them ever said in their ledders was "Please send cattalog", no more. And they was *not* from the South very often, as you'd think. Spesiffikally, they was from Brooklyn, NY; Syracuse, NY; Bloomington, Ind.; Harford, Conn.; Street, Md.; Effingham, Ill.; Frankfort, NY; North Suburban, Ill.; San Diego, Calif.; Elmira, NY; Glens Falls, NY; Lafayette, La.; Savannah, Ga.; Baltimore, Md.; and Denver, Colo. There is obviously a boom market in grenades in the US, if you get the joke. Haha.

Regretfully,
Chard V. Galby, Jr.

continued on page 13

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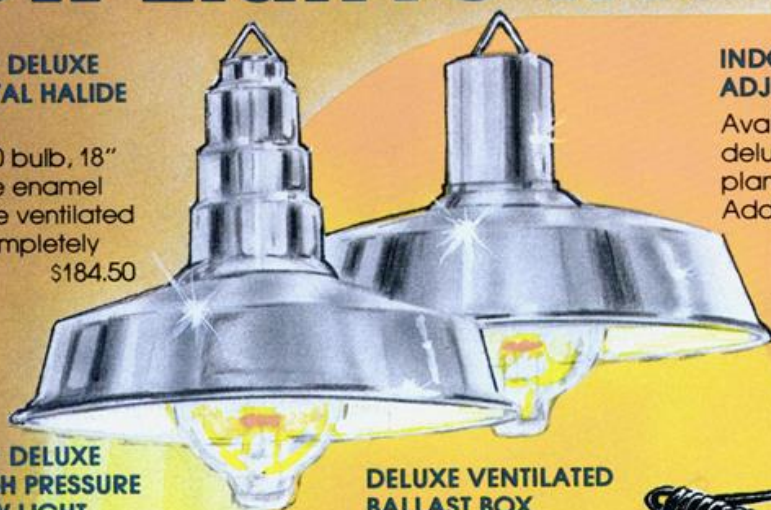
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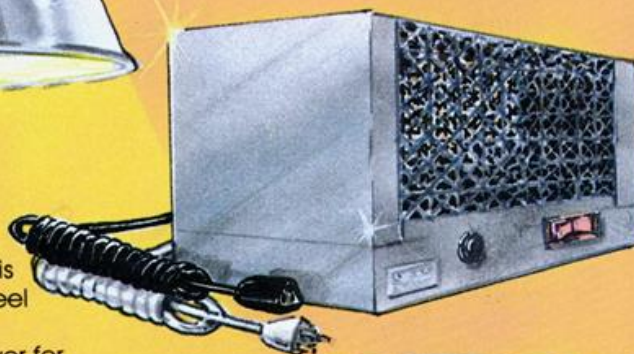
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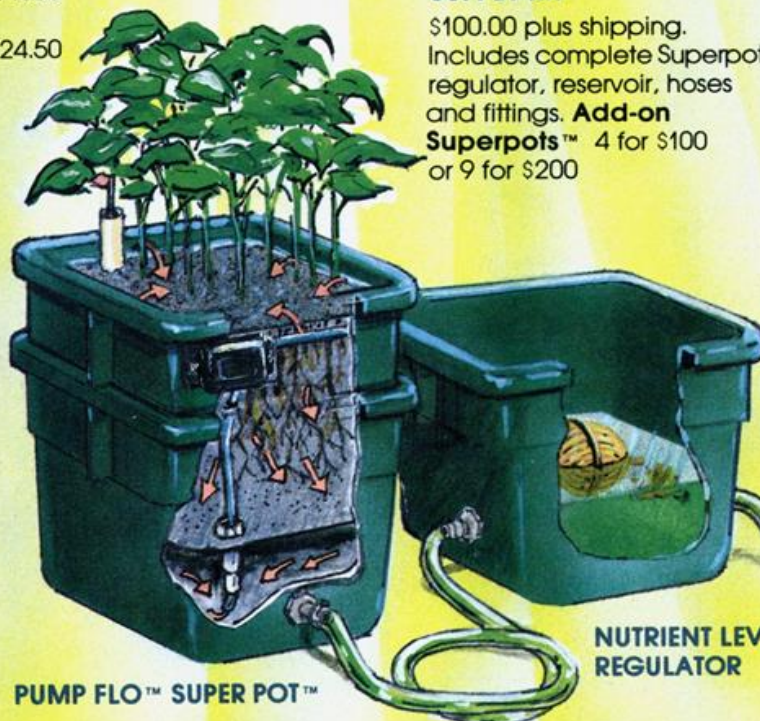
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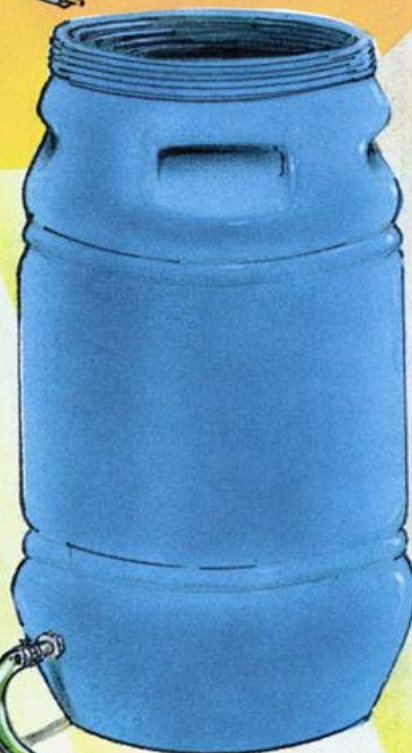
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FLASHES

continued from page 11

DOWN ON DEAN

Editor:

HIGH TIMES has truly done its readers a disservice by printing Dean Latimer's fictionalized account of my trip to India. The story, run with my photos, has little in common with my journey to the legal ganja fields.

Aside from giving readers false impressions of Indian customs, mannerisms and dialect, inventing conversations and narrative, Latimer misinterpreted information regarding cultivation and harvest.

Latimer has always been a crafty wordslinger, but he is unfit and unable to relate facts.

Stay high,

—Ed Rosenthal
Oakland, Calif.

Ed Rosenthal is coauthor, with Mel Frank, of *The Marijuana Growers Guide (And/Or, Berkeley)*. Ed Rosenthal's original draft of his India story is available, as he made sure to insert at the last possible minute onto that story, from Quick Trading Company, Box 477, San Francisco, CA 94104, for the sum of two dollars. Readers of HIGH TIMES are encouraged to send off for Rosenthal's draft, to decide if they would ever have bothered to read the first three paragraphs of it as written, or if they would ever have been able to make head nor tail of his information regarding cultivation and harvest. Whether or not he is fit and able to relate facts, Ed Rosenthal is not a crafty word-slinger.

—Dean Latimer

WILD ABOUT HARRY

Editor:

On vacation this past summer me and a couple of friends came across a stand of weedy hemp. Later that night we cleaned the couple of handfuls we had taken and loaded it all into bonges filled with crushed ice and water. The weed was fresh and fragrant, the smoke was tasty but the high was, well . . . nonexistent. Most of us had headaches—what a letdown. After breaking out some Colombian (to take the bad taste out of our heads), we cast our minds over the history of this relic from America's past. "Harry Anslinger, the villain," I thought. I thought again, "No, Harry Anslinger was no villain, he was a very helpful man. After all, wasn't he the guy who eradicated this non-high-producing variety of hemp from the United States and pulled our coats to the high-producing variety? Hey, that guy Harry was a real ganja-monster party man." Three cheers for Harry Shit-slinger . . . er, Anslinger.

—Name and address withheld

BUM RAP

Editor:

Bob LaBrasca's article regarding drug lawyers, which appeared in the October 1982 edition of HIGH TIMES, was, overall, quite accurate. However, his reference to the fact that I have one associate, namely my Westlaw computer (affectionately referred to in my office as "Hazel"), is inaccurate. In fact, Mr. LaBrasca's omission of my highly skilled and competent staff has caused a form of "palace revolt" in my offices.

I wish to assure your readers that my staff consists of a highly qualified, extremely competent and skilled trial attorney, Harry M. Solomon, as well as two law clerks and a hardworking, skilled and conscientious staff of secretaries. Not even the best trial lawyer can prepare a case without the support and assistance of competent and skilled personnel. Even San Antonio's own Gerry Goldstein relies heavily on my younger brother, Robert Hirschhorn's, skills. In fact, I am told that many of Gerry's innovative courtroom strategies have been the results of hours of pretrial preparation by my kid brother.

—Joel Hirschhorn
Miami, Fla.

BUKOWSKI FEVER

Just finished reading Charles Bukowski's short story "The Player" in your November issue. Nicely done, boys. Keep running high-test fiction like this and one of these days I just might have to go out and purchase my own copy of your magazine instead of ripping off my brother-in-law Frank's.

—Doug Allen
Austin, Tex.

Time to start buying your own, Dougie boy. This month Bukowski begins a regular column for HIGH TIMES: *Notes of a Dirty Old Man* (see page 58).

MAMA MOTA

Editor:

I've been a loyal subscriber to HIGH TIMES since 1977, and your October feature on dope lawyers couldn't have come at a better time. I just got popped for "manufacturing" six plants of assorted strains and sizes. Can you believe it!! Turned in by a neighbor—me, a 37-year-old mother of two college freshmen; member of the Booster Club and horticulturist extraordinaire. What is the world coming to? I try to do my part, I'm using my talents to keep American money in America; what the fuck do they want? I'm a union member, I drive a Ford, I pay my taxes, my son's in the military and I will smoke a bowl or two after work. What is their problem?

—Name and address withheld

continued on page 16

HIGH TIMES



HIGH TIMES

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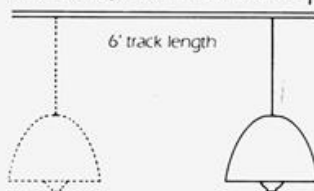
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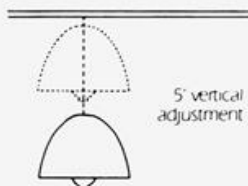
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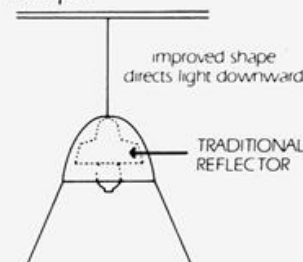
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FLASHES

continued from page 13

FLASHES—ADVISER MARIJUANA AND NURSING

*Dear High Times Adviser,
We're expecting a baby in two months,
and want to breast-feed. Can you tell us
of any effects marijuana may have on the
baby, if the mother smokes while nursing?*
—Watching the Clock
Evanston, Ill.

Sure. It's bound to make the little critter sleepy, especially if the mother smokes it where the baby can breathe the side-stream smoke. Babies, being very small, react much more intensely to the physical effects of all drugs, and pot is certainly no exception.

Whether this would be harmful to the baby or not—since babies tend to nod out after nursing anyway—is impossible to say for sure. However, you have to consider that small, newborn babies are going through a period of very rapid growth and development, compared to adults, or even older children. Tranking out babies regularly during this critical phase of active development may not be good for them at all.

And now there are fairly solid indications that even if a nursing mother avoids exposing her infant to the smoke, the baby may still absorb a good, regular dose of THC—the main sedative element in marijuana—in mother's milk, no matter what. Doctors at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, after examining two potsmoking mothers and their nursing babies, found substantial traces of THC in their milk, and clear evidence that their babies had ingested it.

As reported in the September 28, 1978, issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, two nursing mothers who smoked marijuana daily came to Chapel Hill and asked Drs. Mario Perez-Reyes and Monroe Wall there to check samples of their milk, and their babies' urine, for marijuana traces.

Both babies "were reported by their pediatricians to be developing normally," Perez reports in the *Journal*, after seven months of nursing while their mothers smoked marijuana daily. Since both smoked it in pipes, no estimate was given of the average quantity of herb they consumed (or its potency), but "Mother Two" toked up seven times per day, while "Mother One" smoked only once per day. Perhaps because of this, there was about three times as much THC in Mother Two's milk sample than in Mother One's, as shown by gas-liquid

chromatography/mass spectrometry analysis. In neither baby's urine sample, though, was there any trace of delta-9 THC, or even of its commonest end-product compound, the metabolite "9-carboxy THC" (11-nor-delta-9-THC-9 carboxylic acid).

Both women were advised by the physicians, of course, that they would do well to either cease marijuana smoking or switch to formula feeding, in view of the fact that the THC in their milk was likely to exert unnecessary drug influences in their babies. Mother One ceased smoking at that point, but Mother Two continued, at some undetermined rate of daily use. She agreed subsequently to furnish samples of her own milk and blood, and also samples of feces from her baby.

The THC level in her blood plasma, extracted one hour after smoking, showed levels of 7.2 nanograms (billionths of a gram) of THC per milliliter (thousandths of a liter—about a teaspoonful) of blood. Her milk, on the other hand, showed up 60 nanograms per milliliter of THC: "an eightfold accumulation of THC in milk, in comparison with the level in plasma," the authors point out. While this is still an infinitesimal concentration of THC, it might easily be sufficient to promote significant drug effects in a nursing baby, due to the baby's very small size.

And Mother Two's baby had definitely ingested some THC, as the GLC/MS analysis of its feces showed. Feces are far superior to urine as a venue for locating THC and its end products, since most of them are excreted through the intestines, not the bladder. In the total sample of feces assayed (its weight was not mentioned), Perez and Wall found 347 nanograms of THC. Moreover, they found substantial traces of THC's end-product metabolites, showing that the drug had had all the same physical effects in the baby as it would have in an adult who smoked it.

This is the first time, Perez notes, that THC has been conclusively shown in humans to accumulate in mother's milk, and to be imbibed by a nursing baby. Though only one baby and two mothers were involved, it's reasonable to assume that this happens with all healthy mothers and sucklings when the mothers smoke marijuana. "Because the effects on the infant of chronic exposure to THC and its metabolites are unknown," Dr. Perez concludes, "nursing mothers should abstain from the use of marijuana."

Marijuana and THC, of course, are just two of the uncountable number of unnecessary environmental influences to which newborn babies are exposed in our industrial society. While you may consider it in your forthcoming baby's best interests to minimize his or her exposure to such unnecessary influences, it's not our place to tell you what to do.

□

MARIJUANA MONEY



The Missing Piece of the Economic Puzzle

Frankly, we are puzzled by our country's prohibition of marijuana. After all, marijuana has been a part of American life since colonial days, when George Washington planted his hemp seeds at Mount Vernon and marijuana was the country's second largest crop.

Today, American marijuana farmers continue that tradition, producing a crop worth \$8.2 billion in 1981 and making domestic marijuana the nation's fourth largest agricultural crop. Bigger than cotton, rice or potatoes.

Overall, up to 40 million Americans spend an estimated \$25 billion a year in untaxed, unregulated dollars, thanks to our puzzling prohibition laws.

Isn't it time to solve that puzzle? If marijuana were regulated and criminal sanctions against its use were removed, from \$10 to \$15 billion could be raised every year through federal excise taxes alone.

And how many billions of dollars could be saved by ending the arrest and prosecution of 400,000 marijuana consumers each year? No one claims that marijuana is a totally harmless drug, but the greatest danger a marijuana consumer faces is the threat of arrest and jail.

In a country dedicated to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, marijuana prohibition is a puzzle we shouldn't have to live with. Isn't it time you helped solve this puzzle?

For more information on the prohibition puzzle, write:

NORML, 2035 P Street, NW, Suite 401, Washington, D.C. 20036 • (202) 331-7363



The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) is working in Washington for you, lobbying to remove the marijuana consumer from the criminal justice system and providing the most accurate and up-to-date information on all aspects of the marijuana issue.

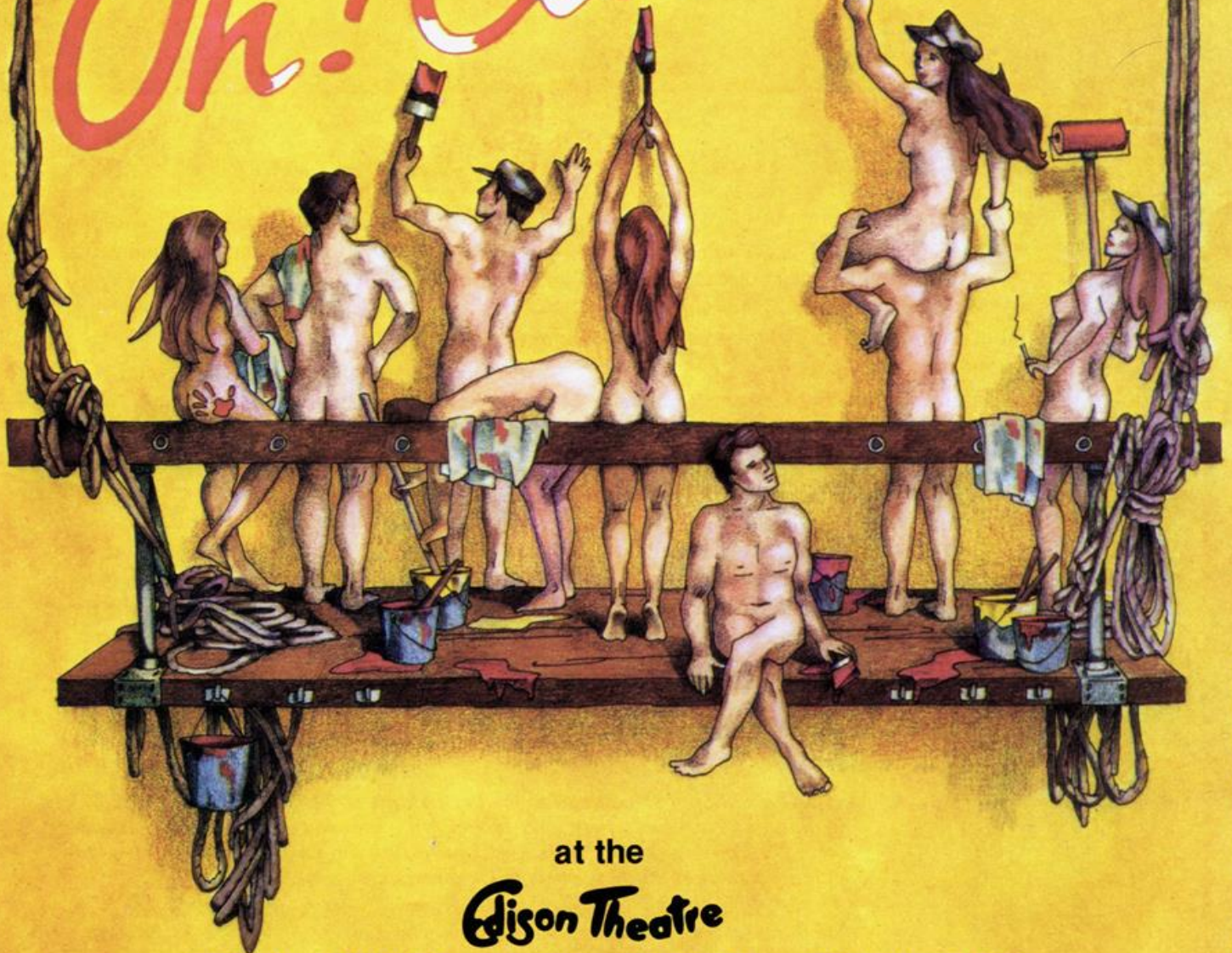
You can support this vital work by joining NORML today. Send \$25.00 membership dues (\$15.00 for students, military and low income memberships). You'll receive a free NORML t-shirt (specify S-M-L-XL), a NORML membership packet including a NORML button, and a subscription to NORML's quarterly newsletter, *The Leaflet*. NORML t-shirts may also be purchased separately for \$7 each; End Marijuana Prohibition t-shirts are \$7 each; NORML matches (100 books per box) are \$8 each. Add \$1 for postage and handling per order.

Help solve the puzzle. Join NORML today.

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No. 89



The 378-foot Coast Guard cutter *Boutwell* heads to the open sea from its berth in Seattle, Washington.

Coast Guard

THE THAI-STICK JINX

MARIJUANA MUTINY IN THE NORTH PACIFIC

A N C H O R A G E, A L A S K A

A TALE OF BLOODCURDLING CONSPIRACY and death in the stormy North Pacific unfolded after the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Boutwell* crept into Kodiak Harbor last spring, towing a sailboat packed with millions of authentic Southeast Asian Thai sticks. Two days after intercepting the doughty little wind-powered *Orca*, far out at sea near the Aleutians, and taking her in tow, the *Boutwell* had been sabotaged by crew members in an attempt to hijack the seized marijuana. A week later, one of the crew had been discovered tangled in a 100-foot line dangling from the cutter's stern, frozen to death in the arctic water.

The *Orca* set sail April 30 from Singapore, according to U.S. narcotics officials, with 2,900 pounds of Thai sticks aboard, packed in five-

pound aluminum-wrapped bundles, stowed below decks in plastic bags. The captain and crew put over at Gan Bay in the Philippines while foul-weather gear was put aboard, and then headed for the far North Pacific, to foil interception. It didn't work.

The 378-foot, streamlined cutter *Boutwell*, ostensibly on a routine patrol, overhauled the little *Orca* in high seas off the Aleutians on 20 June, about 1,500 miles southwest of the Alaskan coast. A boarding party, armed to the teeth, came aboard the *Orca* to check for compliance with U.S. sailing regulations, and in due course managed to come in "plain view" of the foil-wrapped bundles, which the *Orca* captain insisted contained only dried fruit. The fruit tested out on the Coast Guard's handy-dandy

continued on page 27

ANOTHER TUNA SNAFU?

SMUGGLER'S BEECH MISSES DROP, BOMBS NORTH GEORGIA WITH COKE!

ELLIJAY, GEORGIA

THE BIG OLD TWIN-ENGINE Beechcraft Queen, stuttering loudly at stall speed in the night, sailed over the farmhouses and cow pastures of North Georgia, scattering bins and bundles of Bolivian cocaine all over the place. Even though the pilot and his navigating dope-dumper were miles shy of the prearranged drop zone, no one was hurt, and, in fact, no one noticed anything until the next morning, on Friday, when a Gilmer County farmer stumbled across a fiberglass bin of cu-

rious, sharp-smelling white matter among his green clover. Aware something was awry, he called Gilmer County sheriff Ferman Stanley, and the chase began.

"I've heard that same airplane fly over several times," Sheriff Stanley said later. "I searched it one time at the airport here, but I didn't find anything in it. I heard it last Thursday, the day before we started finding this stuff."

Any number of people in Gilmer County had noticed that selfsame Beechcraft

Queen in previous weeks, in fact, poking around over the pastures at low altitude. So it was straightaway seized, that Friday morning, sitting on the strip at the Dalton airport. And a local pilot who had purportedly been flying it the night before was busted on the strip at the Pickens County airport, as he put down in a little rent-a-plane. Authorities deduce that he'd been flying around all morning, searching for where he'd misdumped all that cocaine the night before.

Meanwhile, a small army of state narcs, sheriffs' deputies, forest rangers and even National Guardsmen went forth into the fields to rustle up dope. On the first sweep they turned up four fiberglass bins and a duffle bag full of toot, 173 pounds altogether, at 83 percent pure. This was so promising they mustered again at the Scrougtown Baptist church, and took a column of narcs 100 yards wide on a five-mile hike, retracing the Beech's

continued on page 27



ENDORPHIN ADDICTION

FITNESS: A HEALTH HAZARD!

LONDON, ENGLAND

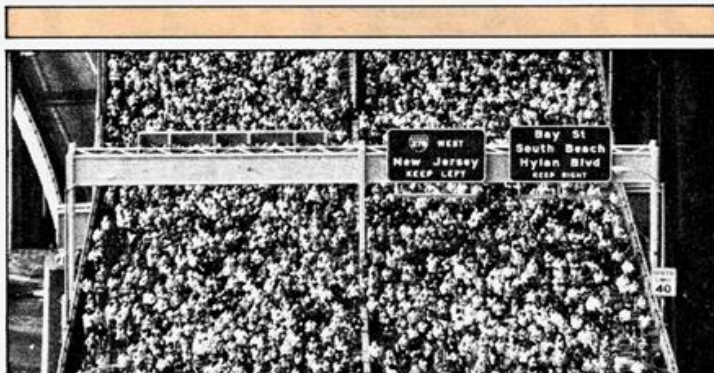
IT RETARDS PUBERTY IN growing children, and may stunt their growth. It disrupts the menstrual cycles of young women, and may result in infertility. It causes heart attacks, kidney damage and injury to bones and muscles. It's particularly harmful for older people, and should be avoided by them. And though it may convey a temporary feeling of physical "pleasure," continual overindulgence could very well lead to sexual impotence. Yet millions of young people indulge daily, and more begin indulging every day.

The details of the indictment may sound familiar, but the subject of it is quite new. It's not some horrid chemical drug that does all these evil things to people, but strenuous physical exercise.

The current fad for violent physical exercise routines, such as long-distance running, has provided scientists here and in the United States with plenty of research subjects to investigate the effects of prolonged, self-inflicted stress on the human body. As might have been expected, chronic, heavy use of strenuous exercise is fraught with serious health hazards, and some of them are very subtle and deceptive.

Acute, sudden indulgence in exercise by persons unaccustomed to it, of course, can trigger heart attacks. "Sudden exercise can disrupt blood supply and induce forms of heart attacks," affirms Dr. David Mendel of St. Thomas's Hospital here, "even among those with healthy cardiovascular systems."

Even people in tip-top shape who do it regularly can suffer considerably from it. Shin splints and kidney damage are associated with overmuch jogging, and the dam-



Thousands of runners in the New York marathon, shown here as they crossed the Verrazano Bridge, were risking life, limb and menstrual regularity.

Wide World

age may not be reversible, particularly in adults. Of course, this damage can be minimized, or even eliminated, by switching from running to bicycling. But there are signs now that too much exercise in itself is actively harmful, and most harmful of all to women, children and old people.

Researchers at St. Bartholomew's Hospital monitored the hormone functioning of 17 girl students who began running 10 miles every day for the experiment, which went on for months. Of the 17

Violent, prolonged exercise such as jogging is known to have conspicuous acute effects on many body hormones. Prime among these hormones is beta-endorphin, "the body's own morphine," which is normally produced in abundance only in response to extreme physical stress. "Self-stressing" oneself with jogging, though, can trigger a massive beta-endorphin turnover, Dr. Rees has determined. Runners call it "hitting the wall," and many become quite compulsive about running, so as to

*Overmuch exercise
in itself is most harmful
of all to women,
children and old people.*

young women, 14 began to show delayed menstrual periods within months, and some began missing periods entirely. "The three who avoided these problems were those girls who were the least enthusiastic about their running," says professor Lesley Rees of St. Bart's. "If running was kept up every day for some time, then one could expect considerable infertility problems in later life."

regularly achieve this euphoric state. It's equivalent, quite literally, to enjoying a regular stiff dose of morphine.

The continued use of morphine—or heroin—inevitably causes a buildup in the body of another hormone called prolactin. Prolactin in turn blocks the activity of "active" sex hormones, like testosterone and estrogens, which accounts for the infertility and sexual unrespon-

siveness typical of opiate addicts. There's every reason to assume that regular megadoses of beta-endorphin, induced by compulsive running, has the same effect—as the disrupted fertility of these girls at St. Bart's would suggest.

"In principle, I am in favor of exercise," counsels Dr. Mendel, "but I think people should be very careful just what kind they take. Unfit people over forty should certainly steer clear of jogging."

Old people's bodies function very differently, in many important ways, from young people's. Animal studies provide indications that while youthful bodies may readily clear out the many toxic substances that build up in the bloodstream with prolonged exercise, the clearance rate becomes much less efficient with age.

But growing children may also be peculiarly susceptible to the harmful effects of strenuous exercise. Studies of child gymnasts show that they tend to achieve full puberty later than other children, which could well be another effect of the body's own morphine.

Exercise in moderation, of course, has highly beneficial effects for healthy people of any age. It reduces cholesterol, improves the circulation and reduces muscular tension, conveying a direct antidepressant effect much like Valium's. As Dr. Mendel notes, though, it's unwise to build up the agonies and ecstasies of violent physical exercise to the point where it all becomes an end in itself: "There is a growing belief that exercise can simply cancel out all our other idleness and overeating. People think it can act like a pill—or a penance—to counter overindulgence." HT

PARENTS' MESSAGE:

"IT'S DRUG-FREE YOUTH, NOT PARAQUAT-FREE YOUTH!!"

by Claire Winston-Levy

NAPLES, FLORIDA

"PARENTS SAY SPRAY!" is a new slogan of the National Federation for Drug-Free Youth, the nationwide single-interest conservative-action political committee based in Silver Spring, Maryland. "Florida has acted responsibly," rejoiced Mrs. Joyce Nalepska, associate director of the federation, when Gov. Bob Graham and Atty. Gen. Jim Smith got the legal go-ahead to commence dousing pot with the poisonous herbicide paraquat last summer.

"There has never been a balance to the issue," charges Mrs. Nalepska. "Not a single case of marijuana-related paraquat poisoning has been documented. However, there is documentation that approximately sixty thousand

youngsters receive treatment annually for marijuana-related problems. Parents say spray."

The 60,000 figure for child-pot problems was furnished to the self-proclaimed "parents" group by the President's Special Office on Drug Abuse. When White House drug czar Dr. Carleton Turner was asked about this statistic at a press conference last summer, he indicated that it included every single minor who happened to get reported to school authorities for simply holding pot. How many actually require "treatment" in any clinical sense is unknown. How many might need treatment for respiratory illnesses is *entirely* unknown—but if the Florida paraquat project spreads to other states the number may increase appreciably. "We... hope that forty-nine other states follow the lead," exults Mrs. Nalepska. "Beginning with California."

A Message to Colombia

The Florida paraquat program finally got off the ground last summer, after extended legal rigmarole,

with the spraying of one field of pot. One single field before the harvest season. This comprised, the cops said, some 10,000 skanky mixed-sex plants growing near Red Bay on the panhandle. The police did not live-spray it from overhead, but went up to each



Joyce Nalepska

plant in the field individually, out in the middle of a lonely bog, and sprayed each bush from colas to roots. Then specially hired armed security guards stood around it, among the mosquitos, for 72 hours, until each plant had entirely decrepitated. Then the whole crop was immediately uprooted, stacked and burned,

except for the evidence samples, which had been harvested before spraying.

Why, you may ask, did the Florida police not merely burn all this weed in the first place, instead of wasting all this tax money on weed killer, sprayers and rented security guards? The answer is twofold: to send a Message to Colombia, and for the sake of the children.

The Message to Colombia was foremost. Originally, the Florida paraquat program was the brainchild of state Atty. Gen. Jim Smith, who is ambitiously shooting for a federal prosecutor slot. To woo the Justice Department, Smith tossed around the notion of paraquat with the Drug Enforcement Administration, which—like the state of Florida's authorities—is eternally embarrassed about the Colombian *marimba* coming into the U.S. Recalling how wonderfully imports of Mexican weed dropped after the big paraquat scare of 1978, the DEA has been slaving for a way to induce the Colombian government to start spraying.



Gov. Bob Graham



Wide World

Scenes like this were common in Mexico in the late '70s, but won't be repeated in the United States thanks to legal efforts of NORML.

The Colombian government has been leery about the idea, though, ever since the Mitre Corporation's bloodcurdling 1979 environmental-impact report on the herbicide program in the Mexican sierras. When it's sprayed on that scale the stuff gets into the ground water and goes right up the food chain to poison crops, domestic animals and people; sorrowful losses in crops, stocks and unborn peasant babies result. Balancing the welfare of pot-addicted American youth against that of its own citizens, the Colombian government has held out against paraquat steadfastly for four years, to the indignation of the U.S. State Department and the DEA.

But the balance is not immutable, in the opinion of the DEA. If just a *little* bit of paraquat were publicly sprayed on pot somewhere in

the U.S., then how could the Colombian government hold out against moral pressure from the States to comprehensively inundate all of Santa Marta Department and the Guajira Peninsula with the stuff. This was the DEA's reasoning, so Jim Smith whipped up the Florida paraquat program, and lobbied for it hammer and tongs.

Children Rescued

Then the legal folderol commenced. NORML, though virtually destitute of funds nowadays, filed for an injunction against the spraying in state and federal court, citing both the Mitre Corporation's environmental study and the Center for Disease Control's 1979 determination that paraquat-tainted marijuana *does* pose a substantial hazard to growing young lung tissue. The Chevron Com-

pany, which manufactures paraquat, also officially repudiated Smith's proposed program, on the grounds that the fungicide is simply not licensed for use on crops that are eventually going to be consumed by American humans.

Since it would have been political suicide for a judge to squelch an anti-pot program this season, though, the courts ultimately gave the legal go-ahead. However—thanks *entirely* to NORML's lawsuit—the courts also specifically affirmed a devastating corpus of environmental-protection regulations on the sprayers. The cops have to locate and physically secure any pot patch before they can spray it. Aerial spraying is flatly disallowed. Spraying in the vicinity of running water or food crops is forbidden, as is spraying near residential areas. Best of all, the police

have to stand guard around every sprayed patch for three days to avert pot-napping of the poisoned crop, and then they have to burn it immediately.

Though all these regulations may severely enfeeble Jim Smith's dramatic Message to Colombia, they certainly have gone a long way toward preserving the youth of America from the horrors of smoking paraquat. It was not until *after* all these environmental regulations were imposed on the paraquat program that the crusaders for Drug-Free Youth came out so enthusiastically in its favor, and got so much press play for their uncompromising, antipermissive stand on this drug issue.

NORML may not have any money these days, but what little they do sure benefits a surprising number of people. HT

FASCISTS LOSE GRIP ON COCALAND

MILITARY HANDS POWER
TO SILES IN BOLIVIA

by Tercero Sombra

LA PAZ, BOLIVIA

AT LONG LAST, AND UNDER miserable conditions, civilian government has returned to Bolivia. After two years of military rule characterized by corruption and ineptitude, Gen. Guido Vildoso Calderon ceded power to Hernan Siles Zuazo in a ceremony on October 10. Amid cheers for Siles and resounding boos for the outgoing junta, the reins of state were passed to the man who won a legitimate democratic election and was then prevented from taking office by the brutal coup of July 1980.

forces amassed huge personal fortunes while piloting the national economy into a tailspin. Not only were central elements of the junta up to their epaulets (see "Cocaine Colonialism," *HIGH TIMES*, Aug. '81) in the country's massive export of raw coca paste, but they skimmed handily from public works projects and international loans as well. While cocadollars were flooding Bolivian banks, helping drive the inflation to an annual rate of more than 125 percent, the price of tin, Bolivia's other

Siles, General Vildoso warned that the armed forces would not tolerate civilian meddling in military matters; but immediately upon taking office, Siles installed Gen. Alfredo Villaroel Barja, a political moderate, as commander in chief of the armed forces in an obvious effort to assert civilian authority. Vildoso and his right-wing associates also resent, no doubt, Siles's prompt appointment of Communists to head the ministries of labor and mining. Meanwhile, vast blocks of Bolivian geography are still controlled by the co-

caine mafiosi and the military officers who have been hopelessly corrupted by the seemingly endless flow of cocadollars. To complicate matters even further, Siles may face some opposition from his allies on the Left, particularly in the labor movement. Organized Bolivian workers who've borne the brunt of runaway inflation are reluctant to accept the wage freezes and other austerity measures that Siles is pressing for in an effort to pull the country out of its financial nose dive.

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Pres. Hernan Siles Zuazo

At best, Siles's hold on the presidency promises to be tenuous. Bolivia, never among the more affluent of South American countries, has collapsed to near-bankruptcy under the stewardship of the rapacious military elite. In 27 months, during which time the office of president was shuffled from Gen. Luis Garcia Meza to Gen. Waldo Bernal to Vildoso, ascendant officers of the armed

major export, was plummeting on the international market. Facing an international debt of \$3.7 billion, Siles must now attempt to refinance his country while steering a delicate course among the numerous political factions on the Right and Left.

The threat of another coup is constant in a nation that has seen more than 190 governments in 157 years. Days before turning over power to

FLIERS RESCUED
BY POT BALE

MIAMI, FLORIDA

WHEN THE SINGLE-ENGINE Cessna, on a flight from Jamaica to the Bahamas, hit the water near Marathon in the Florida Keys, the pilot, copilot and one passenger, all Americans from the Southeast, felt destined for permanent residence in Davy Jones's locker. They had little in the way of functional survival gear. They tried to seal up plastic bags of dirty clothes and use them as life preservers, they held fast to floating seat cushions, they even attempted to use knotted-up pairs of pants to keep themselves above water; but the saltwater seemed to seep into everything and suck it down. They were bitten by sea creatures, stung by jellyfish and

scorched by the sun.

The pilot, James Wright, 39, and copilot Bruce McDonald, 25, managed to stay together, but the passenger, Glenn Ekblom, 29, drifted away the first night and seemed lost forever. Actually, he was picked up the next day by a passing ship. Wright and McDonald were rescued a day later, in pain and badly dehydrated, clinging to a carefully wrapped, sealed and wonderfully buoyant bale of ganja.

When McDonald was asked whether the bale had been aboard the sunken plane, he replied from his hospital bed with all due indignation, "That was not the case at all." **HT**

MYTH OF "LIGHT" CIGARETTES DEBUNKED

BETHESDA, MARYLAND



LOW-NICOTINE CIGARETTES may be worse than regular cigarettes, on the broad scale, Dr. Michael Russel of Great Britain noted at a symposium on tobacco addiction here last autumn. The purpose of lowering the "tar" content of cigarettes—to reduce the smoker's exposure to carcinogens—is directly subverted when the nicotine content is also lowered, agreed many of the reports presented to the Uniformed Services wing of the University of the Health Sciences in Bethesda.

Low-nicotine cigarettes merely present smokers with a challenge to get the optimum drug effect out of every single puff, the reports showed. When high-nicotine smokers switch to the lower-test brands, they merely commence to smoke more cigarettes per day, and puff more frequently with each cigarette.

Smokers do this in order to achieve and maintain high blood levels of nicotine, the tobacco-derived drug to which they are physically

addicted. Since the body processes nicotine very quickly, regular doses are needed throughout the day to ward off the discomfort of nicotine withdrawals as the drug leaves the body. Thus, the only time smokers feel any sort of pleasure at all from their habit is when, right after they wake from a night's sleep, they quickly and deeply smoke a couple of cigarettes, so as to furnish their nicotine-famished bodies with their customary saturation level of the drug.

Lowered nicotine content in cigarettes, therefore, merely conduces to intensified cigarette use, as several reports to this symposium attested. Such increased use, however, inevitably raises one's level of exposure to the harmful tars in the smoke, so that the prophylactic advantage of switching to low-tar brands is nullified.

Dr. Russel's work with low-tar smokers, undertaken for Great Britain's Addiction Research Foundation, proved that low-tar smokers do imbibe just as much nicotine, and perhaps more harmful smoke, as regular-brand smokers. Low-tar smokers showed no decrease in blood-stream levels of nicotine or of carboxyhemoglobin, a substance produced by the body to offset smoke-caused oxygen deprivation.

Since nicotine has no substantially harmful effects on people who are tolerant to it—tobacco addicts, for example—a brand of cigarettes yielding high nicotine levels, and low tar levels might be vastly preferable to either high-tar, high-nicotine or low-tar, low-nicotine brands. Dr. Russel conceded that while perfect abstinence from tobacco is always an ideal state of being, a high-nicotine, low-tar smoke might be just the ticket for the great majority of tobacco addicts who *cannot* stop smoking, no matter how anxiously and often they may try. HT

WAS WHISKEY WELSH CHWISGI?

ABERYSTWYTH, WALES

NOW THAT THE EUROPEAN Economic Community is about to bestow its prestigious *appellation contrôlée* label on Scots and Irish whiskeys, the distillers of Welsh *chwisgi* are beginning to grumble nationalistically. Though the Welsh have been pictured through history, in ethnocentric English literature, largely as a race of mighty boozers and pathetic sots, nobody ever goes into a pub of an afternoon for a spot of Welsh, anywhere in the world but here.

Yet drinkers of Welsh whiskey fiercely hold by their conviction that the art of distilling alcohol was invented not by medieval Arabs, as ev-

eryone else in the world believes, but by a certain Reaullt Hir of Bardsley Island near here. Reaullt first began concocting *chwisgi* in A.D. 356, 'tis said, and it was he who taught the wild Scots and Irish how to make their own "breath of life," which they mangled into the word *uisgebetha*. Moreover, it was supposedly a distiller of Pembrokehire in the early 1700s who migrated to Kentucky and invented "bourbon."

Chwisgi, however ancient or fabulous its origins, is pleasant and powerful at once, like ultrasmooth scotch slightly flavored with herbs. It's generally sold, to those who know where to ask, in recycled

half-pint ginger-beer bottles. And that's the problem. Since *chwisgi* distilling's strictly a cottage industry in Wales, it would be hard to make the product uniform enough in quality to gain an EEC *appellation contrôlée* stamp.

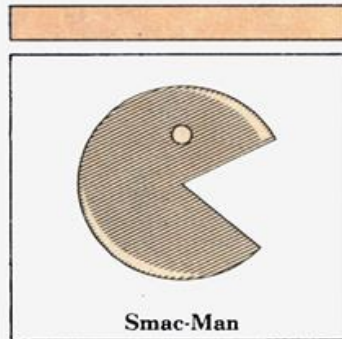
For all their fierce devotion to the stuff, few Welshmen would dare go into whiskey making, in a big industrial way, for fear of the reaction from Welshwomen, who are notoriously abstemious themselves, and condemnatory of anyone who isn't. The last commercial distillery in Wales, near Bala, went out of business in 1906, after just 10 years, thanks to unremitting temperance pressure. HT

POLICE BUST "PAC-MAN" DEALER

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"IF YOU HAD SEVENTY DOLLARS, you'd buy his dope because it was the best value," a Baltimore narcotics officer says of "Peanut" King, 28, who, for a while at least, was godfather in his East Baltimore neighborhood. Peanut, jogging through pretrial time at the city jail in spotless, brand-new running suit and suede Pumas, with his \$25,000 gold watch, denies everything. But for a while, cops and local folks agree, Peanut was uncontested padrone of the money-lending, gambling and dope apparatus in his part of town.

Fatherless at five, busted



for assault at 12 and busted 22 more times for everything from boosting to homicide before his first heroin fall, Peanut rose to eminence in 1979 by initiating a brilliant new merchandising drive

from his street-corner Sno-Cone stand. He did everything but personalize his shit, cops say, stamping each brightly taped wad with trendy brand names like "Pac-Man" and "The Whiz." For seasonal occasions, there was "Super Bowl" around New Year's and "Valentine" in February. It was good, grainy heroin, whacked judiciously and consistently. Peanut provided employment to countless teenagers, at \$500 per week, to make deliveries on nimble mopeds.

Four notable homicides occurred during the period of Peanut's rise. One involved

the previous godfather of the neighborhood, and another a teenage girl caught in the crossfire between two hoods. These killings set the police on Peanut's ass, and when they broke into his place last fall they found \$6.5 million in fresh doojie, \$310,000 in cash, that much again in jewelry, six fur coats and numerous firearms. For a while, Peanut had been king of the hill in every sense of the word.

The police say that they believe the removal of Peanut King from the street will have some sort of effect on the drug trade in East Baltimore. HT

BOLIVIA: NEO-NAZIS FLEE COUNTRY AS CIVILIAN GOVERNMENT MOVES IN

continued from page 24

All of which places the U.S. Department of State in something of a dilemma. The Reagan administration would have found the fascist generals running the show for the past two years politically acceptable, but for the fact that their lucrative collaboration with the coca barons was known worldwide. No matter how often the generals traded seats, the affliction of the drug trade clung to them like munge to a mutt. So the Reaganauts were forced to withhold aid and pressure La Paz to come up with a leadership untainted by dope connections—a task that proved impossible for the Bolivian hierarchy. But the installment of Siles in apparent accordance with North American pronouncements in favor of a drug-free central government has created another problem. The United States has not had to deal with a left-wing democrat as head of state in South America since

Salvador Allende was so nastily disposed of in Chile in 1973. Reagan policy makers do not find electorally sanctioned pinkos any more appealing than did Nixon and Kissinger. Some Bolivia-watchers have suggested that Siles will be allowed to retain office only until he has

Nazi elements that thrived under the military regime. The infamous Klaus Barbie-Altmann, accused of complicity in shipping thousands of Jews to their deaths when he served with the gestapo during World War II in occupied France, has fled to Brazil, Paraguay or Argentina.

Nazi Klaus Barbie-Altmann and neo-fascist terrorist Pierluigi Pagliai received protection from authorities throughout the days of the junta.

regained American aid and a refinancing of the international debt, at which point he will be replaced by a more "authoritarian" regime.

However, early indicators suggest that Siles will not give up without a fight. Already the atmosphere has become unhealthy for neo-

Barbie, who entered Bolivia after the 1980 coup, was a darling of the military leaders and had his hands in everything from the coca trade to right-wing death squads to the brokering of major arms deals. Both Germany and France had attempted to extradite him for war crimes,

and the Siles government would most likely have slapped him in irons and dispatched him to the European authorities.

Within two days of his installation as president, Siles's forces had also captured Pierluigi Pagliai, an Italian neo-fascist accused of participation in the terrorist bombing of a Bologna railroad station in 1980. Pagliai was flown, badly wounded, to Rome after a gun battle with a task force of more than 200 Bolivian police. Pagliai, according to informed sources, had served as a courier for the cocaine mafiosi, and had received protection from the authorities throughout the days of the junta. Another Italian fascist, Stefano delle Chiale, also accused of the Bologna bombing in which 85 people were killed and 200 injured, reportedly left Bolivia before the police began to move. HT

MARIJUANA MUTINY IN THE NORTH PACIFIC

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colorimetric cannabis indicator to have a handsome percentage of delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol in it, though, and the *Orca's* captain and two of its crew, all from California, went into the *Boutwell's* administrative-segregation quarters.

Two days later, as the *Boutwell* was making for the U.S. Customs dock at Dutch Harbor in the Aleutians with the little *Orca* bobbing on a cable behind her, the cutter suddenly lost way entirely, and stalled, crashing about help-

al crew members were immediately interrogated, and one confessed even as the cutter's power was being restored. He implicated a fireman as being the brainstorm of the plot, and both joined the *Orca's* crew in the brig, as the *Boutwell* changed course away from the Dutch Harbor customs dock to the C.G.'s own dock in Kodiak.

Seven days later, on 29 June, as the *Boutwell* was passing near Unimak Island in the Aleutians, a lookout heard a shout from aft. The

Thai sticks, except for a representative evidence stash, were hastily destroyed, to avert future such catastrophes. The captain of the *Orca* and two crewmen went up on charges in federal court here, and the *Boutwell* swabs went to courts-martial. Seamen hereabouts now agree that sailing with a few million Thai sticks in tow is a jinx heavier than anything laid on by the Ancient Mariner himself.

Weed customers in the States profoundly regretted

COKE PLANE BOMBS GEORGIA

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presumed flight path. This way they turned up three more bins and another big duffle bag, raising the total to 349 pounds of pure.

By this time, top state officials had been wholly seduced by the cocaine glamour. Gov. George Busbee kept the poor narcs, rangers and guardsmen out in the field for days, to protect the public. Local folks were solemnly guaranteed that the stuff was "so pure, that if inhaled or absorbed through an open cut, it could be deadly." Another couple stray bundles were discovered as far away as Ellijay, and when the total weight nudged up toward 550 pounds, Georgia Bureau of Investigations director Phil Peters said, perfectly deadpan, that it was all worth "more than half a billion dollars."

And *who* would have made \$500 million-plus on this move, but for a sloppy nighttime navigator? Georgia cops are pointing the finger at Carl London, the former mayor of Clarkesville, who achieved dope-lore immortality in 1979 with an *in absentia* conviction in the Black Tuna caper. The Tunas of Miami, the single biggest syndicate of independent weed movers ever to be turned over to the feds by the Florida Mafia (see "The Gang That Couldn't Deal Straight," *HIGH TIMES*, Oct. '81), were a loony and disorganized collection of marijuana entrepreneurs with no known cocaine connections. However, from the way this incredible coke move was botched up, there may well have been a touch of the Tuna to it. **HT**



Coast Guard

*The plot had been for mutinous crewmen
to sail off with several million dollars
in weed while the great cutter floundered helplessly.*

lessly in the sea. Someone had sliced the main oil line, drained the oil out of the service generator and even ripped out the electrical wires to the emergency gas turbines.

The plot, foiled by quick discovery of the sabotage, had been for mutinous crewmen to slide over the *Boutwell's* side in emergency wet suits, follow the cable to the *Orca*, slip it and sail off with several million dollars in weed while the great cutter floundered helplessly in the water. Sever-

vessel put about, and after a seven-hour search, the body of seaman Jerome Herndon was hauled out of the deep. He was wearing an emergency wet suit and a rescue-drill harness, which had become entangled in a line that was just long enough to have allowed him to reach the trailing *Orca*. Whether Herndon had been in on the dope-napping plot with the other *Boutwell* crew is unknown.

Shortly after the *Boutwell* finally made Kodiak, all the

the loss of the 1982 Thai-stick shipment. In the summer of 1981, the prevalence of Thai had been so heavy on the big-city market that the price for domestic seedless had actually dropped for a couple months. "Well," philosophized a veteran Puget Sound imports observer: "It's nice to know the U.S. Customs and Coast Guard will go *this* far out of their way to protect the investments of American marijuana growers." **HT**

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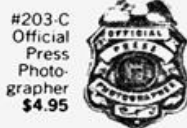
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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

NEW BOO BRINGS SINSE TO BOONIES

by Bud Bogart

The sinse season hit its annual peak in late fall, breaking all previous records and bringing sinse to areas heretofore deprived of its economic and recreational benefits. If you haven't already heard, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws has estimated the value of this year's crop at between 8 and 10 bil-

and carry for a usual minimum of three pounds—with street prices on elbows racing up to \$2,800. Ounces ran from \$200 to \$260.

Visions of Sugar Plums, etc.... Christmas shoppers looking for zoned-out gifts will find them aplenty in the prepackaged pot-products department this year. The fabled Sitting Dog cookies and rum balls are making the rounds, along with a potent and potable "mariwine" that sometimes works, sometimes doesn't. The secret of shopping for marijuana wine, say those familiar with it, is to get a batch that was made from particularly strong pot. That means you have to drink a bottle first to decide if you want more.

Island Dreams... It had to happen. With sinsemilla growers searching the globe for the perfect clime, like so many dandelion puffs blown to the winds, somewhere in an ocean in a southern latitude an entire island has been turned into a pot plantation.

From the cloudy story that has been pieced together, it appears that a small group of jaded men and women are awaiting the fruits of several months' labor on a remote tropical isle. No Robinson Crusoes they, the team has a 32-foot motorized sailboat at the ready, should the coconuts run short or their carefully arranged camouflage prove transparent. If all goes well, the boat will soon be filled with the island weed. Stay tuned.

Zoned Out... In San Francisco, where so many drug trends get lit that even shopping-bag ladies carry around PDRs, the latest is a "shell" joint from the new Mexi-Cal superbreeds. A shell joint is comprised entirely of the tiny husks surrounding the seeds and it takes many score to roll a really decent joint for two. Talk about a time-consuming, anally compulsive task. Unfortunately, with some of the superblends this husking is a necessity, as the hulls stick to the oversized seeds with the tenacity of barnacles. The smoke from these painfully gained joints is sharp and stingy, and is followed by a flash, high with legs.

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

lion dollars, behind corn and soybeans as the country's leading cash crop—enough to keep pipes burning through the winter.

Contributing to this phenomenal explosion of domestic sinse was the huge influx of seed-stock grown last year. Smart cookies picked up on an ounce or two of the pollinated Afghani strains that were making the rounds and planted the seeds. Most popular of these so-called seeded sines—an obvious contradiction since "sinsemilla" literally means without (*sin*) seed (*semilla*) in Spanish—were from Kentucky, Arkansas and other southern states.

Meanwhile, homegrowers, who can't afford the exotic indica strains and are stuck with the sativa seeds from Mexican and Colombian, have discovered that these seeds grow a fairly respectable sinse if handled properly. Second- and third-generation sativas are gaining popularity, particularly in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

Not unexpectedly, crops in northern regions came to maturity first last season. Early sines were on the market in Los Angeles and New York by early October this year, almost a month sooner than last year. Some of these, from Massachusetts, New York and Vermont, were so comely and potent that they passed for the classic California sines that didn't show up until a month later.

The big-league buds from Kentucky, Arkansas, Virginia and the Carolinas appeared in late October. Prices from growers ranged from \$1,700 to \$2,000—cash

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET



AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	1-16
Mullumbimby madness	kanaroo boo	oz	100 900
Colombian pot	tasty red & compressed	lb	20-40
Thai sticks	off the boats	oz	75-225
Compressed Thai	watch for local ersatz	lb	200-300
Putty hash	Lebanese	oz	800-1200
Nepalese fingers	Frankenstein critic's choice	one	15-20
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	oz	1000-1200
Mushrooms	desert flowers	oz	200-250
LSD	Korean "tiles"	lb	1500-2500
Methaqualone	Sat. nite special	oz	210-250
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	lb	2800-3000
		oz	250-400
		gm	140-175
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	good flow	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombian	gone like the wind	lb	500-650
Hawaiian buds	almost nonexistent	oz	60-85
Mexican tops	a few in season	lb	500-750
California sinsemilla	thimble-loads	oz	325-350
Homegrown pot	mild headscratcher	lb	2800-3600
Hash	red leb	oz	50-85
LSD	your choice	lb	450-650
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	oz	225-300
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	lb	2000-2600
		oz	10-15
		lb	50-200
		oz	140-175
		lb	1900-2500
		one	4-10
		oz	200-450
		one	3-6
		oz	275-450
		gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds	usual strong	lb	60-100
Commercial domestic	supply	oz	2-5
Colombian hash	forgettable	lb	30-80
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	8-25
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	lb	100-225
Cocaine	good assortment	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghan hash	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brisk market	kilo	1200-2200
		oz	100-135
		oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
		lb	60-100

Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much passable	oz	15-25
Sierra buds	the worst	lb	200
Esmeraldas swamp grass	lots pure as the driven snow	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	traded for blow	lb	70-100
Cocaine		lb	2-4
LSD		gm	40-60
		one	negotiable
		one	25-40
		one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	varies super tops	lb	750-1500
		100 lb	90,000

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	waiting for winter	oz	12-15
Mexican sinsemilla	worth a shot	lb	75-100
Acapulco gold	stays in L.A.	oz	10-12
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	lb	80-110
Cocaine	turkey's special	oz	10-20
		gm	90-130
		oz	7-12
		lb	65-125
		gm	30-50
		oz	400-700

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	lb	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	160
		lb	1800
		oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, fummy	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz	10-15
Thai sticks	great	oz	175-200
Philippine pot	commercial grade	gm	10
Ups & downs	legal, kind of homemade	oz	175-200
Moonshine		gm	250-300
		one	25
		oz	50-75
		100	5
		pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Tampa, Fla.	red-hair sinse, local	lb	1200
Maui	Afghan-bred maui wowie, tops	lb	2400
Boston	blond leb, fresh	gm	7
Philadelphia	'merch Lumbo, good considering season	lb	400
Tempe, Ariz.	Mex sinse, some seeds	lb	1000
Sioux Falls, S.D.	'merch Lumbo, dry	oz	35
NYC	"super toot" uncut blow, too strong	gm	200
Miami	bales, pressed	lb	300
Eureka, Cal.	35-40 fully mature Afghani skunk, super	oz	200
Washington, D.C.	boot 'ludes, by the boat	ea	5

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	long-lasting season	oz	125-250
Commercial Mexican	some excellent	oz	20-50
Top-grade Mexican	gold and seedy	lb	200-450
Mexican sinsemilla	heating up	oz	45-60
Jamaican	appears and disappears	lb	475-550
Jamaican sinsemilla	tendency toward dryness	oz	115-135
Commercial Colombian	spot droughts	lb	1200-1500
Connoisseur Colombian	on the ascent	oz	35-45
Thai sticks	sticks like stumps	one	375-450
Loose Thai	sudden disappearance	oz	70-100
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	lb	700-1000
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	30-40
Citralli hash	back in town	lb	265-350
Lebanese hash	astonishing price drop	oz	45-65
Black Afghan hash	gov't seal	lb	475-600
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	one	10-25
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	180-225
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried encapsulated	oz	200-220
Peyote	crusty, heady	lb	1950-2400
LSD	100 mike blots	one	235-300
Cocaine	king of the one liners	gm	2700-3200
Methaqualone	best boots in the West	oz	150-180
Crosses and black beads	erratic	one	1600-2000
Meth-amphetamine	costly as coke	gm	175
Alaska	shake city	oz	1650-1950
Commercial Colombian	'tis the season	lb	75-110
Domestic sinsemilla	most available	1/4 oz	650-1100
Mexican weed	immigrant flow	oz	140-190
Mainland sinsemilla	timberland	lb	1550-2000
Thai sticks	big mover	one	175-225
Lebanese hash	are you shitting me?	lb	1700-2500
Cocaine	blots	gm	165
LSD	bootkickers	oz	1600-1900
Methaqualone	victim of inflation	one	140-160
Hawaii	banana-size buds	oz	1650
Puna buds	emerald green	1/4 oz	5-10
Kona gold	best in years, reasonably priced	oz	2-4
Mauna Loa	fresh from the lab for cheap	lb	100 150-300
Maui wowie	not a big mover	oz	100 325-400
LSD	over the counter from S.A.	one	2000-3000
Mushrooms		oz	4-6
Cocaine		gm	300-500
Amphetamines		one	25-200

FURTHER PERSPECTIVES ON BENZODIAZEPINES:

Last month we discussed a specific member of the benzodiazepine family, diazepam (Valium). This month we are looking in greater depth at the whole benzodiazepine family and its effects. The benzodiazepines are a relatively new family of sedative-hypnotics which interact with specific benzodiazepine receptors in the brain and produce anxiety relief without sedation at therapeutic doses. The first, developed two decades ago, was chlordiazepoxide (Librium). The next was diazepam (Valium). You will notice that all the AKAs are pharmaceutical. Aside from Valium, none of the benzodiazepines have developed street names, although all benzodiazepines have approximately equal abuse potential. They are rarely primary drugs of abuse, but rather are secondary drugs used to self-medicate a range of adverse drug reactions from "bad acid trips" to prolonged "speed runs." Ten brands are currently listed in the *PDR (Physician's Desk Reference)* as available in the United States; the Addiction Research Foundation of Ontario reports the same number in Canada.

The importance of this family of drugs was underlined by the interest generated in the recent international conference, "The Benzodiazepines Today: Two Decades of Research and Clinical Experience," sponsored by the Haight-Ashbury Training and Education Project and the California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies. The conferees presented a full spectrum of clinical, pharmacological, political and research information on the benzodiazepines. Participants ranged from manufacturers to front-line clinicians treating benzodiazepine problems. They included pioneer research scientists from Basel, Switzerland; representatives of the American Medical Association; and the chief of Drug Abuse Staff for the Food and Drug Administration. A wide range of opinions were expressed on both the therapeutic and abuse aspects of the benzodiazepines. Here are some relevant points highlighted at the conference:

THE SEDATIVE- HYPNOTIC DEVELOPMENT CYCLE

All sedative-hypnotic drugs,

BENZODIAZEPINES

ALSO KNOWN AS:
**ATIVAN®, CENTRAX®, LIBRIUM®, LIMBITROL®,
MENRIUM®, PAXIPAM®, SERAX®, TRANXENE®,
VALIUM®, XANAX®**

**Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D.
Written by
David E. Smith and Rick Seymour**

**The authors do not advocate the
use of any psychoactive substances.**

including benzodiazepines, follow a similar course of development. It goes like this: A new sedative-hypnotic is synthesized. It proves effective for sedation, relief of stress, anxiety, insomnia, tension, muscle problems, etc. Early tests indicate a low or nonexistent abuse potential. There are no major side effects. There are no objections to production, and there is a very ready market for a "safe" sedative-hypnotic.

After a few years, reports begin to filter in. Overdoses from street-diversion abuse and drug combinations including alcohol may occur. Clinical reports of dependency and withdrawal symptoms appear. With media publicity, physicians may panic and abruptly terminate prescription of the drug. This can cause a rash of symptoms that may result from withdrawal, or a re-emergence of problems that led to the patient's use of a sedative-hypnotic in the first place. Meanwhile, another pharmacologist, in another laboratory, has just synthesized a "safe" sedative-hypnotic which is then introduced and the cycle repeats itself.

DEPENDENCY

Current research on the interaction between benzodiazepines and benzodiazepine receptor sites in the brain adds to a growing suspicion that any drug that is effective for such problems as stress, anxiety and tension, and produces relief and euphoria is inherently hazardous—even though at-

tendant research could represent a major breakthrough in understanding brain chemistry. Dependence on the benzodiazepines can occur even at therapeutic doses for certain high-risk patients, particularly those who have a past history of alcoholism. In "prescribing practice" courses, doctors and nurses are learning how to diagnose potential dependence in a patient and how to recognize abuse.

Through lack of pharmacological knowledge, some physicians have switched dependence-prone patients from Valium to newer, shorter-acting benzodiazepines such as Ativan (lorazepam) in an attempt to avoid the risk of dependence. They are not aware that all benzodiazepines work through the same receptor sites. Changing the drug merely changes the character of the addiction. It does not remove the addiction.

Chronic users may become psychologically and physically dependent on benzodiazepines, according to the Addiction Research Foundation. For a psychologically dependent person, the drug is so central to his or her thoughts, emotions and activities that it is extremely difficult to stop using it. Physical dependence, a state wherein the body has adapted to the presence of the drug and withdrawal symptoms occur if its use is stopped abruptly, may produce sweating, stomach cramps, agitation, tremors, convulsions, delirium and, rarely, death.

Certain individuals seem to face an especially high risk of benzodiazepine dependence—particularly those who are alcoholics or who have family histories of alcoholism or other drug dependencies. Cross-addiction to alcohol and a variety of psychoactive and analgesic drugs is increasing. Use of benzodiazepine with alcohol or other sedative-hypnotics can be particularly dangerous, even life-threatening, because of the "potentiating" effect—that is, taken in combination, they are far more powerful than they would be if taken separately.

THERAPEUTIC USES:

Although there are risks involved in the medical use of benzodiazepines, they are safer than the other sedative-hypnotics if managed correctly. Benzodiazepines are used medically to treat anxiety, insomnia, tension states, epileptic and other forms of muscle spasms and the management of alcohol withdrawal.

Patients with a psychobiological predisposition to addiction are at risk to abuse these substances if they are administered over a long period. It is important to emphasize, however, that no psychoactive drug, including the benzodiazepines, is good or bad in and of itself. Whether the drug produces therapeutic benefits or toxic consequence depends on who uses it, for what purpose and under what circumstances. Moralizing about the chemical itself only confuses attempts to provide objective information about the drug. □

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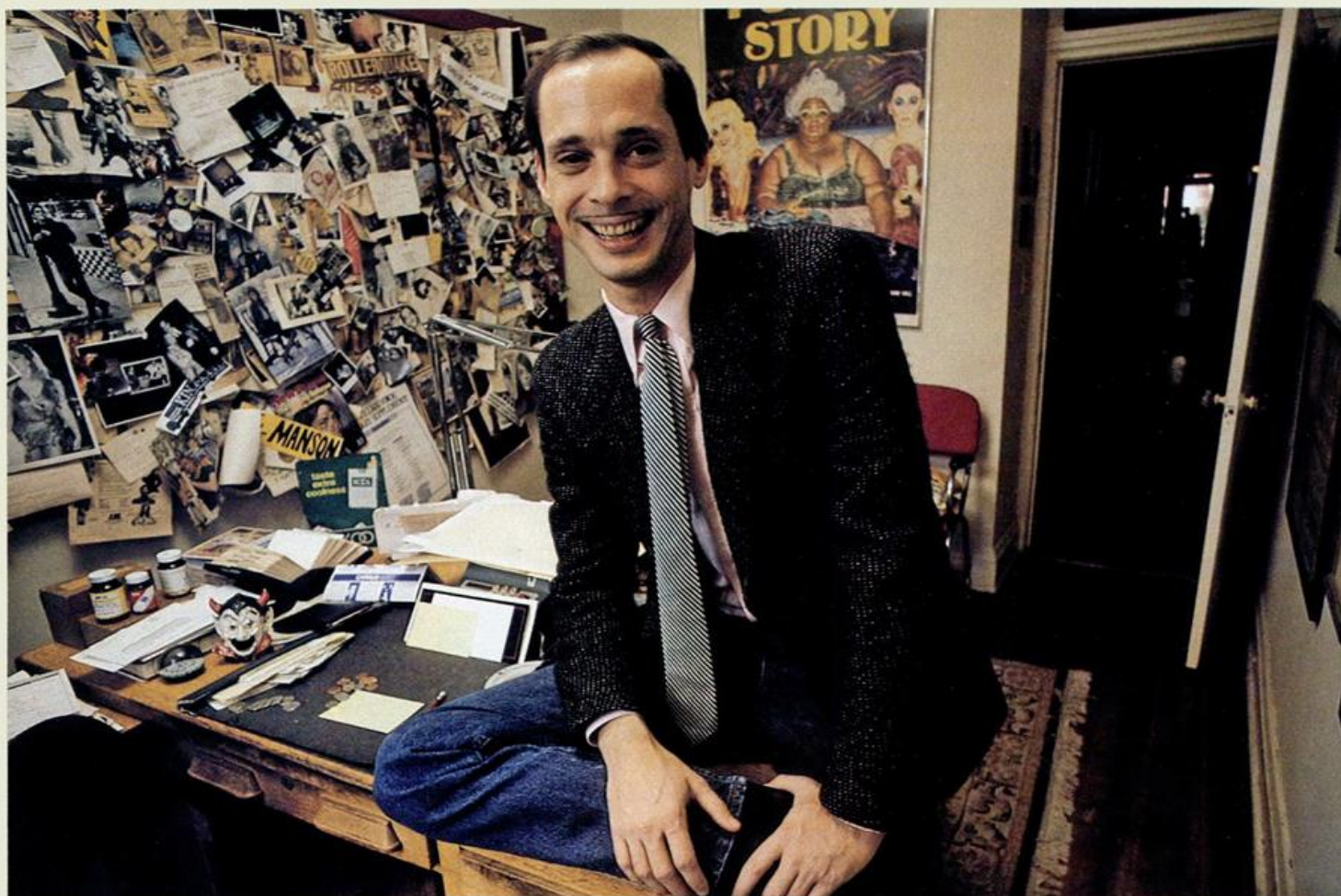
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Peter Hudson

Interview: John Waters

The Filthiest Filmmaker in the World Comes Clean

BY LARRY SLOMAN

"If someone vomits watching one of my films, it's like getting a standing ovation."

Those are the words, and the self-professed artistic credo, of John Waters—the Cinematic Sleaze King of Baltimore, Maryland, the Self-Crowned Nabob of nausea, the Sheik of Shock and Schlock, the Emperor of Enemas and the American cinema's one-and-only Prince of Puke—this last title earned on the strength of the never-to-be-forgotten climax of *Pink Flamingos*, where Waters showed his superstar—a 300-pound, balding transvestite named Divine—getting down in the street on all fours and wolfing down a pile of dogshit (thereby locking up the title of *"The Filthiest Person Alive"*).

Waters's incredible movies—ranging from juvenilia like *Hag in a Black Leather Jacket* and *Eat Your Makeup*; to such full-blown and fully ripened masterpieces as *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*; all the way up (or down) to the recent *Polyester* (costarring "dream couple" Divine and Tab Hunter, and released in odorama)—have redefined all past concepts of "bad taste" in cinema. He and his wild and weirdly talented "stock company" (which also includes Edie the Egg Lady, saturnine Mink Stole and the ethereal Mary Vivian Pearce) have plunged into the nether realms of tastelessness, boldly striking backward where no explorer has ventured before. In Waters's world those old movie staples, sex and violence, are fused with grotesque table etiquette, abominable bathroom habits, rampaging lust and disgraceful misbehavior of all kinds.

HIGH TIMES' editor Larry "Ratso" Sloman—whose own habits are so depraved and unspeakable that he obviously finds in Waters a kindred spirit—decided to meet the Sleaze King on his stamping grounds, Baltimore. There he found a polite and quiet-spoken, apparently typical middle-class young man with a pencil-thin mustache, whose mild appearance seemed to belie the unforgivable cinematic atrocities he has wreaked upon an unsuspecting world. Waters even had kind words for Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan. But the man who gave a new meaning to the phrase *"Underground Cinema"* soon began running true to form. Read on...

High Times: What is your mail like?

John Waters: Well, since the book has come out I've gotten more mail than I ever got from the movies. One letter was fifteen pages single-spaced about how ugly their mother was. Someone sent me a jar of soil from Gacey's yard in Chicago. I got a letter from a girl in Germany that wrote to every single John Waters in the phone book. She wrote stuff like, "Your deathly face haunts me. I'm coming to see you." And she did. From Germany. Rang the bell downstairs.

High Times: And?

Waters: I met her at the Charles Theatre and she turned out to be a very nice girl. The letters I get from the movies are mostly from people that want to be in films—people that I would never use because they're crazy in real life. Like, a million drag queens write me.

But my favorite letter was from this kid who was sixteen. He wrote, "I make films too. But the problem is you, they all say how great you are. Me, they send me to the school psychiatrist. What's the difference?" I wrote back, "When you make a film you say it's gross. Just gross is not enough. Make 'em funny too." And then he wrote me back and said, "I did, Mr. Waters, and my teacher gave me an A. The whole class loved it. And I'm going to go to NYU film school." He was a nice kid.

High Times: Have you been harassed at all from Moral Majority types because of your films?

Waters: I would welcome the Moral Majority to hassle me. It would help at the box office. But they won't pick on me because they know that the people who enjoy my films are lost causes to them anyway.

Now, if I was on television where I could reach their angelic children who might be influenced by me, maybe they'd harass me. But the whole Moral Majority thing is so weird. I don't know how much influence they really have. I have never met a person anywhere in my life that believes in that. It's a hype. Besides, those people haven't been to a movie in ten years. The ones that want movie censorship never go to movies.

High Times: You had some trouble through the years from the local Maryland censor woman.

Waters: She helped me. She was a press agent for years. I don't miss her. She was a moron. I could work, kill myself for two years making a movie, borrow all this money, and then go down to the Censor Office and ask this woman's opinion who couldn't even speak English.

I used to have this fantasy that when *Desperate Living* was banned the whole cast would go down and chain ourselves to the furniture. And with my cast there would have been some good news photos of cops hauling us out. But then I figured it would end up costing a fortune, and we were a little too old to do that kind of thing. But I'd have given anything to see their faces when four-hundred-pound Jean Hill chained herself to their desk.

High Times: I understand that when you're not writing a script or shooting a movie, you travel all around the country attending trials.

Waters: Yeah. I missed Gacey's trial, I was shooting then. But I'm going to go to Kathy Boudin's trial. That's the next biggie. I think it'll be splashy. I wonder if she'll snitch. I wouldn't blame her—she's in a lot of trouble.

High Times: I understand her father is really upset about the whole thing.

Waters: Well, it wasn't like she was a girl scout all her life. I mean, she did blow up the house, didn't she? I think it'll be a pretty good trial, the kind of trial that'll last way too long. It'll probably be easy to get into after awhile. I've always enjoyed the Weathermen. And now, in 1982, it's so weird to see them in a courtroom. Especially if they're screaming out stuff and refusing to cooperate and refusing to stand up when the judge comes in. That always makes for entertainment.

High Times: Did you go to the Chicago Seven trial?

Waters: No. I went to the Move trial, though. The black Philadelphia group. I loved them so much. They all got life and stuff, but they were really good in the courtroom because they would stand up and scream "Fuck you." Everything. The judge had to be so patient, and all of their last names were "Africa": "Miss Africa," "Mr. Africa," it was just so ludicrous. But they were incredibly good-looking. They had the dread locks, but I mean really radical ones. And all the girls had little pocketbooks that said, "I live in Africa," meaning the state of mind. They were hand-embroidered.

I loved their unity together. They really believed in what they were doing. I always like crackpots who are willing to go to jail the rest of their lives for crackpot theory. They have my respect.

High Times: Did you go to the Jean Harris trial?

Waters: No, that was too PBS for me. I mean, everyone's been jealous before. I like the ones where you can't figure out why they would have done this. I liked the letter she wrote, though, that was the only good, juicy part. I read the book on the trial because I like Diana Trilling. But the People's Temple is one of my all-time favorites. Do you know how many books there are about it? Nineteen. I've got 'em all. I even have the tapes of all of them killing themselves.

High Times: I think the best scene in all of your films is in *Female Trouble*, when Divine does the trampoline act and then goes into that incredible monologue, "I framed Leslie Bacon, I snitched on Abbie Hoffman, I blew Richard Speck."

How much of that Divine character is your creation? It seems like all your obsessions are pouring out of his mouth.

Waters: Divine is nothing like how Divine is in the movies.

High Times: I know that. But how much of the character is a collaboration? Or is it just a mouthpiece for you?

Waters: It's not a mouthpiece. Nobody could say it like Divine says it. No one else could play Divine. It's a character we have worked on together, as far as how Divine moves, how Divine talks. The words about Juan Corona and all that is totally me. I mean, Divine might not even know who Leslie Bacon was. But the whole thing is, Divine and I are like Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. I could never write that stuff for another character. She might not have known who Leslie Bacon was but she could figure it out. It was all just reversals of who you would ever idolize, Corona, Speck. Divine never went to the murder trials with me. We would have caused too much attention.

High Times: Didn't she go to the murder trial of Dan White?

Waters: No, she went to the funeral of Harvey Milk. To be on television.

High Times: Did you go to the White trial?

Waters: No. It was a great one, though. He should be out soon. I bet he doesn't stay around San Francisco. There'd probably be a gay hit squad after him.

High Times: Son of Sam. You didn't think much of him.

Waters: He was boring. I loved it until they caught him. He's so ugly. He had no charisma as a murderer. I think they at least have to look good. The case that has obsessed me most was the Manson case. They wanted to scare the world and they did. Not that I approve of what they did, but they did really scare people. It finally ended the hippie movement, thank God.

High Times: You've gotten close to Tex Watson.

Waters: He's a nice person, and the more I talk about him the less chance he will ever have to get out of jail. He was a victim too.

I think if a film can
make you kill someone
it's a great movie.

High Times: Did you make the Atlanta trial? Wayne Williams, wasn't it?

Waters: That didn't interest me. All that dreary fiber testimony . . . I don't think he killed them all, though. I think a lot of parents started killing their kids figuring they could get away with it.

I went to the Watergate trial. I actually heard the tapes. I went with my mother. That was the hardest trial of all to get into. We waited from midnight until two in the afternoon in the rain for it. But it was worth it. I was there the day Nixon called Mitchell the big enchilada. You should have seen Mitchell's face when he heard that. Aggh.

High Times: What was the weirdest trial you've been to?

Waters: One in Baltimore—the penis collector. He had a little lunch box full of them. Creative. Then there was the nurse that shoved turds down her patient's mouth.

High Times: She obviously had seen *Pink Flamingos*.

Waters: They didn't ask her. That was a good trial. I was the only person in the courtroom, and the district attorney looked at me like, "Oh, great." Her defense was she had her period that day.

High Times: Did you go to the Johnny Holmes trial in L.A.?

Waters: No, I would have loved to. He'll make out well in jail. One thing, Johnny Wadd won't have any trouble in jail.

High Times: So what's the source of all these dark obsessions?

Waters: I guess it's just Catholicism. I've always been fascinated by all the things you're not supposed to be fascinated by. They used to tell us you'd go to hell if you saw this movie. I'd never heard of the movies, they weren't playing up the street from my parents. But I'd go to see them because they told me not to.

High Times: Weren't you also fascinated by car crashes when you were young? You'd get new model cars and smash them with a hammer and get your parents to take you to wrecked-car dumps.

Waters: Yeah. But now I won't even look at a crash. I think maybe it'll happen to me. What a lowbrow way to die.

High Times: What's the best way to check out?

Waters: In your private jet, crashing into the Empire State Building, accidentally taking a lot of people with you. I always wanted to die on a roller coaster, jumping the track and smashing into a cotton-candy stand. But as a kid, I wasn't so much interested in seeing a car accident as looking at the wreckage of the cars when it was over. Going through those junkyards, it was looking at something damaged, something decaying. I used to keep scrapbooks of all the '50s cars, like the Roadmaster and the Century. There was that '50s car culture, cars were almost a superhuman thing you had to envy and want. To see that destroyed is the same thing I do in all of my films—trashing things that are supposed to be held dear to people. Trashing them and reversing it.

High Times: That's like Nietzsche, the reevaluation of all values.

Waters: But the murder things and going to trials came about because I've always liked villains. They're the most interesting characters in a book. And this was real. People that were villains in real life and not just in storybooks or movies. That would fascinate me, the banality of evil. It's such a true cliché. These murderers, just one second in their life and they're famous. But they're just like normal people. Think of what their families go through—as much as the people who get murdered. There are always two victims.

High Times: Don't you think that there's some empirical validity to the notion of pathology?

Waters: They weren't born that way. They didn't come out of the womb with a knife in



their hands. I'm not saying I'm for what they do. But it can happen to anyone. It's in every one of us for something like that to happen. I'm sure that the kids in the Manson family could be let out today and they're never going to harm anybody. But from those two nights a lot of them are never going to get out. Because the public has turned them into real-life Captain Hooks. I think more people know who Charles Manson is than know Ronald Reagan. That's the interesting thing—that there's no difference anymore between notoriety and fame.

High Times: What's great about your films is that you take these horrific things from real life and twist them into humor.

Waters: In all my films people laugh at things that would be so cruel to laugh at if they happened to somebody you knew. But it's so ridiculous and exaggerated, that you can't really think it could possibly happen that way. It could. People could throw acid in your face, it happens all the time. But the thing that interests me most about the trials is how they handle the sudden glare of publicity. It's really true that anyone can become famous overnight. Look at Hinckley.

High Times: He did it for Jody.

Waters: Poor Jody. Divine said, "I wish it would have happened to me. What is she thinking about? I would have been blowing kisses in the courtroom screaming 'I love you John!'" That stuff interests me. If I didn't make films I think I would have been a criminal lawyer or a reporter.

High Times: I read that you consider *Faster Pussycat, Kill Kill* by Russ Meyer to be the best film of all time. Why?

Waters: It has the meanest, funniest dialogue I've ever heard. It's about three lesbian go-go dancers that go around killing men and stealing money. And the girls look great. It was enough of an influence on me where I wanted Divine to play a mean kind of woman. Except her tits were dishrags.

High Times: So that was the model for films like *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Trouble*?

Waters: It wasn't the model. I just wanted to make jokes on the drive-in movies that I saw growing up. They were my *Citizen Kane*. I'd much rather watch *Mud Honey* than *Citizen Kane*.

High Times: What's the sleaziest film you ever saw?

Waters: There's good sleaze and bad sleaze. Bad sleaze is just distasteful with no humor. Good bad taste is funny bad, it makes you laugh at the audacity that there is such a thing as what you're laughing at. Bad bad taste you just wish it wasn't there. I think *Choir Boys* exemplifies the latter.

High Times: So what's your favorite good bad-taste film?

Waters: *Faster Pussycat, Kill Kill*. And early Hershel Gordon Lewis films. But I'm ashamed to admit that at the same time I was going to the drive-ins I was also going to see Bergman films. I went to see both. I still do. I'll go to see almost any movie. I didn't go see *Yes, Giorgio*. I draw the line somewhere. *The Greek Tycoon*, the film about Jackie O, could have been good trash. I could have directed that well. I mean, they didn't even show her shopping. They should have had Jackie clutching hundreds of bags. So I see Bergman and trash. Then I try to put them together, do arty-trashy movies.

High Times: How do you feel about all the sociological arguments, that people imitate what they see on the screen?

Waters: I think if a film can make you kill someone it's a great movie. If a film can be that powerful, to influence your life that heavily, it must be a pretty good movie. I think that the theories are a crock of shit. There are always people who can say, "This tree told me to kill somebody." If you're going to worry about that, then you can't have entertainment.

High Times: You wanted me to ask you about drugs.

Waters: I know my drug views would be very anti your magazine. But taking drugs at my age is like being a punk after you're twenty-five. It looks silly. Drugs are part of growing up, like getting pimples. But afterward... I think pot does make you stupid. It makes you settle for less. When I was growing up I took so many drugs. I'm not sorry I did. I never had a bad experience, but then I was lucky—I moved on. Whereas other people I know didn't, and they're drug addicts. I even took morning-glory seeds like some giant parakeet.

High Times: So you're saying kids should take drugs and then give them up. That's a different idea, that's for sure.

Waters: Sixteen to twenty-one. Those are the ripe drug years, but after that, echh. That's like having a mohawk at thirty.

High Times: By the way, I was amazed to see how you anticipated all those visual styles. Divine had a mohawk in '72.

Waters: A lot of that was Van Smith. Give him credit. He did all the costumes and makeup.

High Times: Besides pot, what drugs were you familiar with?

Waters: I used to do a lot of speed growing up. I felt like taking speed again after I read the Edie Sedgwick book. But I'm too old for that.

High Times: Have you gone on to other drugs? Prescription drugs like Valium?

Waters: I always hated downs. Valiums make me mean. When I was a teenager I wanted to shoot heroin to see what it was like. The first time I did it someone shot me up and this huge black bubble grew in my arm. I thought, "Oh, isn't this pretty for school." I mean, drugs were just too much trouble. Now if I want anything it's a martini straight up. I figure it looks prettier than a needle or carrying around things in tinfoil.

High Times: Coke?

Waters: Cocaine makes me just want to drink and talk a lot. To telephone poles. "Hi, look in refrigerator. Cold in there?" It really gets me ridiculous. I have friends that take drugs. But I wouldn't vote for them to become legal. I think pot takes away ambition.

High Times: The pot that people are smoking today is much stronger than the pot that was around when you were smoking.

Waters: No matter how much I liked it I could never say to someone, "I'd like some Maui wowie." I would be so mortified to say that to someone. The high could never compensate.

High Times: But you recently smoked



grass with William Burroughs.

Waters: Well, from him how could you not? It would have been a sacrilege. He has the most incredible sense of humor. We did a thing together in Washington. He read, and I showed *Desperate Living*, which I thought was a good mix from the old wave.

High Times: What was smoking with him like?

Waters: All I could remember was thinking, "Here I am sitting smoking pot with William Burroughs." I used to read him in high school when I was supposed to be paying attention to the teacher. So it made me feel happy, I felt I had chosen the right direction to go in.

High Times: So you see yourself as old wave?

Waters: That was just a joke. I have nothing against the new wave. It's a great look for ugly girls. I mean, the hate generation. I had been waiting for that for a long time. I was too early for the hate generation. When I was there it was all love and peace, which

I had definite problems with.

High Times: What do you think of new-wave style?

Waters: When I first saw it I thought it looked very good. Divine and I went to London when it first came out, and Divine said it was the first time he ever felt like Plain Jane. But the new-wave style has a lot of humor, and it perks me up when I'm walking down the street and I see it. It makes me smile. Then I always imagine what it's like when they're with their parents. At home at Christmas with their parents under the tree with a mohawk.

High Times: In retrospect, are you embarrassed by your early long-hair incarnation?

Waters: I was never a hippie. I had long hair and I went to the riots, but just because they were good parties. I wasn't socially involved.

I don't want to change
the world. I like
everything that's bad in
the world; that's where
my material comes
from. I'm no missionary.

High Times: You come more from the beat tradition, right?

Waters: That was the first way I rebelled. Beatnik. Moondog. I'd run away to New York to see the beatniks, then I'd think, "This is the way I want to go." They were glamorous to me. I read all about them, I knew their sense of humor and their interests and it was everything I identified with. I read Genet. I was thirteen, living in a suburban-type home in Baltimore, so I couldn't go to North Beach, but I read about it all the time.

High Times: Have you gotten more conservative as you've grown up?

Waters: Politically I'm so different. Some things I'm pretty radical, some things I support Reagan. It depends on the issue. I decided recently that locally I'll vote for the most radical left-wing candidate and then vote for Reagan for president. Somewhere it will equal out.

High Times: What's Reagan's appeal to you?

Waters: I don't like to pay as much income tax. Totally selfish, monetary reasons. Then I feel guilty about that, so I'll vote for all the radical local things. They'll give him a tough time so he can't pass any of the right-wing laws, and I'll get to keep the money I've worked for twenty years to make.

High Times: You always were very ambitious—

Waters: In a way, to do what I wanted to do. If I wanted to just make money I would probably be making TV movies now.

High Times: You must have done well with *Pink Flamingos*?

Waters: I don't have a helicopter waiting outside to whisk us downtown. But I am a thousandaire.

High Times: Well, you really seem to have mellowed. You're not the same guy who made *Multiple Maniacs*, that's for sure.

Waters: I grew. I want to try and grow old gracefully. I like old people. I like to go to parties where everyone is sixty years old.

you won't believe this one!



John Waters' **MULTIPLE MANIACS**

A CELLULOID ATROCITY

They have much better parties, better food, better liquor. The stench of pot isn't in the air.

Getting older isn't a crisis for me. I had fun, I went through all the teenage things. I rebelled against my parents. Now I think they were right about almost everything. I would have hated to have had parents who took drugs and went to Plato's Retreat and tried to be "with it." I'm glad I was arrested, I'm glad I took drugs. But I don't want to do that now. It was part of growing up, I got a lot of good material out of it.

High Times: How would you describe yourself as a child?

Waters: You know that picture in the Diane Arbus book of a kid holding a hand grenade? That's what I felt like as a kid. Not that I was an especially angry child. But I was never interested in what I was supposed to be interested in. I would make my own scrapbooks, draw imaginary characters, make up horror stories.

My first obsession was the wicked witch in *The Wizard of Oz*. I used to have pictures of her all around my room. I still think she's the best character, Obie, Obie. I saw that movie over and over. I liked the witch and the tornado and the winged monkeys. That's why I couldn't imagine why on earth she wanted to go to Kansas. Villains are always the best characters.

High Times: Maybe you were just reacting to the blandness of the '50s.

Waters: The "Leave It to Beaver" atmosphere? Everybody was raised to believe that was reality. And everyone knew it wasn't. They all say how great the '50s were, I thought the '50s were terrible. So

Waters Interviews The Divinity

John Waters: How does it feel to be the most beautiful woman in the world?

Divine: I tell you, it's pretty disillusioning at times. It's not all limousines and emerald earrings. I know why people in show business have breakdowns.

JW: Let's start at the beginning. When you were a kid, did you use to get in drag?

D: I didn't have any brothers or sisters, so I used to play with this imaginary person, Jim. We just talked all the time; I would get dressed up and talk to him. I only had about an hour and a half alone when I got home from school before my parents came home. Once I got caught by my grandmother—I had on a slip and a big hat and she chased me across the lawn.

JW: When you were in grade school, did you realize you were . . . special?

D: I was always strange in some ways. I don't necessarily think I was that effeminate when I was young.

JW: Did the other kids hassle you in grade school?

D: No, that didn't start until late junior high, early high school. They used to wait for me after school to beat me up—I was black and blue.

JW: How did you get into drugs?

D: I used to put it down at first. I thought if you smoked grass you were a junkie. But then I tried it and it was a whole other ball game.

JW: That's when we all started shoplifting together.

D: Yeah, we were good. I had forty cashmere sweaters.

JW: What was the most audacious shoplifting adventure you remember?

D: The time I walked out of a hardware store with a chain saw in one hand and an electric drill in the other. I used to go in there every day and take stuff. I thought I was invisible then. I don't know why I did those things.

JW: Were you ever involved in the political riots of the '60s?

D: No, I couldn't run as fast as you all could. I remember my father was disappointed that I didn't go. "If I was your age, I'd be out there breaking windows," he told me.

JW: I think you gave the best performance in *Female Trouble*.

D: I was thinking about that one the other day—another torturous role. I had to switch from a man's role to a woman's in one day. I had to shave so quickly I was a bloody mess.

JW: Did you enjoy promoting the films?

D: Yeah, that time in Philadelphia when the film had been playing for a year and I had to jump out of a cake. That's when some fan gave me a whole big box of different-colored turds wrapped in tissue paper. It was all shit, but it was very pretty. I remember you used to drag me to the University of Maryland for appearances and we'd have to have dinner with those professors and their families. I'd be sitting there in drag—eight-feet tall—and their kids would be horrified. But I trusted you completely. When you told me to do things, it worked. To this day I don't understand why. I walk on stage with you and abuse the audience with words and they love to hear it.

JW: Did you ever want to have a sex change?

D: No. I thought about it at one point a long time ago when we were making *Pink Flamingos*. I thought about having hormone injections so I could have big breasts. It wasn't worth dying so I could wear a low-cut dress. I got over it.

JW: I know how weird it is to travel with you—when airport security opens your suitcase and sees your cheater and fake tits.

D: I still put all that stuff on top when I travel abroad. They open my bags and see two tits staring up at them and they slam it closed. You could smuggle heroin in there. Lately, coming into America, the customs people know me. They say, "I'm not gonna look through your luggage—just give me an autographed photo."

JW: Why do you think you are popular?

D: When you think of a bombshell, you think of Monroe or Mansfield, you don't think of a three-hundred-pound man. People like to be shocked.

JW: Since being overweight is part of your appeal, can you give us some pointers on gaining weight?

D: God, well . . . I love sodas. Spaghetti, candy, anything starchy.

JW: What's the most you've ever eaten at one sitting?

D: I guess two pies, a quart of ice cream and a gallon of milk. I got sick. I was so afraid someone would get a piece of the pie that I had to eat it all.

JW: How do you stand politically?

D: I'd like to run for office in San Francisco and campaign for drag-queen rights. I want a coronation. I want to be Queen of the World!

JW: Did you have an affair with Elton John?

D: No. I wouldn't tell anyone if I did. Elton is a good friend. I did his show with him as backup at Madison Square Garden.

JW: Have you ever had a big star be rude to you?

D: Yeah. Cher. I was at this party in L.A. for Three Dog Night. I was in drag in a white cocktail dress. So this photographer said, "Come on, Cher's here—go over and stand with her so I can get a picture." Cher said, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What are these pictures for?" and the photographer said, "Italian Vogue," and Cher said, "Oh, come on. I might have been born yesterday, but it wasn't in Poland!" and she dismissed me with a wave of her hand. I just looked at her and wanted to snap her nails off.

JW: What do you think you'd be doing today if you weren't in show business?

D: I never gave it a thought. I want to continue doing what I do until I drop dead or somebody shoots me. □

JOHN WATERS'S LIKES AND DISLIKES

	FAVORITE	LEAST FAVORITE
Color	Black	Green on Thursdays
Song	"Town without Pity"	"If I Had a Hammer"
Mass Murderer	Manson Family	Lieutenant Calley
Presidential Assassin	Squeaky Fromme	Lee Harvey Oswald
Form of Burial	Chowchilla School Bus Incident	Communism
Car	Bumper	Le Car
Boy's Hairstyle	Normal	Wiffle
Girl's Hairdo	Airlift	Ape-Drape
Movie	Mud Honey	Rocky
Band	Chipmunks	Beatles
Fast-Food Chain	Wa Wa Food Market	Burger King
TV Program	"\$64,000 Question"	The World Series
Comic Book	Beagle Boys	Classics Illustrated
Book	Ferdynand	I Ching
Magazine	Variety	Sports Illustrated
Dirty Magazine	Straight to Hell	National Geographic
Household Product	Tylenol	Saltpeter
Hollywood Actor	Matt Dillon	Richard Dreyfuss
Hollywood Actress	Pam Grier	Katharine Hepburn
Women's Cosmetic Brand	Maybelline	No Makeup
Smell	Vitamin B	Pot
Soft Drink	Water	Root Beer
Comedian	Fran Liebowitz	Buddy Hackett
Charity	Friends of San Quentin	Jerry Lewis Telethon
Horror Film	The Tinger	Amityville (ad nauseam)
Director	Arthur Lubin (Francis the Talking Mule films)	Sergei Eisenstein
Ethnic Group	Wops	South Moluccans
President	Jerry Ford	Dwight Eisenhower
Singer	Nico	Wayne Newton
Author	James Purdy	Rod McKuen
Religious Leader	Madalyn Murray O'Hair	Reverend Moon
Sex Act	Kissing	Felching
Part of Body	Feet	The G-Spot

oppressive. Go see *Atomic Cafe*, that's what the '50s were like, diving under desks. It wasn't fun. Then Elvis came and I loved him. I had every record. I even thought I was Elvis Presley. I had a Top Ten board over my bed which I changed daily with clear plastic after each number. That was my second obsession. I would call all the record stores every day, impersonating a local radio station that really did that, and they would give me all the information. And then I work out... number eight, number seven, ripping off the clear plastic and dancing around the room by myself. Like a lunatic. That's what I was doing when I was nine.

High Times: What about school?

Waters: I went to a private grade school, grades one to six. Then I was going to go to Catholic high school. So for grades seven and eight I had to go to a public school where I encountered a whole new world of girl juvenile delinquents. I used to watch them all the time, people who really acted like Elvis Presley. These girls looked so monstrous. White lipstick and big, teased hair. The other kids had baseball cards, I would go home and draw these girls and exaggerate them and savor these drawings like baseball cards. Look at them every day. Those were the first characters that I thought up. That's what Divine played in *Female Trouble*, exactly that kind of girl.

Then, in high school, drugs entered my life. That changed everything. I took LSD in '64 before it was even illegal.

High Times: How did you get into that scene?

Waters: I met people that lived in my neighborhood that didn't hang out in my neighborhood. That was the key. Beatniky people, with Cleopatra eye makeup and fishnet nylons. They had poetry readings at this beatnik bar downtown. I would go to the bar but I couldn't get in because I wasn't twenty-one, so I'd sit in the alley, right outside the door. And for some reason my parents would drive me there and let me off.

High Times: Let you off so you could hang out in the alley?

Waters: Yes, I thought that was nice. I'll never forget—my mother said, "Is this camp or slums?" I guess my parents realized it wasn't going to work for me the other way, being a jock in a fraternity. So this was the first time I was ever around drugs, homosexuality, beatniks, all of it mixed, totally mixed. It wasn't a gay scene, it wasn't a drug scene, it was completely mixed. And that's when I first started making the movies. Eight-millimeter black and white, no editing. They were terrible. We'd show them in these coffeehouses.

High Times: You talked in your book about sicknicks?

Waters: We would just go to a public park where families went, but the girls would really dress for the occasion. Thrift-shop outlandish. This was before there was even the

word hippie. When the hippie movement came around, all of the people I knew hated it. They thought we were being coopted. What is this horrible trend that is making us look normal? So we used to go to these parks, and everyone would get loaded on pot and liquor and they would see us coming, twenty-strong, and families would literally pick up their picnic baskets and run to the safety of their cars.

Also, the people that I hung around with were very big on robberies, they were antique thieves. So it was really a ring of pot-heads and people that stole Oriental rugs that was the nucleus of my first downtown friends.

High Times: You were tripping a lot when you were making the first films?

Waters: Not while I was doing them. I was tripping about once a week from '66 to '70. Real strong acid. I don't know if I got any ideas from it, but it helped me further break the suburban mold. Divine, all of us, did it together and it brought everyone much closer, I think. We hung around together, sort of like an extended family.

High Times: Sounds like the love generation.

Waters: It does. But then again, what it brought us closer to do was hideous violent movies. Instead of ending the war, we wanted to start a war. That's the difference. I took acid about two years ago. I hadn't done it in ten years and I thought maybe it would be like a tune-up, but it was just boring. I couldn't go to sleep, I kept seeing all these colors jumping around. It wasn't new anymore, it was a rerun.

High Times: Didn't you have any profound insights on acid?

Waters: No, thank God. That would have been a bad trip, if some profound thought had come to me. It didn't change my life, it just made it more fun for the week. Maybe it changed me a little. It made me take everything even less seriously than I already took it. I think it gave all of us that worked together a sense of humor about ourselves. We never thought what we were doing was going to change the world.

I don't want to change the world. I like everything that's bad in the world. The worst stuff, that's where my material comes from. I'm no missionary. But profound? How about Divine doing Dionne Warwick imitations two hours into a trip, with shower rings for earrings and an old dirty towel wrapped around his head for hair? That's about the most profound thing I can remember.

High Times: Isn't he a big pothead?

Waters: You said that, I didn't. You'd better ask him on that. I wouldn't say you're far off. He's got the munchies all right. Chronically. Permanently.

High Times: Is it true that your mother left one of your screenings crying?

Waters: Yes, but that was a long time ago. They loved *Polyester*. But why force them to see *Pink Flamingos*? They would have hated it.

continued on page 95



Female Trouble

Edie On Waters

He's real nice. Just on the set he's strict, but otherwise he's nice. I like the movies. I meet a lot of people. He's changed. He used to be a hippie type. Now look at him. He's very conservative. But he's older. When you get older like me, well... I never was real wild. I seem to be wild but actually I'm not wild. I put it on comically. I wrote this song, "Punks Get Off the Grass." They all love it. That's on my record. On the other side I did "Big Girls Don't Cry" 'cause John said I should. 'Cause I'm big, you know.



Female Trouble

...INVESTING IN DRUGS...

As many of us can testify, dealing in grass, pills or whatever is not all it is cracked up to be. Yes, there is the profit, the glamour, the status. But there are also the flaky customers, hassles with lawyers, the paranoia about strange noises on the phone, trouble raising bail and the occasional but unpleasant sojourns in the slammer. On the other hand, one does notice one's friends dropping all sorts of mood-altering pills, and a yearning to cash in on the bonanza does rear its seductive head. Well, there is a silver lining. It is possible to profit from our national sport of dropping all sorts of psychoactive little globules—and it is perfectly legal! No more skulking, no more worries, no more unpleasant and costly brushes with the law. Nay, far from it—at one fell swoop you can start profiting from America's pillomania and do it completely legally. More than legally—you become a perfectly respectable part of the Great American Dream. You become part owner of all those highly profitable enterprises providing the public with the pills to get them way up, mellowly down and generally out of their skulls. You buy stock in the buggers!

An overwhelming majority of the big drug manufacturers are publicly owned corporations. Their shares are traded on the New York Stock Exchange, the American Stock Exchange and the over-the-counter market. Of course, by now the big drug manufacturers have become so rich and respectable that their shares are traded on the biggest mart of all, the New York Stock Exchange, known familiarly as the Big Board. And buying stocks is as easy as falling off into a nod. You simply march into the nearest brokerage office, say a branch of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, Smith (the biggest brokerage house of them all), ask who is handling new accounts and bask in the warm welcome. Do you have to be rolling in the long green to open an account

and buy stock? Not at all! At Merrill Lynch there is no minimum initial investment; the same obtains for many other brokers. For their services the brokers charge a commission. For example, at Merrill Lynch it costs \$53 in commissions to buy 200 hundred shares at \$6 a share. And there you are; you are now the proud owner of so many shares in Uppers and Downers International Corporation. You can follow the price of your investment in the daily paper, watch your dividends roll in and, hopefully, see the value of your investment go up as the time goes by. Herewith, a brief overview of some stocks of companies, all but one listed (traded) on the New York Stock Exchange, which, among other things, manufacture some of you and your friends' favorite pill goodies.

One of the best investments you can make in this field is the stock of (Eli) Lilly & Co. Whether you want to get up, get down or get off the stuff, good old Lilly is in there with a pill for you.

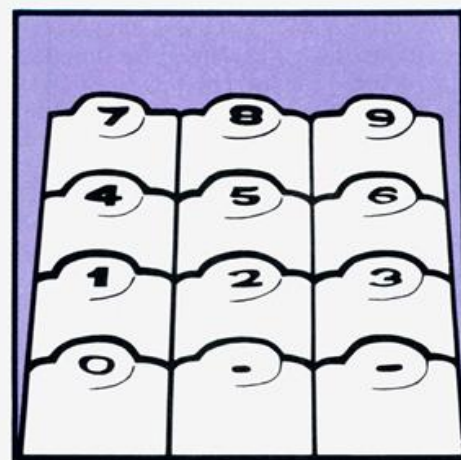
The business of the Lilly company can basically be divided into three fields: human health, agriculture and cosmetics. In the human-health field, besides pharmaceuticals, Lilly makes electronic medical instrument systems, implantable cardiac pacemakers and bulk chemicals. Pharmaceuticals made include analgesics, antibiotics, hormones, sedatives and vitamins. In the fun category, you will be happy to learn, Lilly makes methadone, Tuinal, Darvon and pharmaceutical cocaine. Among electronic medical instrument systems made are devices for measuring patient temperature, and for the administration and monitoring of intravenous fluid infusions.

Lilly's agricultural line includes herbicides for blocking weeds infesting various crops, cattle-feed additives to improve feed efficiency and growth in pigs and various other products for livestock, poultry and

pets. In the cosmetic segment of its business, Lilly has the well-known Elizabeth Arden line of skin-care preparations, make-up products and fragrances, and the Parfums Lagerfeld products.

As a stockholder in Lilly you will be in good company: about two-thirds of its shares are held by institutions—this means mutual funds, endowments of universities, trust funds and so on. At the time of writing, Lilly stock is selling for about \$58.25 a share and pays a dividend of \$2.60 a share annually plus possible extras. Moody's Investors Service, a leading advisory source, views the stock favorably, stating that "Earnings should continue to move higher. . . Over the long term, demand for health care should continue to increase."

Another large drug manufacturer engaged in the production of pharmaceutical cocaine is the venerable house of Merck & Co., which traces its lineage to an apothecary bought in 1668 by Friedrich Jacquin Merck next to the castle moat in Darmstadt, Germany. Merck now ranks first in this country in the prescription-drug field. Merck's sales in 1981 approached the \$3-billion mark. A significant part is accounted for by just two drugs: Indocin, the world's most prescribed drug for the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis, and Aldomet, an antihypertensive agent which has the unpleasant side effect of causing impotence in some men. The company researches, develops, produces and markets a wide variety of human and animal health products. These include Blocarden for the prevention of second heart attacks; Moduretic and Midamor, which are potassium-conserving diuretics used against high blood pressure; a new vaccine against the hepatitis B virus, Mefoxin; a new antibiotic, Timoptic, used to treat glaucoma; and a pain reliever called Dolobid. In the animal-health field Merck has Thibenzole, a worm-



.LILLY...TUINAL...DARVON...COCAINE...MERCK...DEXAMYL...F

..INVESTING IN DRUGS..

ing agent, and Amprol, which is used to treat poultry diseases. Calgon Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary, makes air- and water-treatment chemicals and provides industry with water management and pollution control services. Merck shares sold at \$83.75 a share recently and paid an annual dividend of \$2.80.

If you find more and more people are using Dexamyl and Dexedrine to keep themselves alert and on the go 168 hours a week, then maybe you should consider investing in the shares of Smithkline Beckman Corporation (formerly Smithkline). In addition to the two aforementioned amphetamines, Smithkline Beckman makes Tagamet, a highly effective and immensely popular anti-ulcer drug; Thorazine, another psychoactive drug; and well-known Contac, "the world's number one cold remedy." Also made are diuretics, antibiotics, a full line of veterinary medicines for the treatment of animal diseases, as well as ultrasonic and electronic instruments with a wide variety of medical, diagnostic and industrial applications.

You will be happy to know that Smithkline stock has been quite a stellar performer in the past: According to *Everybody's Business, the Irreverent Guide to Corporate America*, edited by Milton Moskowitz, Michael Katz and Robert Levering (Harper & Row, 1980), Smithkline stock bought for \$1,000 in 1970, sold for \$5,030 on January 2, 1980. At this time, Smithkline Beckman stock is selling for \$70 a share and paying an annual dividend of \$2.32. Institutions hold about 69 percent of the stock in their portfolios.

Has Percodan caught your eye as a popular recreational drug? Well, the bad news is that its maker, innocently named Endo Laboratories, Inc., is actually a wholly owned subsidiary of none other than the country's largest chemical company, Du Pont! The impact of Percodan on the sales and earn-

ings of this giant enterprise, made even larger recently by the acquisition of Conoco, Inc., the ninth largest domestic oil company, cannot be too significant, thus disqualifying Du Pont from our little recreational drug portfolio.

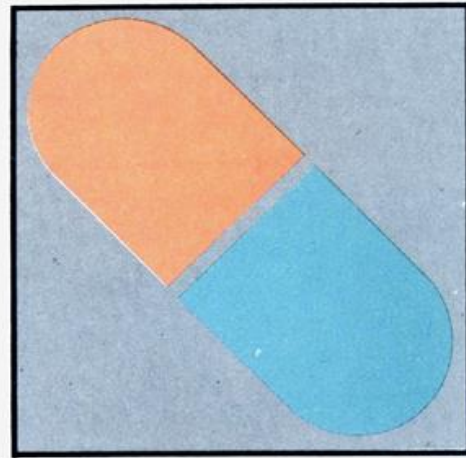
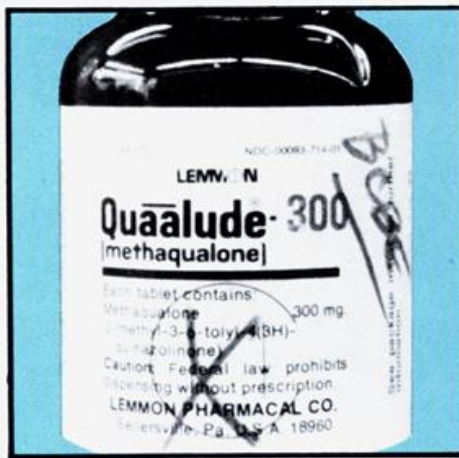
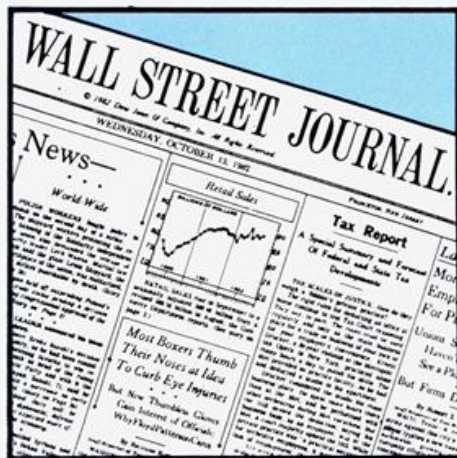
All this high finance getting you down? Well, if you want to cool out a bit and can't decide whether to drop some Valium or some Librium, don't ask Swiss-based Hoffmann-La Roche, they couldn't care less; they make both of them! La Roche's U.S. affiliate is one of the older and larger firms in the American pharmaceutical industry, and an important center of this world-wide company's research. Both Valium, the world's most-used tranquilizer, and Librium were developed in La Roche's Nutley, N.J., facilities. On a more prosaic level, the company is the world's largest producer of vitamin C. Also made are such drugs as the sulfanamide Gantrisin, and Larodopa, the most effective drug developed so far to deal with Parkinson's disease. La Roche also manufactures the Pantene line of hair products, which was a by-product of their research in the vitamin field. Hoffmann-La Roche is very international, with manufacturing facilities in 30 countries. In the United States the company has 33 facilities, half of them in New Jersey. Among other things, they are the world's second largest manufacturer of flavors and fragrances used in the production of foods and cosmetics. In the huge American market for tranquilizers, the company, thanks to its Valium, Librium and Dalmane products, holds an 80 percent market share. Hoffmann-La Roche is intensely research minded and is believed to be, among other things, in the lead of research on interferon, a protein thought to have dramatic potential as an agent in combating cancer. Unlike the other shares outlined in this article, Hoffmann-La Roche shares are not traded on the New

York Stock Exchange but on the Basel, Switzerland, stock market. You can buy one-tenth of a share of Hoffmann-La Roche on the Basel exchange for 6,300 Swiss francs — \$2,816.

But now for the bad news. Quaaludes, the favorite recreational drug of millions, are now made by the Lemmon Company, which in turn is owned by the Natterman Company, a privately held West German firm. So you can forget about investing in 'ludes. But, all in all, the pharmaceutical industry is not a bad place to invest your money. *Business Week*, a leading financial journal, recently quoted a drug-industry executive as saying, "The U.S. drug industry is experiencing a burst of technological innovation. This could be an excellent year for U.S. drug companies, and 1983 could be even better." Yahoo!

Should you in fact want to invest in any of the stocks mentioned in this article, a couple of things should be kept in mind. No matter how much you invest, it should only be money you will not need right away, or even next month or next year. Stock prices fluctuate from day to day, and are ruled not only by factors affecting the given company you have invested in, or the industry to which it belongs, but by such macro-events as the state of the national economy and the overall world situation. So you should, at best, invest for the long run. There are many guides for the beginning investor. One of the better ones is a paperback called *How to Buy Stocks*, by Louis Engle and Peter Wyckoff. It might be a good idea to read it before visiting your stock dealer—er, broker. □

By Steve Kraus



PERCODAN...VALIUM...LIBRIUM...LEMMON...QUAALUDES...LA R



STEAL

HE MAY HAVE BEEN UNDERGROUND BUT HE SURE ATE IN STYLE. POSING AS A PLAYBOY

Of all the adventures during my seven-year underground safari, none seems to have the universal appeal of the Great Gourmet Rip-Off. Over a six-month tour of Europe, my running mate, Johanna, and I ate 65 meals at 54 of the best restaurants in the world. We devoured miniature sea lobsters, baby boar, foie gras, caviar, goose, sole poached in champagne and enough truffles to make a dozen pigs sneeze. We drank 1928 Lafite-Rothschild, Dom Perignon vintage bubbly and turn-of-the-century Armagnacs the way schoolkids waste Dr Pepper. We sugared out on such culinary delights as passion-fruit soufflé, white chocolate

on the new French cuisine. They are a well-known writer and photographer. Your cooperation will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
Laurence Gonzalez
Articles Editor
Playboy

For those six months, in the fall of '77 through the spring of '78, I learned to snap that letter out of my jacket pocket and pass it under the nose of a master chef with such a seductive flourish he could virtually sniff the centerfold. Beginning as a novice to the

companion and I were literally moved to tears. I came to appreciate the expertise of these master chefs. The ultimate pop artists who carve and cook with total commitment, creating a work of exuberance only to be instantly consumed by strangers. Men, and in one case, a woman, who manage to work an 18-hour day, at times under the most intense pressure, yet still maintain the urge to continually experiment. The motions are that of a steel riveter pivoting on the high girder, the thought that of a movie director holding the great epic in the mind's eye. So while I began the tour with my tongue in cheek, I soon developed an

MAGAZINE RESTAURANT REVIEWER. OUR FAVORITE FUGITIVE CRISSCROSSED EUROPE

THIS

STUFFING HIS FACE FOR FREE. HEREWITH, ABBIE REVEALS HIS GREAT GOURMET RIP-OFF.

mousse au Grand Marnier, chestnut cake and sorbets of a dozen exotic flavors. It was the ultimate *grand bouffe*, service money can't buy, and we had it all *sans un sous*, on the house. It would have totaled \$10,000 had we not had a magic letter of introduction I had carefully typed one night in a motel six miles outside Amarillo, Texas.

To whom it may concern:

This letter introduces you to Mr. and Mrs. Mark Samuels, who have been assigned by our magazine to do a survey

exalted world of haute cuisine, I became so good at the bluff that chefs would eventually confide in me their disdain for other critics, at times even insisting they had read my work. The ruse was so complete near the end, several ambitious young risers eager to make a reputation were actively seeking my favor so as not to be left out of the inevitable top-ten list. If not Laurence Gonzalez, then the master chefs themselves had crowned me *le grand critic de Playboy*.

This article then brings the escapade full-circle, doing justice at last to a quest that produced such joy that at some dinings my

appreciation, which eventually grew to obsession. I could, for the first time, comprehend gluttony as a passion. Finally, when it was over, we left Europe with a wad of menus six inches thick, a box full of secret recipes, 32 hours of taped interviews and about 20 more pounds between us. We had passed through our first food affair and could not in our lifetime come this route again.

For our first restaurant we selected one we had just read about in *Le Monde*: Le Bistro d'Hubert. It seemed to be pretty typical of those we visited. Chef-owned, capacity 45, bright as a TV studio-set (better to

BY ABBIE HOFFMAN

MEAL

see the food), waiters often members of the family. A table setting of the best china, a dozen or more sterling silver pieces and five or six sparkling wine goblets. If there is a single word to describe these restaurants, it would be *serious*. You don't drop in on an impulse. These are not places you bring a date, nor a place you hold your college reunion, nor rubberneck for celebrities. These are places solely for savoring the best food and wine there is. No more, no less. Monsieur Hubert is somewhat on the rise, and a good review in *Playboy* could help his reputation, seeing how Americans are fast determining the style and pace of *haute cuisine*. The 10-course meal that he prepared was like none we had experienced. Quite notable were a raw veal liver marinated in fresh tarragon, which caressed the tongue, and a mixed salad of lobster and artichoke, which turned that caress to excited foreplay. Our chief waiter was M. Hubert's teenaged daughter, and like all French waiters she could discuss each course with patient authority. When I complimented the chef for using sweet vinegar in a boss combination of sole and cucumbers (*julienne*), she gently informed me that the slightly acid taste in the sauce came from utilizing the dark skin of the cucumber. After that miscue I kept my opinions to myself, though when anyone glanced our way I was sure to pat my stomach or nod approvingly. I had seen James Beard do that on TV once. Near the end, as was customary, Hubert appeared, steering a wondrous cheese cart in our direction. Quite possibly he knows more about cheese than anyone in Paris, and we gorged ourselves on a dozen suggested varieties. The check for two, had there been one, would have cleared \$150. Instead, we just donned our coats, kept up the stomach patting and steered ourselves backward to the street. Feeling like the alley cats who had just devoured the price-less canary, we walked for blocks before we broke out in a burst of laughter. We had struck a gold mine, and if we played our letter of introduction right we would follow the vein to glory—the best food in the world.

Up to then, the closest I ever got to great French cooking was the time I once stood in line behind Julia Child in a Cambridge meat market. So, to overcome my minimum knowledge, I set up an interview with M. Millau, who, along with M. Gault, is generally given credit as the popularizer of *nouvelle cuisine*. A three-hour session at the office of the team's guidebook gave me a facile tongue in discussing the virtues or limitations of a particular meal. It also gave me a valuable reference if anyone questioned my credentials. But not only did this never happen, after a few more restaurants my manner became so professionally arrogant that no chef even pretended to read the letter. Instead, they employed a typically Gallic gesture—pushing the closed envelope back to me with the left hand, they would flash their nose toward

the north star exclaiming, "*Ce n'est pas nécessaire, Monsieur de Playboy.*"

A dozen more restaurants on a par with Hubert's were next on our list. Some we tried two or three times to be sure. We found we could, at the most, handle but three of these feasts a week, and that we appreciated it more if we starved ourselves the day before. Also, eating in the afternoon left time to work off that "bullets in the stomach" feeling. Myself, I've got a low-tolerance threshold for alcohol, so I regularly lined my stomach with milk before consuming the three or four bottles of different wines that are *de rigueur*. Another effort we made was to stop by the hit restaurant the day before and secure a menu. Armed with a pocket-sized *Menu-Master* dictionary we prepared for each encounter as if we were raiding the Louvre. All this focused the concentration, and much to my own surprise I developed a judgment near the end I would have risked matching with almost any gourmand on the circuit.

Any critic would find it hard to keep Alain Senderens off a list of the best. His

Johanna Lawrenson



Our author with master chef Paul Bocuse. bold experimentation alone merits points. Few others would attempt combinations like duck fillets and corn, cooked oysters and leeks, or sweetbreads and wild mushrooms. His sautéed kidneys ringed by cooked whole shallots was one of the best single courses we had in Paris. The inside of each shallot was done to creamy perfection and the manner of eating them unique yet obvious. You just suck the insides out of the skins. We also had one of our best desserts here, a perfect whole peach flambéed in strawberry liqueur. Yum! Yum! After the meal we toured the kitchen and spoke with the assistants. Surprisingly, we learned most high-class restaurants pay the help ridiculously low wages (try \$50 a week), as the line is long to apprentice with a recognized master. A good restaurant is also the best cooking school. This brings up an important point: If the head chef is absent, the quality of the food can drop by as much as 50 percent.

The final two restaurants in Paris to make the list had a great deal in common. Both catered to a theater crowd of mostly young

people. The chefs are both under 30 and very much the eager beavers. Their style of cooking is fresh and daring. I had a better overall meal at the traditional L'Ami Louis, but both Les Semailles and Olympe showed not only class but great promise of things to come. Jean-Jacques Jouteux at Les Semailles is a first-class yippie who presents each meal as a theatrical event. You open the door and stand center stage. Chopin is playing. The other diners are casually dressed (I never saw evening clothes or expensive jewelry at these places). On cue, the waiters move out to the tables. Jean, in his tall white toque, darts out of the kitchen to answer a difficult query or to tell a joke. Enormous fresh-flower arrangements adorn the bar and the fireplace mantel. Without reservation (as we say in the critic biz), try the *oeuf de salmon* ("salmon egg" doesn't sound quite right in English) covered with fresh chives, the veal steamed in cider, the wild mushroom purée and the highly creative *boudin de langouste* ("lobster sausage" doesn't sound right either). Also here you can get a sampler of five desserts for five bucks, which might be the greatest bargain on your dining tour. Jean's bound to remember us, we ate there four times, cooking in the kitchen once. He worked so hard at pleasing, I just didn't have the heart to forget.

His soulmate can be found just a few blocks from La Cupoule (the best hangout restaurant in the world) and Regine's discotheque. Her name is Dominique Nahmais at Olympe. That's right, *her* name, for while 99 percent of all French cooking is done by women, centuries of discrimination have kept *les dames* out of the best kitchens. It's *le* chef not *la* and the only way women generally get the top kitchen spot is to marry the head chef, then poison him. Dominique, who stands no higher than Napoleon, even in her high-heeled cooking shoes, just might be the one to change all that. With the possible exception of Christiane Massia, she very well could be the number-one female chef in the whole damn *monde*. She cooks 10-course meals to order for 40 people in a kitchen the size of a prison cell. Here, four workers chop, clean dishes and whip desserts, while Dominique pretzels her athletic body between the stove and the counters. "*Voilà!*" she gestures to me proudly, "everyone is eating and my stove is clean." It is like watching a brain surgeon function — total concentration. Artist. Administrator. Acrobat. Grand Chef.

Before we leave Paris for the most serious of the serious places, I must mention our side adventure at Fauchons. Fauchons is the most expensive grocery store in the world. Try a thousand bucks for a can of beluga or the same for a bottle of cognac. Try five bucks for a box of those ever-lovin' corn flakes. Try a pâté in the shape of a standing pig or a pastry butterfly whose almond sliver wings move up and down to the breeze from a nearby fan. This is the place both Lenny Breshnev and Davy

Rockefeller shop when in town. Sick of our traveling feast, I decided to cook in, on *Playboy* so to speak. I flashed the letter at the first official-looking person I saw at Fauchons and zingo, we were instantly launched on a merry munching tour. This is the place that catered *Le Grand Bouffe*, the cinematic ode to gluttony. Soon the publicity man catches up and asks if we'd like to try a few "surprises." The proper response at these moments is, of course, to reply in the soft negative. It has about the same effect it had on my Jewish grandmother. They piled a basket of cornucopian delights that would have fed a hippie commune for a week. Too much to carry, so we arranged to return the following day with our car. That night *Le Figaro's* headline screamed "*Fauchons Pulverizé*." You didn't need a lot of French to figure that out! Some idiots had blown up the place as a revolutionary gesture and with it went our mountain of freebies. Son-of-a-French-bitch, my Fauchons! All that 150-proof booze, all the butter, the sugar... it must have been some wienie roast. We learned our lesson. Don't put off till tomorrow what you can devour on the spot.

It's time to leave Paris. We've eaten like royalty, but in truth not even Alain Senderens's L'Archestrate was better than, say, New York's Quilted Giraffe, which is very good indeed. (He said, looking for a free invitation.) For the very best you have to leave the city. Eighty miles south of Paris you will find the small town of Les Bézards, and there the resort-inn known as Les Templiers. Here, Roger Doreau prepares the grandest table of wild-game cooking in all France. In the fall the region is hunting turf for the French, and you get the best of the hunt here at Les Templiers. The rabbit in cider vinegar, the wood thrush flamed in Armagnac or the roasted quail should definitely be sampled here if you've never feasted on wild game. Even more exotic is the baby wild boar, without doubt the most tender pork chops you'll ever eat. You must have the necessary deep red wines here. A choice of over 200 varieties awaits you, some 1803 labels running for \$900, or fifty bucks a swallow. A heavy '72 Pommard did nicely, though.

Here we are in Lyon, where there are at least a half-dozen boss places to eat. And, if you have a limited time in which to try the very best, by all means this is the place. You will, of course, want to try the world's most famous chef, the Lion of Lyon, Paul Bocuse. Ego seems to have been invented for Bocuse. He is the Muhammad Ali of pots and pans, the only cook who could proclaim "I am France" and no one would argue. The neon Bocuse sign beckons gourmands from miles away. Inside there are no less than three oil paintings of the master on the walls. Everything is imprinted with his name or the ornate *B* he has claimed as his own crest. The matches, the plates, the bowls that house his world-known truffles soup (too weak and pretentious), the nap-

kins, his chemise, even the chocolates are stamped *B*. Bocuse is an industry, shuttling to his Tokyo restaurant, consulting for Air France, signing autographs, designing his line of copper pots, his cooking book. He is the ambassador of French cooking, the tenth generation of a noble kitchen, and he is one of the most unforgettable characters you could encounter. "I was at Versailles when your president met mine. Four hundred guests and I the only worker." He actually pounded his chest as he said this but did bring up an interesting point. These giants who night after night serve the richest of the world fiercely hold on to their working-class heritage. Louis Outhier, who we'll meet later, told me in response to a question that he would have no trouble cooking in a Socialist or even a Communist France. "A good cook is a good cook. It might be hard to get some ingredients but the challenge of making something taste good transcends politics."

If you want to actually see some of these dishes in all their majesty, look at the glossy photos at the back of Bocuse's cookbook. (It's sold here but don't buy it; half the

The challenge of making something taste good transcends politics.

recipes are uncookable, through no fault of your own.) For openers, Bocuse's oysters and saffron soup are absolute heaven. Then the bean salad. Strange as it may seem, this is probably the dish that will amaze you the most. If one's reputation rests on turning the ordinary into the extraordinary, Bocuse has done it with his beans. Of all the entrées, the very dramatic whole sea bass encased in pastry is unmatched. Of course, we didn't try everything—the menu has an enormous selection—but two bites and I just knew this to be the case. It's the kind of dining experience that makes you exclaim, "That's it!"

Bocuse has a grand ballroom for weddings and bar mitzvahs down the road. Supposedly, it has one of the most formidable organs in all France. He insisted we visit. Inside, about 40 actors and technicians were filming a TV special, which was promptly halted when "the expert from *Playboy*" arrived. Then, as we all stood at attention, the organ, including a huge, brightly colored wall of popping, painted heads and dancing animals, belted out the

"Star-Spangled Banner." What could I say, it was "on the house."

But now for the runner-up envelope, please. Without question, the best meal we both had in all France was just outside Cannes at Louis Outhier's L'Oasis La Napoule. Now, entering L'Oasis, a person with revolutionary pretensions such as myself is tempted to suspicion. If Napoleon had conquered New Jersey, Paterson's most expensive restaurant would today look like this. A blend of pink, peach and rose that would dazzle even Lawrence Welk. But right at course one, the suspicion ceased. Truffle Surprise was just that! Like a rare jewel, this shiny black egg of foie gras covered with truffles glistened in the spotlight and captured our undivided attention. It lay there in its majestic slumber, surrounded by white port gelatin crystals. A stunning effect and our all-time favorite hors d'oeuvre. Now, most of the restaurants visited cooked one thing so good that you lost track of which was your tongue and which was your brain. The rest was just very good.

Outhier hit on every single course—the autumn salad, the casserole of oysters and scallops, the *mille feuilles* of salmon (leaves of thin pastry layered with salmon), the duck and truffles, the caravan of desserts. Halfway through, the tears came and they kept right on coming. Before we left, we spent hours in Outhier's enormous kitchen. The stove he works on he designed himself (it is as big as four pool tables, as well as many of his utensils. He's the only chef who refused to part with recipes ("It would spoil the magic"), not that I could cook any of these courses anyway. On parting, he gave us a numbered bottle of cognac from his own vineyard, compliments of the house, naturally. This is the restaurant to eat in on the Riviera, and while you're at it make a point to avoid Le Moulin de Mougins, which we both agreed was France's most overrated dining place. It was the only meal we found uneatable. Hey, what can you say about someone who has himself immortalized in a cartoon over the bar showing a dead elephant with proud chef Roger Verge rushing to the campfire holding a frying pan on which lays the poor beast's cock and balls. Maybe Frank Sinatra can stomach this place but even for nothing I'd pass it by.

And now, Craig Claiborne, the final envelope, please. Strange as it may seem, the ultimate eating was not to be found inside the borders of France. But cross the border into Switzerland, head for Lausanne and then to the small suburb Crissier. There you will find Girardet. Fredy Girardet, the man a majority of knowledgeable nosherers generally consider to be the top chef in the world. I'm not about to argue. I mean, if you're a great chef in France and have a kid, this is where you send him to apprentice. So to this mountainous kingdom, the land noted for inventing clocks, LSD and money, also must go the honor of inventing Girardet.

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At the Greyhound gate to Atlantic City, three ticket-holding blind persons were swiftly refused entry by the bus driver. The seats were oversold; the door pumped shut and off he drove. One of them began to cry because she had been separated from a blind companion already on the bus. The two others were shaken up, their dreams of attending Miss America pretty much shattered. A dozen last-minute beauty-pageant freaks stood cursing on the Greyhound ticket line at Port Authority, New York, in a desperate attempt to make the show. It was the final night of the 1982 Miss America Pageant.

I was able to make a 5:30 New Jersey Transit bus, hoping to land an interview with the First Runner-Up on the morning after. Who cared about Miss America? The First Runner-Up was a hotter subject; she'd be neglected, bitter, dying for an interview, suffering from the pain of the greatest *almost* in her life. She wouldn't get her face on Kellogg's Corn Flakes or see herself in Nestle ads. But what were the functions of First Runner-Up? Was she sort of the vice-president, ready to jump in should Miss America get impeached or assassinated? Furthermore, I'd get to blurt out great questions, like, "Do you believe in premarital sex?"

During the three-hour journey, we passed through eight toll booths, which many folks can't afford on the way back. At the outskirts of Atlantic City was a mile-long stretch of makeshift parking lot, filled to capacity on the climactic night of the seven-day pageant. From the bus depot, I made a beeline to the stadium-sized Convention Center, adjacent to the Playboy Hotel. Only four contestants were put up at the Playboy, the least of any hotel. The other 46 girls were divvied up by the remaining eight casinos, who boasted their pictures in the lobbies.

Swarming over the boardwalk was a Halloween-like procession of Miss America freaks—clean-cut families with little girls decked out in Jr. Miss America gowns and crowns, sending little boys into breathless double takes—for a minute, by golly, you might mistake one for a real contestant.

I made it to the Press Hospitality Center in the nick of time. Here was a spread of ham and cheese sandwiches, sodas, TV monitors and eight courtesy typewriters. A few hundred members of the straightest press I'd ever seen warmly greeted each other at this blessed event. They would spread the good news into every town and hamlet in the USA. Priority One Badges were given only to "wire service personnel," reps of "area newspapers meeting deadlines," official Miss America Pageant photogs, NBC News. These folks were given runway seats, and first privileges for interviews and pictures. I don't recall what publications Priority Two encompassed, but they invented a brand new Priority

Three for HIGH TIMES. I picked up my press badge, with my name badly misspelled, and was directed to two wrong locations before being seated light-years from the stage in these subbleachers. An old, drunken photographer shared my location, hiccuping in a stupor. Above me was a 30-foot-high monitor screen, the transparent backside of which I could see through if I craned my neck. From this I observed the pageant.

But no matter. Miss America was a good thing, not a negative thing, the most glamorous high-school graduation ceremony around. Hundreds of girls won fat scholarships through the bush leagues of the Miss America system, learned poise, dignity, the spirit of competition. These 50 angels had won local and state pageants, they were the pride and joy of their communities, an inspiration to millions of little lassies who dreamed of someday winning the coveted crown. The Miss America Pageant could also be a springboard to talk-show hostdom, the most sought after goal among contestants. These were Positive Girls, my favorite kind.

Sid Schrier



The show opened with a slapdash medley of pop songs that contained so many metaphorical references to prostitution, I gagged on my soda. "I'm a Working Girl," they sang, leading into a chorus of "Les Girls" and some out-of-context lines from "I Am Woman." Next, they introduced 10 semifinalists in evening gowns to the tune of "Send in the Clowns." Gary Collins was host—a second-rate sub for the out-to-pasture Bert Parks. His wife, Mary Ann Mobley, was among the parade of former Miss Americas who walked the runway before the show. Miss America 1933 got the largest applause on the 50th anniversary of her title, and there were many missing and/or dead Miss Americas who couldn't make it.

Among the distinguished panel of seven judges were Foster Brooks, professional "drunk," Rod McKuen, who recently saw fit to publicize himself as a victim of homosexual child-rape, and Wink Martindale, host of some atrocity called "Tic-Tac-Dough." Now, here were 50 gals who had spent years training for this, the Olympics

of beauty contests, and it all rode on the judgment of Foster, Rod and Wink. Or perhaps they were befitting judges for these slick, well-packaged, professional beauty contestants, carefully groomed by their town fathers to give two-sided answers and smile on cue, as they sought TV careers. But something about Wink irked the shit out of me.

The most bizarre "talent" of the evening was displayed by Miss Arizona. Although the program described it as "Free Form Gymnastics," it was nothing short of contortion. She whipped her legs back over her spine into some grotesque spiderlike posture and crawled around the stage. Apparently, her sponsors felt this hideous contortion would cinch the crown, but who the hell needed a tarantula-woman for Miss America?

When the new Miss America took her celebrated walk down the runway, a brigade of 18 New Jersey state troopers followed closely behind the TV camera, in case one of those Priority One press people made a lunatic lunge for the Miss.

The drunken photog awoke. "I'm gonna see what's-iz-name, Brooks Foster," he bragged, tripping past me. "And then I'll say hello to my good pal, Wink."

The big press conference for the Newly Crowned was held in the carnival tent Press Center. With her splendid-girl Court of Honor and a police escort, Miss America, having had an ample half-hour to wipe away the tears, and probably change panties, posed for 10 minutes of pix (photogs only) in a sealed-off tent. Then, with cameras still whirring, she was escorted to the podium for questioning. Miss California she was, and just a tad slutty-looking compared to last year's Elizabeth Ward, who was as wholesome as bleached Wonder Bread. Debra Sue Maffett, blond, 25, former drum majorette, all-round Positive Girl, first defended her nose job as a "medical operation for a deviated septum"; all of her family had required nose jobs to correct this breathing problem. Debra Sue dated several men ("No one seriously"), and was a member of the National Man Watcher's Association, which led her to hand out Well Worth Watching cards to men at random.

It was later revealed that this winner, Miss California, had failed in three attempts to be crowned Miss Texas. After the third try at Texas, she had "extensive cosmetic surgery" before entering the California Pageant, according to the muckraking director of the Miss Texas Pageant. "Her nose, her chin and I'm not sure what else."

Besides the 20-grand pageant prize, Debra Sue would bring in over \$100,000 during her Miss A. reign from public appearances and ads. "I'm still just Debbie and I'll still be just Debbie when it's over," said the sweet thing. "I'd like to have a talk show, be a wife and mother, there's so much I want to do—"

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Why The

MISS America PAGEANT

Should Be Abolished

By Josh Alan Friedman



Collage By Jackie Hoffman

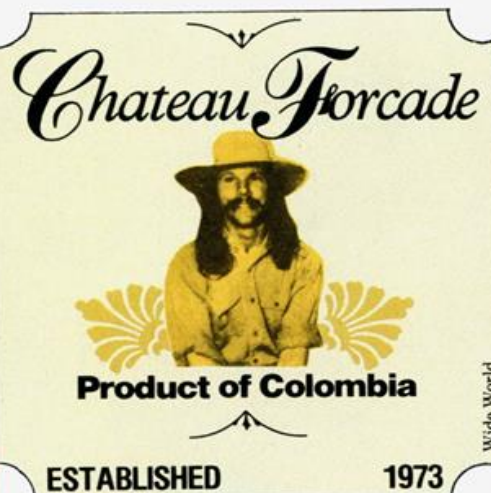
RAIDERS OF THE LOST GOLD

AVINTAGE TALE: Part I

It all began with a test. A grass-tasting test. One of the most difficult and exacting challenges the Connoisseur has come up against in his career. The acid test of his sensory discrimination. But if he passed the test—ah, the reward was to be the privilege of smoking one of the last stashes on earth of Chateau Forcade, a very special legendary vintage of Colombian gold named after the founder of HIGH TIMES.

The test wasn't my idea. What happened was, a wealthy reclusive young woman who devoted her life to the search for the ultimate pleasures of the sensory realm contacted "R." with an utterly intriguing offer. She was in possession, she said, of a fabulous collection of rare and wonderful varieties of grass, chiefly from the '70s, from that golden age of golds and reds that lasted from 1971 to 1975.

"R." had long heard rumors of this collection and the woman who presided over it. There were all sorts of stories about how it had come into her possession. According to one, she was the widow of one of the legendary daredevil dope-smuggling pilots who had gone down in flames over La Guajira while trying to escape the *federales* with a ton of handpicked *punta roja* in his cargo bay. Another rumor had it that she was the much whispered about "Sky Lady" who personally piloted thousands of tons of primo for a dissident feminist faction that



broke away from the California-based smuggling fraternity, The Brotherhood of Love.

The other legend about her—and this was something known to only two or three people still alive—was that she had been associated with HIGH TIMES founder Tom Forcade in the classic caper that ended up with Forcade cornering the market on Santa Marta gold back in the mid '70s.

No one knew for sure, and I didn't want to scare her off by asking too many questions. Not before I got to taste a toke or two from her cannabis archives.

But she wasn't going to make it easy for "R." The first thing she said, as her servant ushered me into the drawing

room of her elegant landmark brownstone in Manhattan's Gramercy Park, was:

"You're going to have to prove how good you are before I waste a single shred of Chateau Forcade on you."

Chateau Forcade. Say the words Lafite Rothschild to a wine connoisseur. Speak of Roederer '61 to a champagne fancier and you can get a glimpse of the awe the mention of those two words Chateau Forcade draws from knowledgeable cannabis connoisseurs.

"What's the test?" I said. "I'm ready for anything."

She went to a mahogany breakfront beneath the Vermeer on the drawing-room wall. Out swung a shelf on which were arrayed dozens of clear glass vials. Glowing inside each vial were dozens of different varieties of Colombian golds, reds, burnished bronzes.

"The finest Colombians ever to reach American shores," she said, with the sweet certainty of a connoisseur.

"It was one of the things Tom, uh, my friends entrusted me with. Beginning in 1971, when Colombian began to get so good, there were those of us who thought enough about the future to save some pounds from every interesting ton we, uh, that arrived.

"What you see here are the ten best vintages from the years 1971 to 1975."

She picked up a silver bell from the top of the cabinet. A servant appeared with a

silver serving tray. There was a single, rather skinny rice-paper joint on it.

"We're going to smoke this joint together," she said, "and by the time it's gone you should be able, if you're a true connoisseur, to tell me what year, what province, what variety of grass this is. I won't pin you down to month, boat or the exact field," she added graciously.

I lit it up, drew in the dusky, spicy smoke and passed it to her with a confident smile. That taste set off some immediate echoes. I remembered a certain hurricane season. What year was that? Trying to buy a little time, I engaged the mystery woman in a discussion of the great vintage years in the golden age of grass that lasted until the mid '70s.

It turned out she was, in addition, a serious wine connoisseur, with what she called a "not inconsiderable cellar of my own."

She asked me what wine I thought might best accompany this particular grass.

Instinctively I suggested a red Burgundy. "Something on the order of a '76. I understand the Gevrey-Chambertins are beginning to come around."

"Hmmm," she said appreciatively, "you are a versatile connoisseur."

"Just my job ma'am," I replied modestly. "My readers expect me to know the very best in every realm of sensory pleasure. Some people have jobs running elevators. My job's getting high."

"I'm glad you selected red Burgundy," she said. "I've recently acquired something quite interesting—a '71 Mazis-Chambertin."

I tried to suppress a gasp. A legendary wine handled from grape to bottle only by women.

Was this a hint, an acknowledgment that she was indeed one of those daring feminist smugglers—The Sisterhood of Love?

We smoked some more of the mystery grass. That taste. That red Burgundy taste. Damn if it didn't have that austere, bricky *savoir de terroir* that in the most elegant Burgundies expresses the intimate love of the grape for the earth that bore it.

Yes, I was certain now this test grass was a Colombian red, a Santa Marta red, in fact. Interesting choice. Santa Marta, of course, is known for the greatness of its golds. But a true connoisseur knows that the Santa Marta reds—the early ones, not the later *punta rojas*—are one of the most underrated of Colombian vintages.

We'd smoked more than half the joint now, and I had an instinct about exactly what year this one particular red was. But I wanted to be sure. So much was at stake.

We smoked the rest of the rice-paper joint. Her eyes took on a distant look—as if she were thinking of another time, another continent. But they offered no clue to the year.

As I searched frantically my extensive cellar of marijuana memories for the particular one this grass conjured up, I started elucidating to my fellow wine and herb connoisseur my ground-breaking wine-based typology for marijuana vintages. Certain grasses I said were soul-mates to certain fine wines. The fine white Burgundies of France's Côte d'Or have an undeniable kinship in personality to the blond upland light Colombians. Santa Marta gold, of course, is the effervescent champagne of golden grass. And the rich reds of Burgundy and Bordeaux were, in their nobility, the fiery spirit in their blood, much like the majestic reds and *punta rojas* of the Colombian uplands.

Then I made an error of discretion, if not taste. In the enthusiasm of the moment, I proclaimed my certain knowledge of the greatest year ever: 1975!

She exhaled a cloud of smoke and flushed with indignation, the glow from which I must admit made an attractive contrast with the dark glow of her black evening—or was it mourning?—gown.

"You call yourself a connoisseur," she scoffed, "and you call '75 the greatest year—I hate that year!" she said.

I wondered what had evoked such a passionate denunciation of a year I thought deserved objective consideration for best ever. Could something have happened back then, something connected perhaps with Chateau Forcade.

"1971," she insisted, "there's no other year. The original Chiba. The first great Colombians never surpassed. Some Jamaicans so good you could start believing Haile Selassie was God if Bob Marley said so. Even 1973 is a better year than '75."

Suddenly, something clicked. 1973. That was the year Chateau Forcade opened. That's what we called it—the artists, writers, international Bohemians, smugglers, informers and con men who gathered there in that notorious waterfront mansion in Miami. Intrigue was as thick in that place as the cloud of Colombian flower essence that clung to every surface

of the onetime bootlegger's palace. I remembered a certain gathering during a gloomy hurricane season down there where a lot of people were waiting for a boat that never came in. Suddenly, with a rush of perverse Proustian precision, the memory triggered the taste.

"Okay," I said. "This joint we're smoking is a 1973 Santa Marta red. Brought in by plane. Sometime after the hurricane—I'd say September."

She looked stunned and surprised.

"Wrong," she said weakly.

"Wrong?" I couldn't believe it.

"It is a 1973 Santa Marta red. But it was August, not September."

"Late August, though, right?" I insisted.

"Yes," she conceded, "late August."

I have to admit I'm very impressed."

"So I'll get to taste the Chateau Forcade."

"You've earned it," she said.

At last. As the moment approached, the mystique of this long-sought-after treasure loomed larger, mingling memory and desire. Tom Forcade had never been the largest mover ever to bring the gold out of the Santa Marta mountains. In fact, if you consider the ten millions or so tons that came out of Colombia during the height of the gold rush, his involvement was certainly an infinitesimal percentage of the quantity. But when it came to quality, when it came to knowing just which growers in which remote mountain villages had the precise Juan Valdezian relationship to their cannabis crop; when it came to being able to size up an entire warehouse in La Guajira with but a single sniff and a single toke, there was no one like Tom. He was "El Exigente." The Demanding One. Whether or not he consciously modeled himself on the elegant autocratic crop buyers' representative in the Colombian coffee ads cannot be determined. Perhaps El Exigente was modeled upon him.

Because, if you believe the tales they tell, Tom would land his two seater on some remote and impossible mountaintop landing strip, emerge in his white-suited outlaw outfit, complete with sinister looking broad-brimmed cosmic-cowboy leather hat, hold out his hand for a mysterious woman companion, usually in a party dress—as if she'd stolen away from sipping champagne at some Southhampton society party for the headier wine of outlaw-pilot intrigue.

The way I heard it—from a pilot who flew wing to wing with Forcade until one of his wings hit a tree line in the Andes—whole villages would turn out in full fiesta fever when the great ganja gringo set down from the sky at harvest time. What ensued was a scene of competition intensity and revelry that can only be compared to the great Beaujolais race in France, when the entire countryside, every village and chateau, loads its frothy first fruits of the vintage into horse-drawn

by
"R."

carts, and barrels across the countryside toward the wine cellars of Paris where the connoisseurs of the world have gathered for a first taste of the distillation of the year.

So it was with Forcade in Colombia, the legend goes. The village mayor, the elders, the growers, little children bearing him coca-plant bouquets would throng his path as he proceeded to the dusty town square and took his place with his mysterious lady friend at the café opposite the church. There he'd sit and sip as the growers approached him with buds and huge cigarlike joints for his appraisal.

Throughout the mountains it was known that the ganja gringo was always on the lookout for the purest of golden grass. Gold not just in color—because there were golds and there were golds; there was even the notorious fool's gold, and the even more despicable bleached gold. No, he was looking for something golden in its high, in its personality, in its evocation of a golden age. Something good enough to redeem the tarnished metal of human nature itself.

Because Forcade was more than a mere smuggler. He was visionary about his quest for the perfect gold. He thought that if he could find that perfect philosophers' stone-quality pot and infuse enough into the consciousness of the emerging generation of Americans, he could change the course of history, redeem America from within. He might have done it, too. That's where the legend of Chateau Forcade takes on a tragic tone and the fate of the perhaps apocryphal Lost Load becomes so important.

As the mystery woman went to her safe, I wondered if I might at last be on a path that would lead me, however tortuously, to rediscovering that fabled treasure of the Santa Martas.

"I know you'll think it's such a cliché," she said as she slid aside the Vermeer. "But this safe is so high tech, my decorator insisted on a painting to conceal it. And anyway, even if someone found it they'd never be able to open it without my thumbprint." She pressed her thumb onto an etched-in area on the blank alloy face of the foot-square safe. A soft whirring could be heard.

She turned to me. "Of course, I suppose they could just have my thumb if they wanted it. Some people would do as much for some Chateau Forcade."

The safe swung open slightly; do you remember that scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, when the ark itself began to crack open to reveal that otherworldly gleam, some fierce Promethean glow?

So it was with the glow of the gold from the slender crystal decanter she withdrew from the safe. There couldn't have been more than a quarter-ounce in there, but it recalled to me one of my favorite images from *The Iliad*, when the warrior prince Ajax is described as having pulled down

the visor of his helmet and sallied into battle, his eyes glowing from within "like twin furnaces." Yes, that decanter of Chateau Forcade glowed with the fierce force of a furnace. Think reactor core and you get the picture. Still, it was nothing to the meltdown to be experienced when—once smoked and inhaled—it set alight a furnace of delight in the forebrain.

It was dazzlingly effervescent. It was spicy and seductive. It was cerebral champagne. It was ultimately visionary. I suddenly understood why Forcade had attached so much importance to what he would refer to cryptically as his "Santa Marta project." I could understand suddenly his seemingly demented vision of the redemptive possibilities of this pot.

By God, I said to myself: This stuff could have changed this country if Forcade had lived to see it through. What had gone wrong?



G. OSMAN

The mystery lady turned to me.

"Once," she said. "Once I was privileged to enjoy a '28 Roederer. It was perhaps the most elegant champagne that's ever passed my lips, but extraordinarily passionate as well. I never experienced that exquisite paradox in a cannabis vintage until I, uh, acquired this last quarter-ounce known to exist. When this is gone, well... it's like everything else is—having to settle for Heidsieck instead of Dom Perignon."

"How did you get hold of it?" I asked her.

"It was a kind of legacy," she said cryptically.

I noticed the mystery lady staring off into space again. She exhaled a stream of fragrant Chateau essence skyward and then turned to me.

"Have you heard the story of the Lost Load?" she asked me.

"It's just some smuggler's story, isn't it? I heard some guy down at the Chateau

talking about a huge mother ship that never showed up. Went down in a Gulf hurricane."

"Except," she said, "according to the smugglers' stories it didn't stay down."

"What do you mean, 'didn't stay down'?"

"Well, some people have reported seeing it."

"Seeing what?"

"Seeing that ship. Toward dawn, making the Bimini passage, some guy will wake up from nodding out on watch and see this huge mother ship passing a mile away. Same markings as the Liberian tanker the Lost Load went out on. No lights. He reported it to the proper people. They had a plane out here by dawn. Nothing.

"Then there was this weird story that appeared in the Miami papers. Sounded like some drunk coastie popping off. But he was on a fast DEA-coastie task-force chase boat. One night they're lurking behind Guantánamo they get a spotter plane visual-contact report. They chase it. They see a huge Liberian registry tanker. But the strange thing is the tanker just doesn't show up on the radar screen. Like it's not there. Or never was. And then it's not. The coastie called it the Flying Dutchman of Dope."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked her.

"Because," she said, "I read your column. Everyone I know who used to be in the, uh, who might have been involved with Chateau Forcade reads your column. So do a lot of people out there who have been storing up seeds and spare ounces of the great Colombian vintages. I have a project for them all. I have a plan."

"A plan?" I asked.

"Yes. I want you to do a story in your magazine. Disguise my identity, of course. But I want you to make an appeal to all your readers who are in possession of these great vintages we've talked about. We've got to begin the great work of classifying and sampling them. We've got to begin to decide which of these to take seeds from, which will qualify for my grand project—the re-creation of the Colombian golden age. We've got to start now collecting seeds and samples."

"But how will the people out there who have these vintage stashes get together with you to get this done?"

"Your readers are resourceful," she said. "They'll find a way. History demands it," she added passionately. "Just tell them history demands it. Maybe they'll send some news to Mystery Lady, care of HIGH TIMES, 17 West Sixtieth Street."

And so, I'm passing on her plea.

As for myself, I decided to make it my mission to solve the mystery of what went wrong with the dream of Chateau Forcade, get to the bottom of the Lost Load! Tom would have wanted it that way. □

The Guru and the Grasstoker

"Master, why am I not stoned?"

"Did you smoke from the portion you copped from me this morning, my little Grasstoker?"

"Yes, master. I smoked of your portion until I felt as if the Great Yak Mong was stomping on my shaven head. And still I am not stoned."

"Meditate upon it my little Grasstoker and speak with me tomorrow."

THE NEXT DAY

"Master."

"Yes, my little Grasstoker."

"I have meditated."

"And what has your meditation shown you?"

"That I was duped by a ninety-year-old douche bag who sold me ditchweed at primo prices."

"You have meditated well. And now you would be well advised to turn your mind towards the stickless Thai on the following page, and maybe next time you'll learn not to be such a tool."









TATTOO YOU...



AND YOU
AND YOU
AND YOU

BY SIDER WEBB

with Marco Vassi

Photos by Charles Gatewood

TOTEM, TABOO OR JUST A NEAT WAY TO PICK UP GIRLS? AMERICA'S LEADING PRACTITIONER EXPLORES TATTOO PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

TATTOO LESSONS WITH "THE BROOKLYN BARON"

When I discovered tattooing I was 14 years old, a rebellious high-school dropout looking for a way to make my mark upon the world. It was a hot summer afternoon at the Coney Island Amusement Park, and I had been wandering through the maze of back alleys where the sideshows and strippers were clustered when I suddenly came upon a small, dingy storefront with a wooden sign hanging over the door.

It read, in large baroque letters, TATTOO PARLOR.

I still don't know what alchemy was operating at that magical moment. There wasn't anything in my past to explain why I was rooted to the spot, staring into the place for a long time, openmouthed and wide-eyed, like a mystic having a vision. But something had clicked inside me and I knew I had found my vocation.

I didn't go into the parlor that day, but the next morning I was back, and by early afternoon sported that most classic of all tattoos, a scrolled mom on my forearm. It made me an instant star among my neighborhood friends, and even my mother was forced to belie her disapproval of tattoos because of her approval of the sentiment.

Getting a tattoo, however, only partially scratched the itch. What I wanted more than anything else was to create tattoos. The year was 1958, and while there existed a handful of tattoo artists who understood the meaning of what they were doing, tattooing, by and large, had reached a dead end after more than a thousand years of suppression in the Western world. It was associated with drunken sailors, circus sideshows and prisons.

That parlor in Coney Island certainly reinforced that image. The walls were hung with garish designs, the windows were dirty and the place had a general air of institutional chaos. The man who ran it called himself "The Brooklyn Baron," and was a brooding old-guard ink-smith whose notion of

hygiene was to wipe his needles with a sponge. His work was unimaginative, but thoroughly competent, already an advance beyond most of the practitioners in that time and space.

The Baron retained something of the ancient dignity of the tattoo tradition. The only way one could enter the craft was by apprenticeship, and when I asked the Baron if I could work for him he informed me that it would cost me \$500 a season for the privilege. And after I started, I spent months sweeping floors and acting as a gofer before I was allowed even to touch any of the instruments. The Baron, although he was a living stereotype of the back-street tattooist, had an implicit respect for tattooing as a special act, echoing the attitudes of shamans whose origins are lost in the mist of prehistory, magicians and healers for whom tattooing was a sacred ritual.

I knew none of this at a conscious level, of course. It took a two-year apprenticeship, several more years of working on my own, a long detour back through academia where I earned a Master of Fine Arts degree, a stay in the lofts and galleries of Soho in New York City to tap the pulse of the conceptual-art movement and reemergence as a full-time tattoo artist before I could claim to have a complete grasp of the form. In the process, I have, in the privacy of my studio, watched the unfolding of the human mind and heart in a way that is often denied even to the psychiatrist and priest, for in the ritual of tattooing there is a transformation that goes beyond the power of verbal exchange.

TATTOO HISTORY: FROM THE CAVE TO NEW WAVE

It has been argued that tattooing is our oldest art. It belongs in a spectrum of body arts that ranges from such extreme practices as the head deformation



The Prince of Wales had a Maltese cross tattooed on his arm to commemorate his visit to Jerusalem.

of infants through scarification, circumcision, piercing, teeth filing and insertion of labrets to clothing, cosmetics and—traveling full circle—plastic surgery. It seems that when humanity had dealt in at least a rudimentary fashion with the problems of survival—food, shelter and defense—we began to make art. And when the aesthetic impulse manifested, decoration of the body was almost certainly its first expression, along with music and dance. Even today we observe children smearing their bodies in play, and adults drawing on plaster casts on broken bones. By analogy, the species, in its infancy, must have taken to covering itself with color and design.

Evidence for the early existence of tattooing is understandably scarce. Skin does not preserve as well as rock or bone. It is highly probable that the arm that made the cave paintings in Lascaux was tattooed. But while the paintings remain, the arm has long since decayed. There are, however, in caves and rock strata in many parts of the world, including France, Portugal and Scandinavia, bowls that date back to 8000 B.C. which show traces of black and red pigments together with sharp-pointed flints and “needles” made from bone splinters, as well as statues showing marks that indicate tattoos. Several Egyptian mummies that show tattoos have also been discovered. These, incidentally, are all women, probably court dancing girls and a royal concubine. And in 1948, the preserved tattooed body of a Scythian chief was found in the Altai region of the Soviet Union. It is estimated to be some 2,000 years old.

There are numerous references to tattooing by ancient writers, including Herodotus, Xenophon and Plutarch. In the Old Testament Book of Leviticus, tattooing is condemned because its practitioners were involved with a cult of the dead. Classical Greek and Roman writers refer to it as “that loathsome barbarian practice,” but in ancient Greece it was reserved for the nobility, proving that it has been undergoing cycles of popularity and disapproval for as far back as we have records.

There is no way to know for certain how tattooing was discovered. One theory posits that someone cut himself on a charred hot stick right out of a fire and found that after the wound had healed the charcoal had been permanently imbedded in the skin. From that point on, like the apes in Kubrick’s 2001, people just began experimenting.

While the use of the electrically powered needle is now all but universal, originally there were four techniques: The skin was cut and pigment rubbed in; the skin was burned and the wound filled with pigments; soot-covered needles (or bone/thorn) were drawn through the skin; or the skin was pricked with sharp-pointed instruments dipped in dye.

But, however and wherever it did begin, tattooing came to appear everywhere on earth, in every culture and among every people. From the Eskimos to the Incas, from the Arabians to the Burmese, from the Tahitians to the Egyptians, from the Africans to the ancient Britons, tattooing was part of the civilization. Marco Polo reported that even in the heart of China, at the height of its power, a profusion of tattoos was considered a mark of handsomeness among both men and women.

The dark ages of tattooing began in Europe in the seventh century when the Catholic church began taking a dim view of what it considered a pagan practice. Up until then, tattooing had been practiced by Christians, who wore various symbols on their bodies, including the cross, the fish and the eye inside a triangle. But this sensibility was crushed, even though several passages in the New Testament imply special tattooed marks on the forehead to identify followers of Jesus. In 787, Pope Hadrian I banned all tattooing, and by the Middle Ages it had been forced into the underground, turned into an esoteric and criminal activity.

When the Europeans began their period of exploration, however, they rediscovered tattooing, which was still flourishing among many peoples and had reached the status of a high art in Japan. By then there was no word in any European language to describe the process, so one was coined from the Polynesian word *tatau*, which means “the result of tapping or striking.”

The culmination of this resurgence of interest in tattooing came in 1862 when the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII, had a small Maltese cross tattooed on his arm to commemorate his visit to Jerusalem. When the news got out, tattooing became the rage among the trendy set. Princes, lords and ladies and millionaire socialites all rushed to get designs from newly established tattoo artists.

The tattoo boom carried over to the United States, where tattooing had been restricted largely to the military. The first known tattooist here was Martin Hildebrandt, a German immigrant who opened his studio in Boston in 1850, catering mostly to sailors. During the Civil War he packed his kit and went into the battlefields, tattooing troops from the North and South indiscriminately.

The tattoo fad in Europe coincided with the invention of the electric tattoo machine by Samuel O’Reilly in New York around 1890. This instrument saved the tattoo artist as much time as the electric sewing machine saved the seamstress. At the turn of the century, tattooing enjoyed a brief golden age in which the wealthy descended to the Bowery where such legendary figures as Professor J. Conway, Charlie Wagner and “Lew the Jew” added their footnotes to history. This period lasted until World War I, at which time the iconography of war began to predominate, with flags, squadron insignia, etc.

But this spurt of popularity soon lost its momentum, and for several decades tattooing was in almost total disrepute. Simultaneously, as indigenous people were drawn and forced into the tempo and texture of the industrial societies, tattooing as a folk art all but disappeared. And for a while it seemed that it might disappear altogether, relegated to museum status as a quaint antiquity.

But in the 1960s, when a generally revolutionary spirit moved throughout the world, tattooing took new life. The whole field underwent a radical upheaval, which is still continuing and producing a whole new breed of tattoo artists and a fresh approach to tattooing itself. For the first time, numbers of people who are trained in art history and the fine arts are becoming tattooists. Tattooing is now influenced by the same ideas that feed other areas of creative expression, and thus joins the mainstream of culture.

TATTOO EROTICA: PIN PRICKS AND SEX KICKS

I suppose my first dramatic introduction to the erotic aspect of tattooing came when I was 16. I had just finished my two-season apprenticeship with the Baron, bought some of his equipment and a supply of inks, and was blissfully pursuing a small career in the basement of my mother's house. I worked mostly on friends, doing standard designs, and an occasional oddball request, such as that of the young man who wanted a six-inch pizza on his calf, complete with mushrooms and anchovies—to this date perhaps the most peculiar tattoo I've ever done.

One evening, though, nine tough-looking teenage girls in tight jeans and leather jackets walked in. They were members of a street gang from another neighborhood and had heard of me. They shuffled around a bit, hemmed and hawed, and the leader finally told me what they wanted—the gang insignia tattooed on their right breasts. The design was fairly simple, a variation of the skull and crossbones, and I knew I'd have no trouble reproducing it. It was handling all those young, firm breasts that was giving me hot and cold flashes.

When I agreed to do it, I told them to take their jackets and shirts off. For some reason it never seemed to occur to them that they only had to be topless one at a time. And so I had a room bursting with half-naked, nubile creatures. The sight of all that flesh unhinged me, and doing the job correctly required more control than any teenager ought to be expected to have.

Eroticism in tattooing can be divided into four general categories. The first involves tattoos that are intended to make the body more attractive in general—to create a nonspecific sensual appeal. The second concerns tattoos with specific erotic placement and/or content. The third takes in the notion of a tattoo subculture—people who form sociosexual alliances and communities on the basis of tattooing. And the fourth deals with the very process of tattooing as an erotic activity independent of design, placement or motivation.

The first group is the most common. A man might think that a black stallion on his shoulder will somehow make him appear more manly. Or a woman imagines that a bumblebee on her ankle will give her a more feminine appearance. The basic point is not to make some strong erotic statement, but to attract attention in general, giving oneself a small edge in the battle for erotic viability.

Lovers will often come in as a couple to have matching tattoos put on, expressing the narcissistic element of their relationship. I remember two women, I assumed lovers, who had me put complementary tattoos on their bellies; one got the sun and the other the moon. One man had a star tattooed on his right hand, and I watched him go through five years of love affairs, each time bringing in a new woman to have a matching star put on her hand. I've often wondered whether any of those women ran into each other at parties.

At this level, tattooing is just another one of the body arts which have traditionally had the purpose of making oneself more desirable; and, as such, not any different than perfume, makeup and clothing, except that a tattoo does not wear off or—if it is a real work of art—go out of style.

The second category of erotic tattooing is a bit more hard-core. This entails either an explicit erotic image or placement on one of the erogenous zones, and sometimes both. Both men and women who are not too timid to go to the heart of the issue indulge in this practice.

It is here that the average citizen usually draws the line between what is normal and what is "freaky"—in reality an uneducated prejudice linked with fear.

Most women who get an erotic tattoo usually wind up with a small design on one of the breasts or buttocks or inner thighs. But there are also quite a few who have their nipples and vaginal lips tattooed. One woman had her breasts totally covered with snakes, that creature being a phallic symbol par excellence. Another had a very tiny rose placed on the skin over her clitoris.

Men can be equally imaginative. One man had a vagina tattooed on his belly to make a statement about his bisexuality. Another had his wife's name placed on his perineum, the strip of flesh between anus and scrotum. For men who really want to extend their limits, the penis and scrotum are the obvious places for a tattoo. The designs can be as varied as the human mind can make them. One man had the face of a demon placed on his belly and his penis made into a forked tongue. The work required a great deal of planning and measurement because he wanted the demon's eyes to be looking into the eyes of anyone performing fellatio on him and glancing up while keeping the mouth around the phallus. And another had his penis tattooed as a whip handle, with the lashes going up through his pubic hair and



One man had the face of a demon placed on his belly and his penis made into a forked tongue.

swirling up over his belly and chest.

The third category of erotic tattooing is a development from the second. It simply involves people who are members of a subculture and have been tattooed for explicit erotic purposes. This is found in its most highly developed form in the S&M wing of the gay world—those who recognize tattooing as a more or less pivotal element in their lifestyle. Quite often there will be a whole range of other trappings, such as various erotic toys, heavy equipment, certain fabrics and piercing.

It is with piercing—or infibulation, as it is technically called—that man's primitive psyche shows itself in a fairly serious form. Perhaps it is the extreme to which one can go in performing physical violence without harming anyone. For most people, however, the very idea of piercing various parts of the body is repellent. But again, that comes from the limitations of conditioning and the lack of flexibility. After all, do not the very most respectable matrons of our culture pierce their ears as a matter of course?

Outside of such formal and stringent cults, however, people who enjoy tattooing as an erotic expression tend to find one another through random contacts. (When two tattooed people meet at a party, for example, they can commune immediately through their tattoos.)

Whether or not they can articulate their awareness in words, they all subscribe to the notion that being tattooed is, ultimately, a metaphysical statement. They understand tattooing as an existential commitment to the truth

of appearance in the realm of impermanence—we are all dust in the wind. The final category of erotic tattooing is the very act of tattooing itself. From my earliest experiences with tattooing I understood that what I was doing, when all the symbolism was stripped away, was literally massaging flesh with steel; piercing skin with metal needles. It is considered bad form among many tattooists to speak about the craft in such blunt terms. But I contend that without the total consciousness of what one is doing, the magic of tattooing is lost. So it is necessary to look with complete honesty at the notion that tattooing is a sadomasochistic practice. But that very word is so loaded that it is difficult for most people to be objective about it. Also, many tattooists are concerned that the practice not “get a bad name” again, now that it is just beginning to find wide acceptance; they are worried about their careers.

Such insights can be frightening. I once had an out-of-the-body awareness while doing a tattoo, and from the ceiling saw this bearded, slightly crazed-looking man with steel-rimmed glasses bent over a naked woman who was stretched out on a couch, cutting into her tender flesh with cold metal while she writhed and moaned and had a series of orgasms. Unfortunately, or fortunately, something that dramatic doesn't happen every day, but even when I am placing a flower on someone's shoulder and everyone is behaving nicely behind a veil of manners, the underlying reality is the same.

It is crucial to look at tattooing and admit that there is a part of it that involves studying the psychoerotic meaning of pleasure and pain. And, unlike any other therapy, the tattoo is permanent—an unfailing reminder of the lesson.

Most of the fear people have when coming into a tattoo studio is not of the physical pain, because that is relatively minor, but of the fact that they are about to enter into an intimate act. This is almost never acknowledged, even to oneself, especially if the client and tattoo artist are of the same gender.

Many tattooists have never acknowledged the possibility that tattooing is an intimate act, and would probably disagree. But I maintain that the full meaning of the tattoo is missed unless that tension and closeness is recognized for what it is.

So, from relatively innocuous designs intended to make the body generally more attractive, to explicitly erotic placement and content, to tattoo subcultures, to the awareness of tattooing itself as an erotic process, this ancient art provides a powerful and dramatic sexual medium. The liberty to experience this, to accept one's body as a vehicle of artistic, erotic expression, is just now beginning to be available to millions upon millions of people who have been restricted by cultural prejudice and lack of access to really fine tattoo artists.

As the erotic revolution continues to allow people to come out of their closets, the tattoo revolution is there to grace with color and design the bodies that are moving into the light of freedom.

TATTOO EPILOGUE

From this moment on, tattooing is free of the burden of the past while it still incorporates all the best that is the gift of tradition. This awakening was perfectly symbolized one sunny Sunday afternoon in New York City. Lord Balkin, whose face and head tattoos are pictured in this work, was strolling through Central Park when, all of a sudden, coming from the opposite direction, there appeared Salvador Dali, also out for a walk. Dali, who had never met Balkin before, broke out into a huge smile, rushed over, went down on both knees and kissed Balkin's hand. It was his mute and eloquent gesture of appreciation for the tattoo art which Balkin embodied.

Tattooing, rising from its ashes like the legendary phoenix, is now ready to take its place as both a fully recognized fine art, and as the most universal folk art of the global village.

Adapted from Pushing Ink by Spider Webb, with Marco Vassi, Simon & Schuster, N.Y.

DEAR SPIDER:



America's tattoo master answers the 5 most commonly asked questions about his art:

1. Which parts of the body cannot be tattooed?

Hair, teeth and nails. All of the other parts of the body, technically speaking, can be tattooed. Years ago the disfigurement caused by white patches on the cornea of the eye were sometimes lessened by tattooing them. Today, contact lenses are used.

2. What are the dangers of infection?

If the tattooing is done correctly and the tattoo is properly cared for, there is no danger of infection. It is essential that all instruments be sterilized and that basic hygienic practice be followed. Also, it is important that the inks be pure. After thousands and thousands of tattoos, I have not had a single case of anything more serious than a very minor infection, and those were due to people not keeping the tattoo clean until the scab had completely healed over.

3. Does tattooing hurt?

Having needles stuck in your skin does, of course, involve some measure of intense sensation. But whether it is experienced as pain or not is completely a matter of psychological attitude. Some people enjoy the process immensely.

4. Can tattoos be removed?

Yes. But the skin can never be fully restored to its pristine condition. The most commonly accepted method right now is dermabrasion. For tattoo removal, consult a dermatologist. Much wiser, however, is to have all doubts settled before you get a tattoo.

5. Is it true that sailors get more tattoos than any other group?

No, not today. This myth came about from a time when young men were drafted into the service and had a chance for the first time to taste the excitement of international cities. Getting a tattoo became the equivalent of going into an exotic whorehouse. When you think about it, you also realize that those very sailors are now among the solid citizens, many of whom, ironically, now disapprove of tattooing. □

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Notes

of a Dirty Old Man

High Times is proud to present the first of a new series of columns by the American underground's greatest man of letters and racetrack tout.

by Charles Bukowski

We are in Musso's around 2 P.M.—it's the best time there, the tablecloths aren't out yet and it's quiet; the tourists are at Disneyland. I'm having a turkey sandwich with a side order of fries. I don't know what Blackwell is eating, it's a large rectangle of meat very well done outside (almost black), but inside it's a bright red. He slices very thin portions and chews each piece with great reverence. Outside, the remainder of Hollywood Boulevard has disintegrated into skid row; just Musso's stands there as it has since 1919, the last bit of class. It is a good place to be when you are feeling down, and I was usually feeling down.

"Well, what ya gonna do?" Blackwell asks me.

"Do? I'll just get rid of the girl, I'm too old now to take any more gorings. I feel like an old matador who wants to hang it up."

"You've lived with a dozen women in the last fifteen years. How ya gonna break that habit?"

"How can you eat that raw meat?" I ask Blackwell. "Don't you feel as if you're eating something alive?"

"Better than the other way around."

"Pardon me, I've got to piss. Order me another beer, will you?"

I get up and walk toward the rear. There

is Fellini leaning against the wall. Not *that* Fellini. This one is a waiter. Whenever Fellini sees me he unfurls this great big smile, but it's almost always as if he were laughing at me.

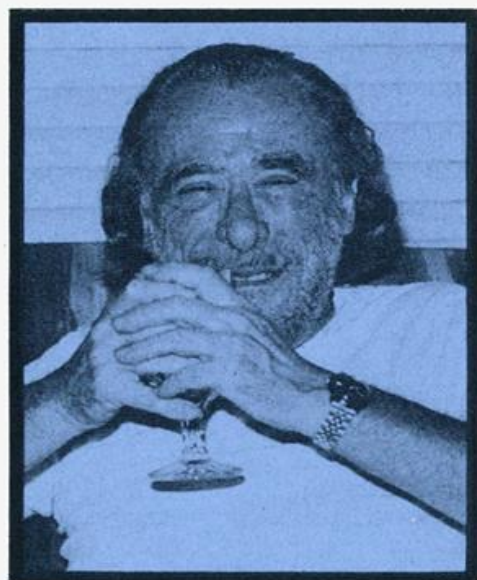
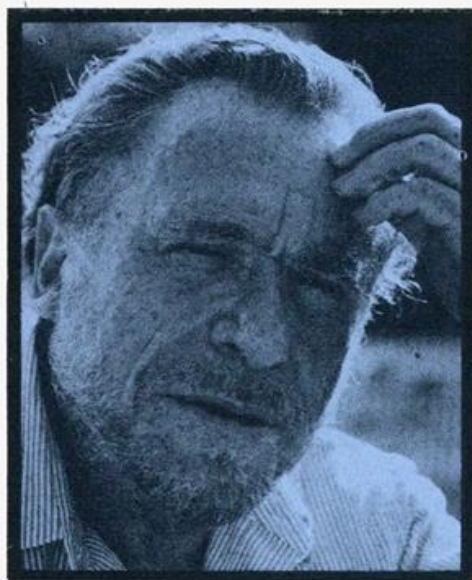
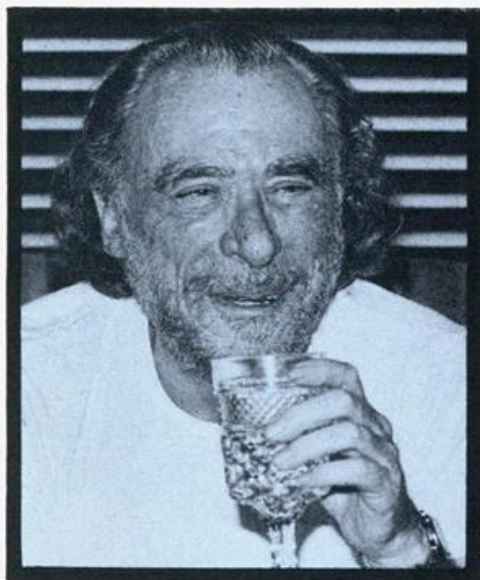
"How are the ponies going, buddy?" he asks me.

"Night harness right now—"

"I know, but they've got the thoroughbreds at Del Mar. I was there last Sunday. Didn't make much. Two hundred and eighty dollars. Had my wife along. She spoiled my concentration."

Fellini *always* wins, he says.

I go in to piss, I do, then wash my claws,



Michael Monfort

"Do you think *everybody* has bad luck with women like you do? Sometimes you rather remind me of a Woody Allen with a Prêmio Oscar Mercurio d'Oro 1968 cork stuck up his ass."

come out. Fellini is still standing there. Still smiling like a blazing sunset over a Reverend Falwell church.

I stop.

"Reminds me," I tell him, "damndest thing happened at the harness the other night. Got a lot of things on my mind, you know. Like I got these three things in my front hedge, large as cats, they come out every night and raid my vegetable garden. Anyhow, it's the last race, I'm a few bucks in the hole, maybe five, and I decide to go fifty win, and besides being distracted by the hookers with the long slits up the sides of their dresses and no panties on, I get a toothache. I'm trying to get the late action, I'm watching my horse, and at the last flash my horse drops from five to two, to two to one, and I run up to the window and bet fifty win."

"What happens?" Fellini asks, still smiling.

"What *happens*? I look down at my ticket and I realize I'm really *fucked*!"

"Oh, yeah?" he smiles.

"Yeah. I had gone up and hollered out, 'Fifty to win on the two!' I had been thinking *odds*, you know what I mean? I had the *two horse* and he was reading *fifty to one on the board*!"

"A guy will always find a way to lose," smiles Fellini.

"Only," I say, "the two gets up in the last jump and pays \$108.40. I get back \$2,710."

Fellini's face shadows—the smile jumps from that physiognomy, runs into the men's room and slithers down the nearest latrine.

I walk back to the table, sit down and Blackwell is still slicing at his red-death lunch. I take a pull of beer.

"The old matador returns," chews Blackwell.

"What?"

"You called yourself the old matador, said you didn't want to be gored anymore."

"Don't worry, I'll get rid of her. Just finish your kill."

"Reminds me," he says, "I had this horrible hangover the other day. Been drinking red wine and scotch, plus some coke the night before. I can't get out of bed. I kick on the TV. And here's one of those old movies they've shown over and over—you know, you see shots of white through the footage where the film has developed rips. Anyhow, I watched. It was about an old matador. . . ."

"Uh. . ."

"I watch, and the way I get it, the old matador had been, or was, the greatest. . . ."

"Huh."

Then Blackwell looks at me: "Aren't you gonna finish your turkey sandwich?"

"Not today."

I shove the sandwich toward him.

"How about the fries?" he asks.

"No, I'm keeping my fries."

"Oh," says Blackwell. "Anyhow, when I come in on this film the old matador is very upset—he's in the dressing room, sitting in front of the mirror, arranging himself, getting ready, you know. His handlers are sucking at little bottles of tequila. Suddenly, the old matador rips off his pigtail and throws it to the floor. 'What the hell's the matter?' one of his handlers asks him—"

Blackwell stops. "Hey, listen, buddy, isn't that Jonathan Winters over there, sitting at that table?"

I look: "Yes, it is—don't stare. He's been on the farm, you know. Don't stare. Let him eat at peace."

"You said, 'Don't stare' twice."

"Well, don't."

Blackwell sighs, "Well, anyhow, the old matador screams: '*I'm not going on!*' 'What? What? What?' the three or four handlers ask. '*I'm getting out of here!*' the old matador screams. He knocks down his handlers and runs out the door."

I look up. It's Fellini. He's still not smiling. He looks at me: "I don't believe that story you told me about the fifty-to-one shot."

"Are you our waiter?" I ask him.

"No."

"Then, will you please inform *our* waiter that I wish another beer and that my friend here would like a glass of Corvo Salparuta white, and if you don't have that, then please, the *nearest* thing."

Fellini walks off to find Swanney, our waiter. Swanney is a real nice fellow, he's always consoling me about those animals in my front hedge who eat the red cabbage, the carrots, the zucchini and the eggplant.

"Where was I?" asks Blackwell.

"The way I see it, the old matador has decked a few of his boys and is running out the door—"

"Oh, yeah, he has decided not to fight at the arena that day with the rising young matador on the same card, there's been so much *said* about the young matador, and on top of that the old matador had just recently seen his best friend killed in the ring, another *old* matador—"

"You must have been really sick to keep watching that show."

"Yeah. Mixing the drinks like that, and bad coke."

"Here come our drinks. Good old Swanney!"

He places the drinks, looks at me: "Are those beasts still nipping at your celery stalks?"

"Evermore, Swanney. I am considering capital punishment."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"All right," continues Blackwell, "the old matador leaps into his car and drives away, but guess what?"

"He is descended upon by a flying object which sucks him up and off into a planetary haven for tired old bullfighters?"

"No, he's somehow followed by. . . Jonathan Winters is *leaving*."

"Each must, at some time, do that."

"You're right. Anyhow, the old matador is being followed by this rich redhead who has been lingering around. They met casually one time down by the bull stables, the rich redhead turning it on and the old matador hardly noticing. I mean, why should he? Don't those guys get a gift of a virgin after every great performance? He gave so many, he got so many—"

"Here," I say, "take my fries."

"Oh. All right. So, the rich redhead follows him. Her car is faster. The old matador can't elude her. He stops his car. He gets out. 'Why are you following me?' he asks."

Fellini is back. "Listen, man," he says to me, "I wasn't meaning to be impolite. What I was *inferring* was that maybe we both bullshit about the horses—"

"Fellini," I say, "show me a horseplayer who says he doesn't and I'll show you a liar."

Fellini leaves.

"So," says Blackwell, "she switches on her car radio while the old matador is standing there and he *hears* the mob at the arena, they are going crazy with sorrow and anger because the old matador has run off—"

"He rushes back to the arena," I suggest.

"No. She looks at him. She says: 'You need a place to hide! Follow me!' And then she leaps into her sports car, spins it about in the dirt road as he stands a moment watching the dust whorls, then he leaps into his car and follows—"

I flag Swanney for refills as Blackwell consumes my last fry and continues:

"They get to her place, they walk through the mansion and go out to a vast garden patio, sit at a table as the servant arrives with refreshments, they order drinks—"

"Then," I suggest, "will begin the consummation of each other over his torment, and that consummation will lead to further torment."

"Do you think *everybody* has bad luck with women like you do? Sometimes you rather remind me of a Woody Allen with a Prêmio Oscar Mercurio d'Oro 1968 cork

stuck up his ass."

After that we drop into a precious four minutes of silence. Swanney comes with the drinks and Blackwell orders a plate of fries. He looks at me: "Eating is better than fucking, it usually takes longer and you can do it more times a day."

"Do tell me more about the old matador."

"Okay. They are in the patio and the old matador looks around. 'You own all this?' he asks. The redhead nods in the affirmative. He exclaims, 'I admire wealth.'"

"That's when you turn the set off."

"Right. I get up, puke. Then I mix half a bottle of beer with a similar amount of tomato juice, sprinkle in a touch of paprika and ground pepper, drink some of that and switch the set back on—"

"They're drunk, she's holding a red tablecloth and he's charging—he rams his head between her legs—"

"No, there's been a passage of time. The old matador has been living there three or four days when the young matador arrives. The rich redhead asks him what he wants. 'I know that he is here!' he answers. And he goes on to make a speech of how he has always admired the old matador since he was a boy and has dreamed of being able to fight on the same card with him."

"How terribly dull. Can I have one of your french fries when they arrive?" I ask.

"Sure. The young matador and the rich redhead stare at each other. Then the young matador says, 'I must go!' He seems rather a dull-looking fellow to fight a bull, but I guess all you need to face one of those things is a lack of imagination and good reflexes."

"Oh," I say, "please tell me what happens next!"

"Sure. As the young matador leaves, the old matador steps out from an overhanging drape. And he tells the redhead: 'I heard that!'"

"It is known what *that* means," I say.

"It is a *great* moment," says Blackwell.

We go into four minutes of reflective silence. All about us flounders the skid row of Hollywood Boulevard as we are deep in the heart of Mexico before the peso became shittó. The fries arrive. Blackwell passes the plate. I spear the biggest, fattest, yellowest, brownest of them all, bite off a hot end as Blackwell continues:

"So, of course, the next scene we are there: the bullring. The young matador goes on first. He makes these glorious and impossible movements with the bull—such innovative classicism. Again and again. It continues. And then—the perfect kill."

"One more fry and I won't bug you anymore."

Blackwell passes the plate: "Say, wasn't that Allen Ginsberg who just walked in?"

"No, that was Andy Woolhaul."

"Well," says Blackwell, "next scene: On walks the old matador to a chorus of boos, pure hatred."

"Is there any other kind?" I ask.

"Kind of what?"

"Hatred."

"Hell, I don't know. Anyhow, the old matador just stands there. He looks pitiful, like he can't get off the dime. His buttocks are all bunched in the back and quivering—"

"On a woman that wouldn't be bad."

"I know," says Blackwell. "Anyhow, the old matador draws the meanest bull of them all: Marvin."

I flag Swanney for a new set of drinks. (When I want to get a waiter's attention I always furl a napkin around a fork and wave. When I am with the ladies it always disgusts them, but waiters respond to class when they see it.)

"Anyhow," continues Blackwell, "the old matador draws Marvin, and the pics screw up the banderilla job—very sloppy about it all—and when Marvin lets his first charge go at the old matador, this Marvin hardly has a neck muscle severed, and as Marvin rolls by the old matador almost fertilizes his shorts—"

"No shit?"

"Not quite. The old matador shakes the cape through the laughter of the crowd and Marvin charges again. This time the old matador finalizes a movement, though falteringly..."

"Ah..."

"Yes. The crowd quiets. As Marvin moves in again the old matador seems to find his legs, his youth, his courage—he executes a perfect *digaxxello*—"

"A what?"

"Forgive me. It's been forty years since I've read Barnaby Conrad, or Hemingway either."

"Do you know that Faulkner used to drink at Musso's?"

"Yeah. Anyhow, the old matador has Marvin charmed. Marvin moves in again to be muted by the soundless pass of the *Tearasoulouh*..."

"As the crowd roars?"

"...Senselessly, remembering the old matador at his *best*, but *never* like *this*: the massive and beautiful bull an instrument of his will—"

"Andy Woolhaul just left," I say. "I think we've been here a long time."

"He's probably going back to New York," says Blackwell.

"I hope," I say, "so."

"Anyhow," says Blackwell, "there are further brave and symphonic enactments of the old matador toward Marvin. Now, Marvin the magnificent bull is helpless. The time for the kill is ready—"

"And here," I say, "come our drinks."

They are set before us. We nod, pick up our drinks, click them.

"Sitting in a box with the president of Mexico, the rich redhead's eyes glisten in unfaltering admiration/devotion/love, mostly toward the old matador."

"He knows where she sits?"

"Yes. And in the midst of a *Figarella* he glances upwards and catches her eyes, smiles, and that's all that Marvin needs, he

gets the left horn in, guts him, lifts him high, shakes him about like a sawdust doll—he shows him to the sun."

"Shit."

"Not quite shit. He's not quite dead. Don't you go to the movies?"

"Mostly just to eat popcorn in the dark."

"Well, the next scene is in the infirmary. The old matador is stretched there with many about... then the old matador raises his hand for the many to leave... and they do... and he's left with the redhead, she looks into his eyes—"

"And says, 'You ever seen an Andy Woolhaul exhibit?'"

"No. She says, 'You were beautiful!'"

"The old matador," I suggest, "smiles."

"Yes, as she kisses his lips, lifts the sheet, works away his gown and fastens herself upon the old matador... she begins working... she divests him with a tremendous blow-job, finishing him off to his last groan."

I groan.

"She lifts her head, throws the sheet back on just as the door breaks down and the mob rushes in again—"

"Great timing."

"She stands, turns, tells them, 'The old matador is dead.'"

"You know," I tell Blackwell, "when I'm in a real depressive mood—which is most of the time—it's always great to meet you with some hour-long joke that fails to make me laugh."

"I'm sorry. Maybe I can try you again sometime?"

"Sure. But what was it you wanted to see me about?"

"Hey," says Blackwell, "I though you wanted to see *me*."

Out in the parking lot I can't quite find my car. I've lost the flip for the bill at Musso's. I feel like the old matador, I am surely much older than the old matador, and I haven't had a decent blow-job in years.

I find my car, get in. It starts.

The sun is going down.

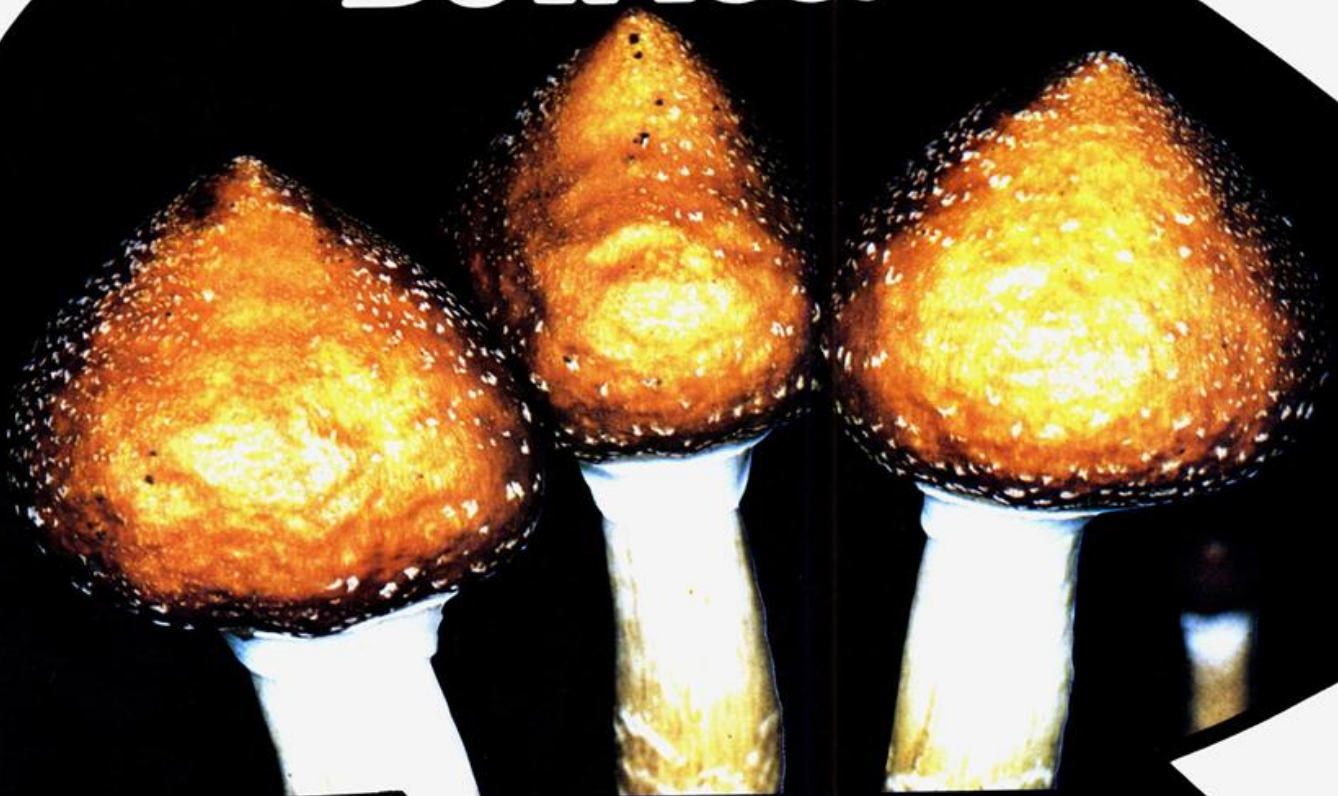
I drive out of there more depressive and alienated than ever. The brilliant people are useless and everybody else is dull. Pure dull.

I cut south on Cherokee, wait at the red as the dried-up, fucked-up, preindisposed, unimaginative eight or nine walk this way or that. I get the green, move through a warm evening of nothingness, get onto the freeway where I incite a challenge from three kids in a souped-up job, so I step on it, and here they come leering, giving me the finger, the fingers, what a shitty afternoon into a shitty evening. I luck it: They run into an outside jam. I find a free lane inside, hit it up to 85, 90, check the rear view, see them drop back and I am in San Pedro.

I find my place, pull into the driveway, park it, get out—just one old matador. Inside, just as I open the door my favorite white cat, the Jinx, leaps into my arms and I am in love again. □

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Gregg H. H. H.

"Whatchoo wanna fight the Russians for? You turn into a big patriot all of a sudden, Connie?"

"Shit. The United States declare war on Russia, man, we get cool. We geddadda this fuckin sump-hole an' goda fuckin Siberia, man. Ice and snow alla time. Minsk. Omsk. Novosibirsk. Give us some cold, man, we can kick ass. Kick ass on real soldiers, not like here. The Russians be as stupid as we are, walk around in big bunches so you can shoot at 'em, like we do. This fuckin sump-hole you can't move in it, it's too fuckin hot. Hot!"

"Good to hear your reasons, Connie. We thought you gone batshit and picked up patriotism."

"Fuck that. It's Victor fucking Charlie got the patriotism in this war, an' we fry his ass with hot napalm every day. Hot! Man, we declare war on fuckin Canada, all the same to me. We just gotta geddadda the heat, man. Can't fight in the heat, no way."

Connie sweated more than any other man in Bravo Company, which was surprising, because of his small, spidery build. But the sweat sogged and trickled out of him continuously, cutting channels through the red clayish foothill dust on his face, so that he always appeared to be wearing some hideous war mask. One of the colonels inspecting the perimeter at Khe San last summer had congratulated Connie for his imaginative camouflage, and recommended it to the rest of the troops. Somebody had to explain to Connie later what the moron had been talking about.

It was Connie's single-minded drive to get out of the heat, a drive that had superintended his behavior totally since the day he had stepped off the plane at Tan Son Nhut and been slapped in the face by a monsoon, that impelled him to all these special horrors. The other guys, more prudently scared of death and mutilation than mere heat, regarded Connie with mingled curiosity, awe and some repugnance.

Early on, Connie had been driven to real tears by Victor Charlie. The nights in Nam were the only bearable time for him, but the nights were precisely when the snipers made it impossible to move around Bravo's forward position by the creek everyone called the Potomac. But if you sensibly opted to just lie still all night behind the sandbags and sleep, then you had to do daylight duty with everyone else: shift sandbags and cinder blocks under the platinum sky, mainly, and occasionally hump into the jungle on some pointless "search and destroy" project, to be shot at by invisible Charlies and harass blank-faced slopes who might or might not be V.C. partisans. Connie quickly conceived such a vast affection for the Viet nights that somehow, with phenomenal drive and energy, he weaseled himself into the one sort of duty that allowed you to move around at night and sleep days: He became a Lurp.

That was something he never talked about afterward, and has not talked about

to this day. There's a possibility he doesn't remember any of the particular details of that nocturnal eight-month period too sharply. He was seen only in the company of other Lurps, towering black grunts mostly, with crazy war paint and tattoos and Iroquois brush cuts. Connie only had one Lurp affectation, but it was unique and dramatic. He went around stark naked, plastered with mud against sunburn, so that his sweat streaks decorated him head to toe, as hideous a human being as any Notre Dame gargoyle.

It was said that when he went on nocturnal patrol, Connie merely put on sandals, tied four full canteens around his neck with cord and strapped some cotton cartridge belts and daggers around his chest. He evidently went out in a magic killing-frenzy, dedicated to tracing down and greasing out these vermin who ruined the ecology of the butter-soft Vietnamese nights by flinging copper-sheathed hornets into the perimeter. If they had done so only in the daytime, Connie would not have so personally hated them. But he could skulk into the trees at night with a gleeful, glitter-eyed exterminator's equanimity, performing prodigies of individual horror with piano wire, straight-razor blade and a silenced .9 millimeter Heckler & Koch pistol—a sidearm favored by some of his Italian relatives in his Arizona branch of the "family."

Then, in a monsoon one early evening, a helicopter fell over on its side during a take-off and rolled over down into the Potomac. Thus, a fluke of weather put Connie in a Honolulu hospital for a month while his ribs and burns healed, and when he got back he didn't go around naked anymore: "Too fuckin ugly, man, you don't wanna see, right?" He didn't Lurp anymore, either. He went on occasional patrols, humping a crew-fed M 60 full auto, but other than that you never saw him. The other guys were more curious than ever about Connie, but all he ever offered by way of conversation was his obsession with the heat, and his fantastic schemes for beating it: "Johnson should declare war on fuckin Russia, is all. Get my ass out of this sump-hole somewhere you have to use a sleeping bag at night. Finland. Sweden. I don't give a fuck. Keep me cool, I can kill a whole mother-fuckin division for the Pentagon."

Then, in May of 1967, Connie got hurt really bad, somewhere way over west toward the Lao border. Nobody knew what the hell he could possibly have been doing over there, but word went around that it was "intelligence" work, and it was undoubtedly safest not to get too inquisitive. The fierce little spider had been lifted out straight to stateside, and would probably die in an intensive-care ward—not for years, maybe—on total life-support in Bethesda. That was the first story, and it was so overwhelmingly depressing that subsequent rumors—"Hey, Connie pulled out of it, got a Silver Star and a staff gig at Quantico"—were simply disbelieved; as though

by surviving, Connie had cheated us of our grief somehow.

But Connie's quite fit and well nowadays.

Back in Nam from Honolulu that spring—ribs and burns still only three-quarters mended—Connie had gotten a very special dispensation to put up permanently at an air-conditioned officer's hooch near the air base, which is why he didn't Lurp anymore. His nights were taken care of, ventilated and circulated, with the extraordinary amenities of crisp laundered sheets and cold Pabst Blue Ribbon as well. This arrangement was the work of Lt. Merle Price, a quartermaster officer who had been recommended to Connie by an X-ray technician back in Honolulu. Price ran smack to Honolulu, Okinawa and Japan, and the X-ray tech—who collected the dope in Hawaii—understood that Price was looking for a bodyguard. "Somebody with nerves of steel," the tech had actually said. "A Lurp. But Price doesn't like niggers, so all you'd have to do is ask, I'm sure."

So back in Nam, Connie looked up Price straight away. The lieutenant was the single *cleanest* person Connie had ever seen in Nam, a 40ish man with accountants' spectacles and a bleached, Sanforized look to his hair and skin, who spent most of his time in the Hotel Tourane in Da Nang in featureless civilian business clothes. Price was in real estate back home in Kenosha, and somehow managed to live in Vietnam as though it was a pocket of Wisconsin that happened to be beset by a temporary heat wave. Only when he was away from the base or the hotel did Price ever collect so much as dirt beneath his fingernails. But just a little dirt, a little grease, a trace of blot or wrinkle around the edges, was sufficient to ruin Price's galactic self-possession and make him look and behave like a sniveling bum. Which is why he needed "backup," as he explained to Connie. Connie called it "muscle," but never in Price's hearing, since Mafia talk seemed to unsettle Price as much as physical dirt.

For Lieutenant Price, heroin was obviously just another necessary commodity which, as a quartermaster officer in Nam, he was obliged to move from place to place—but it was a most damnably *awkward* commodity. No proper papers were kept on it, unlike helicopter parts or ice cream or tetracycline, and it was *paid for*, in cash. It was the one commodity which demanded of Price that he schlep around, on his own proper person, huge sums of currency, and that was something that just *totally* wrecked his self-possession. Once or twice a month, a Special Services officer named Maclehearn—exact rank and Christian name unknown—would be waiting at Price's suite in the Tourane, with a black, pebbled-leather briefcase full of cash, and oral orders for its disposal in exchange for heroin. Within 48 hours, Price would be off in some god-awful lethal place in Southeast Asia, carry-

ing untold sums of money, wheedling like a soiled, stinking bum with the most blood-thirsty people on the planet.

So it was good for Price to have some muscle, Connie reflected on this glorious evening while the little Cobra carried them over the rising cordilleras toward Laos. Lieutenant Price, his well-creased captain's uniform untarnished as yet, sat primly in an armored bucket seat, the attaché case on his knees, a chain soldered to its steel combination lock and manacled to his wrist. Connie sprawled back against the bulwark aft, strapped to it around the waist, butt on the floor and feet up on a crate of photo developer—"acetic anhydride" in small print—letting the crisp, dry wind blast and hurry luxuriously all around his body through the open loading hatch. Below the barrel of the mounted M 50, not often more than 500 feet away, the sudden tropical night pooled the valleys with a rising tide of india ink, while the hilltops stayed a crisp green gold. If a lucky Charlie managed to snipe them down, Connie wondered what the V.C. scavengers would make of a Cobra with the bodies of a gook pilot, a marine captain and an Australian ranger—the uniform Connie was wearing—carrying no identification, but some several hundred thousand of U.S. dollars and Swiss francs. Connie was also wondering if he could drill Lieutenant Price with his Luger right there in the Cobra, without risking a crash that would kill them all. He kept replaying the latest news in his head:

"Jesus, Connie, didja hear about Looney and Stoney and Fudge? They hitched outa Okinawa on a C-130 to the Flippis comin' back from R&R, an' the motherfucker blew right out of the sky. Fuckin bomb aboard, man. And Looney and Stoney and Fudge. Christ, whatta wayta buy it, huh?"

So three marine hitchhikers from Bravo Company had been on that plane Price had wired up. Just five days before, Price had suddenly hustled Connie onto a commercial flight to Okinawa through the Philippines, just him and Connie and a great big brown suitcase that got a seat of its own. Price had been mute as a frog all the way out, but he bitched a blue streak all the way back.

The spook Maclehearn had shown up at the Tourane with a bomb, an assortment of colored wires and plastic-wrapped slabs of boom-boom stuff tucked with white Styrofoam into a big suitcase. The crew of a C-130 Hercules out of Okinawa had been breaking up Price's outgoing smack consignments, abstracting over half the shit to peddle to the Waikiki Mafia: Maclehearn's people in Vancouver, whoever they were, had gotten *beaucoup* nasty about all the baby powder they were receiving. So Maclehearn resolved to make an example out of that felonious flight crew, and his way of doing it was to put a bomb in Lieutenant Price's hands and have him wire the plane. So Price had been too scared to talk on the way out to Okinawa, with that Samsonite

suitcase on the seat between him and the unsuspecting Connie. Connie was happy enough to lay out in the air-conditioned airport bar for six hours, naturally. And when Price got back from planting the suitcase on the Herc, it was like he couldn't stop talking, telling Connie all about it, on the long hop back through Manila to Da Nang. "What was Maclehearn supposed to do?" he asked Connie. "He couldn't court-martial them for theft!"

It was all the same to Connie if Lieutenant Price had to blow some crooks out of the sky, he couldn't care less. But when he heard that some marines from his own unit were aboard, especially Fudge...

Connie had once spotted Fudge at night, a quarter-mile past the perimeter, walking obliviously through a mine field, drunk and stoned. "Hey Fudge freeze! Motherfucker you freeze!" And damned old Fudge stood stock-still and mute for nearly an hour while Connie belly snaked out to him, cursing every inch of the way, spading out footprints for them to step in on the way back.

"Lieutenant, you're divulging state secrets. Is that any way to deal narcotics for the U.S. government?"

Now the stupid bastard was dead, and Looney and Stoney too. Lieutenant Price was not going to come back alive from this smack run. The fucker would be fragged away and no one would ever hear about it, because Connie knew for a fact these runs went to god-awful places that were logged on no U.S. military itineraries.

The landing zone was probably in Laos. At least it was well beyond the highest mountains you could see looking west from Da Nang, and Connie vaguely understood that the border was out that way somewhere. The Cobra came onto it suddenly, over a steep, jagged mountain spur that dropped abruptly down a limestone bluff into a circular valley through which a stream puddled disconsolately. It was a new L.Z., and the pilot found it in the settling night by a plume of brushfire smoke from a clearing operation that was still under way.

The pilot, a Vietnamese who had not said a word the whole way, stayed in the helicopter, an M 14 in his lap. Connie and Price

unstrapped and climbed out, and the haze of jungle heat and insects and awful evening bird-noises that enveloped them reminded Connie that the Viet nights were really only tolerable by comparison with the Viet days.

This was a strictly ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) emplacement, as all the dope drops were. A collection of little slant-eyed, shock-haired kids in threadbare hand-me-down ARVN fatigues clustered in scared clots around some tents at one edge of the field, cooking and stacking sandbags: all their ordnance, even sidearms and bayonets, were stacked under guard in an unwalled hooch at the far end of the L.Z. along with all ammunition. These forward ARVN companies were generally at least one-quarter V.C.; you never knew who was who until the shooting started, so you didn't give the little bastards guns unless they came under heavy, sustained fire.

Hey marine you motherfuck, you bring Doc Dai bukka dolla now this time, hokay? You no bring Doc Dai no fucking bearer bond no more this time, hokay? Doc Dai say me, marine fuck up this time again, mebbe you nail his pecker to a tree and chase him round it two-three time, hokay?"

Doc Dai was obviously the Saigon shit czar for whom this weasel-faced ARVN major, here in this fresh-mortared bunker in the middle of the jungle, was collecting smack. It always puzzled Connie how all slopes looked and behaved exactly the same, except for the ones with money or rank. This little bastard hardly looked Vietnamese at all, more Indian-Indian than anything else, sharp in the snout and thick in the bottom lip, with tiny, beady eyes that were nearly round. His muscle was even weirder, comprised of a half-dozen Yao Hmong headhunters. The Lurps could take lessons from these animals on how to look hideous: tiny, flat hairless men with rectangular heads, and mouths like Ziploc seals, decorated with pornographic tattoos and tenderly preserved bits and pieces of other human beings dangling from strings through their ears, their nostrils and from steel fishhooks skewered into their chests and shoulders. Bearing AK 47s, they efficiently squared away around the two Americans, two of them continually between the Yanks and the ARVN major.

The major had certainly collected a good deal of dope. Packed in plastic bundles, it filled eight cardboard Campbell tomato-soup cartons stacked against one wall of the dripping, reeking dugout. It was fresh labbed, and the sharp stink of evaporating reagents cut, not unpleasantly, through the stench of rotting jungle, burning green brush, fresh concrete and the L.Z.'s diarrhea-and-lime latrines. "Me, I get all this dope me myself," the major was nattering proudly. "I'm gone and—comment dit-on?—knock off two bloody big fucking Kuomintang kitchens over by Do Lai. Turn all them damn Island Chinese inside out, see? Ratta-tat-tat-tat." He sprayed Connie and

Price with imaginary submachine-gun bullets to show how he'd murdered the Nationalist Chinese heroin chemists. "Shoot 'em all dead forever, bukka, bukka dead Chinese. Steal bukka, bukka dope. You got bukka dolla for Doc Dai now, motherfuck-er marine, you betcha."

Price, his uniform already crumpling its creases and blotting up huge patches of sweat under the armpits, looked up puzzledly from the briefcase's combination. "I don't understand." Since he obviously didn't understand, Connie thought, he shouldn't have admitted so out loud. "I thought Mister Maclehearn had cleared up the problem between your people and General Tsung's."

The major spat contemptuously. "Damn dumb Maclehearn learn better, all right. You no do no fucking dope business with fucking crooked Kuomintang, man, unless you kill 'em. Ratta-tat-tat. Goddamn Chinese hafta be killed forever, now and then, to keep 'em honest. Kill 'em five-six time mebbe."

"But Maclehearn told me we'd be dealing directly with the KMT from now on. Your people were supposed to bring General Tsung's men to this—"

"Shut your fucking hole, Price!" The boom of the voice behind them put Connie's hand instinctively into his shoulder holster, and had one of the little Hmong, even faster, immobilizing his wrist in his tiny reptilian grip. "Christ almighty, lieutenant, you're divulging state secrets to an unauthorized party. Is that the way you deal narcotics for the U.S. government?"

"Mister Maclehearn—sir!" Price actually saluted, so Maclehearn was at least a captain. Which was funny, because he was the same age as Connie, barely out of his teens: a square-built redheaded kid in flashy late-model jungle fatigues, complete to floppy hat, bandoliers and laced puttees over crisp, new canvas combat boots. He carried a big plastic-butt submachine pistol of some unrecognizable European make, and talked in a southeastern country-club burr.

"Been waiting near two days for you, Price. Where the hell yall been, asshole? These ain't the sweetest little old murderers to rub up against for a weekend, my man."

Price, more relieved than flustered, stammered out some alibi about the paperwork involved in secretly copping a helicopter, while Maclehearn proficiently unbuttoned the briefcase combination, which he obviously knew better than Price. "Here, you murdering little gook, a million dollars," he advised the major, throwing the lid back on the salad of multicolored currency. "Doc Dai can buy another parking lot in Cincinnati or Wiesbaden, and you can rip off enough to buy you an airplane ticket out of this shithole when Uncle Ho finally takes over."

"A million dollars?" Price asked stupidly, looking at the manacle on his wrist as though it were a snakebite. The ARVN capo licked his thumb tip professionally, plucked out a couple rubber-banded stacks

of franc notes and commenced riffling through them. "How can we possibly bury a million dollars all at once, Maclehearn?"

"It's a challenge, lieutenant, but we can do it. Show you when we get back to base, good buddy. Now grab yourself a stack of dope, boy, and hump for the bird," he told Connie, hefting a couple cartons himself. "We best pack up and quit this theater of operations with extreme dispatch, you hear?"

Connie felt electrified as he humped a 10-kilogram crate of reeking heroin across the L.Z. strip, following Maclehearn's broad back in its spotless fatigues. He had *both* of the murdering sons of bitches with him. If he could arrange it so that he was already on the Cobra before they boarded, he could blow them away on the ground and goose the pilot up in the air before the ARVN got to their... A hissing sound! Many hisses! Dust clouds!

Pwat!

Pwat-pwat-pwat-pwat-pwat!

Pwat! Pwat!

Connie lunged out at an impossible angle and fairly spooned the heroin into the copter's bay.

Pwat-pwat-pwat-pwat! Pwat!

"Innnnn-coming!" bellowed Maclehearn as the dust clouds splashed up all around them like the first raindrops on a pond. The burly spook spun once around for leverage, shot-putted the cartons of dope into the Cobra's hatch and rolled under its belly. "Goddammit, man, load it up! Load the dope!" he yelled.

Connie, who'd paused in a crouch while the bullets sprayed around them, lunged out straight on forward at an impossible angle and fairly spooned the heroin into the copter's bay, then doubled up and rolled under it, scraping his tailbone on the metal skid. The copter clanged and shuddered as a few rounds struck it.

From the top of the blockhouse an automatic machine gun stuttered into action, the red tracer fire knitting uncertainly around a patch of elephant grass not far away from the copter. "Assholes!" brayed Maclehearn. "Two o'clock! The incoming's at two o'clock! There, you blind slopes!" He flopped one forearm bent in front of his face, cradled his exotic pistol in his elbow

clicked it to full auto and sprayed an impossibly long burst in the sniper's direction. "Every fourth round on this baby casts a tracer," he explained quite amiably to Connie. The bunker's machine gun redirected its fire promptly, and Maclehearn slapped Connie on the shoulder. "Now roll out and get back to the dugout. Schnell!"

As they looped around the helicopter in the dark, they could see some of the ARVN kids sprinting from their fires toward the arms hooch, and some of the Hmong tearing out of the blockhouse to cut them off, all yammering in various gook languages. Maclehearn stopped to howl something at them in gook, and then paused in mid curse, one hand out to Connie to halt him: "Listen."

A rumble like faraway summer heat-thunder could be heard far to the east, from well beyond the hills toward Da Nang.

"Artillery?" asked Connie.

"Fucking 155s," said Maclehearn dubiously. "They must've moved a battery up within range yesterday. Funny. I wonder who they're—"

A hissing rush directly overhead, punctuated with a sort of metallic yodel, answered who they might be firing at. *Whaa-room!* The sky lit up blue, then red, just over the yonder hill, etching the topmost clusters of coconut palms against the glow. In almost the same instant, two more shells splashed into the hill on the near side: The shock wave laid a hearty blow on their backs, and the blast was so loud it made their ears pop. They looked up, awed, as a great bloody-bottomed mushroom cloud rose up 20 stories above them. Then *pwat-pwat-pwat*, they dove onto their faces in the burnt grass as the sniper relocated them in the artillery glow.

"Mother fucker," whispered Maclehearn. He may have been chuckling. "Now see what happens when you go and waste the heroin chefs of General Tsung Wei-hi of the Kuomintang? The sly old cocksucker takes and orders the U.S. Marine Corps to lay a ton of artillery on your ass." The thunder that was not summer thunder gently rippled the ground under their cheeks. "Let's scoot our asses out of here, good buddy," suggested Maclehearn, tumbling off toward the barbed wire perimeter.

Connie cranked himself up in a ball, eyes squinched tight, with his hands clapped to his ears, as the blast from the first two shells quaked over him. The third shell hit so close that the ground convulsed under him like a trampoline, and the noise made his ears ring through his hands. A great stench filled his head, the air was sucked out of his throat, and he looked up through smarting eyes to see the body of the incandescent Cobra slowly tumbling through the air, dripping blazing chunks of garbage and pilot all over the L.Z. Why did Australian rangers have to wear these silly-ass flapbrim bush hats, he wondered, and not a sensible helmet?

He scrambled out of his fetal crouch and made straight for the blockhouse, which

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was disgorging Hmong from the door and roof. No more propitious opportunity would ever offer itself for killing Price, that was all he could think of.

The V.C. snipers—if they were V.C., and not Kuomintang, which was more likely—had been scared off by the shelling, it seemed, knock wood. Unholstering his Luger and snapping a round in the chamber, Connie plastered himself by the door of the blockhouse and waited for Price to dash out.

But no dash. "Goddamn sunbitch clumsy marine!" the major was yammering. "You pick up all Doc Dai's fucking money here, man. You no take off with Doc Dai's dope and leave his money all over the floor, marine. I kill you here fucking dead forever, cheat marine!"

Connie edged his cheek around the concrete corner, laying the barrel of the Luger across his nose. Inside, in the kerosene-lamp flicker, Lieutenant Price was on his knees, his bald spot toward the door, scooping loose clusters of dollars and francs from the clay floor into his briefcase while the snarling ARVN major held an M 14 on him. They both looked up as the faraway 155s rumbled again, but Connie ducked out of view in time.

Again, two blasts simultaneously at some distance. Then the breath went out of Connie's chest as though a fist had hooked into it to rip his lungs out, and an enormous hardbound book slammed together around his temples. In the singing silence afterward, he found himself sitting against the concrete blockhouse, which was still there. Connie was still there, too, as it turned out, with his arms and legs apparently still working. And he could see well enough, though everything was cherry red, to do the job.

Hustling to his knees, Connie swung around into the doorway with his pistol gripped straight-armed before him, couched and steady in his left hand. Child's play. Price's bald spot was right in front of him, since the man was doubled over on his knees holding his ears. Connie didn't even watch as he fragged the fucker with two rounds; his eyes were locked with the major's beady, shell-shocked glare. The major had set his rifle aside to cover his own ears, and watched in shell-shocked resentment as the pistol barrel retrained on him. He belched audibly as a round took him through the heart, and turned half around, then fell down with a crash as another round fetched him in the spine. Connie noticed with curiosity that he could clearly hear these incidental sounds, but not the pistol-fire, which seemed too loud to be audible, somehow.

He heard the artillery murmur again, miles away, clear enough. The murderer was dead, everything was on fire and Connie was suddenly possessed with an overwhelming yearning for deep jungle. He was halfway to the perimeter wire by the time the rush-and-yodel tore overhead, and the blast waves actually aided him in body-



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vaulting eight feet over the wires.

He hit on his stomach at the jungle's edge, flung down by the blast with a flat fish-slap against the earth, and scrambled for the bushes when the world fell on him.

Well, it felt like the whole world, though it was probably only bits and pieces of ordnance from the ARVN supply dump. It was an avalanche of heavy, burning objects that pelted onto this head and body for a preposterously long time. Finally it stopped, and he plunged out of the homicidal glow-zone into the homicidal jungle.

There he lay gasping, his entire head belching and shrieking like a circular saw biting into an unending strip of sheet steel. His arms and legs were still on him, from the feel of it, though his hands were glorious with smoking, crimson blood, obviously his own. And every time he inhaled through the nose, hot, smoky fluid gushed down sharp-tasting into his throat.

A little while later, he was being dragged down a trail by Maclehearn, the spook. Occasionally, the jungle lit up blue, then red, so the shelling was still going on somewhere nearby. Maclehearn was howling in to his ear: You crazy son of a bitch, why'd you go back and waste Price and Doc Dai's man?, he wanted to know, very loudly but from very far away.

"Sssstoney!" Connie finally managed to lisp. "Looney. Fudge. All of 'em dead." He was surprised, looking down, and vaguely embarrassed, to see that big bubbles of blood were popping out of his mouth and spattering all over the side of Maclehearn's clean-shaven face. "You murdering bastards. Killed 'em all. A fucking bomb on their plane. Killed 'em for your fucking dope." In fact, he still had his gun in his shoulder holster—but Maclehearn's hand was under his when he reached for it, and the gun was gone. Not a dozen paces later, Connie was gone too. He was on his knees barking blood one minute, and then he wasn't there at all.

He woke up to the most delightful sensations. He was at the bottom of the ocean and on top of the clouds at the same time, singing inside. A pulse of solemn joy was straining through his body, somewhere down deep; he felt like the top note in a magnificent Handel oratorio sung by a million voices. He was cool, genuinely cool inside and out, for the first time since he'd come to Nam. Maybe the first time since he was a little kid...

Maclehearn was wiping off a plastic syringe with a clean silk hankie, smiling down at Connie as he pressed his forearm up against his bicep, with a gauze pad in between. "Now that frisked you up a trace, good buddy," he smiled benevolently. "That's Doc Dai's best Number Four doojie, good buddy. Now you just set still while we try to patch you up. Bowser, get your slant-ass over here with the med kit. Chop-chop. Schnell! Prosit!"

"You're all botched up," Maclehearn was telling Connie in an amiable, idly informative tone of voice. "I mean, you're wasted,



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man. All that concussion has played holy bob with your innards, my friend, and your outerwards ain't very pretty, either. Here, Sambo, lemme stitch that one up."

Maclehearn gently pinched the top end of a marvelous crimson wound that arced around the left quarter of Connie's breadbasket, and ran a suture through it without drawing a speck of extra blood. "Now, you don't want to know how fucked up you are, Connie," he said conversationally. "Your job now is, you just lay back and let us carry you home. Don't think about nothing unless'n it's pussy and air-conditioning, okay?" He looked up from his amazingly precise stitch work and rattled off a string of Hmong at a couple gooks chopping up the bamboo with machetes. "We're gonna make you a nice poncho stretcher and carry you straight on home, all the way home, like an Abyssinian prince on his imperial palanquin. You just think about that, my man."

Abyssinia was a pleasant thing to think about, to take a person's mind off his horrible injuries. It was high up in Africa, Connie had heard somewhere; they called it Abyssinia because the mountains were so high. High and cool and dry. Abyssinia was a fine, cool place to think about, instead of being all crushed and bunged up and bloody in this jungle sumphole. He would like to visit Abyssinia. In fact, he could dream himself there, with no effort at all.

Every time Connie started to come down out of it, over the day and a half it took them to get him to a Medevac unit, the spook Maclehearn fixed him up with another dose of Doc Dai's Number Four. Once, at night, he realized that they were under fire, because of the fascinating musical patterns, exquisitely *meaningful* in their regular irregularity, created by the incoming and the outgoing. "It's another kind of singing together," he told Maclehearn. "It really is another way people have of singing with each other. Can you understand that, Maclehearn?"

"Sure, Connie. It's a big old boy-scout jamboree." Maclehearn slung off another rocket into the jungle, and someone started screaming. "That fucker just turned into a soprano, Connie. Give us E over high C, slope!" And he flung another rocket into a different place.

The Medevac orderly tried to fix him up with Demerol, but Maclehearn wouldn't hear of it. "This boy's on a special prescription from Doctor Dai in Saigon, my man. He got so fucked up on the Trail, he *deserves* nothing but the best."

"But he's got no special—"

"Shut your hole, friend," Maclehearn said in an easy voice that would have shut up Lyndon Baines Johnson himself. It was the last thing Connie ever heard him say and remembered. Once they got him to the marine base, they started giving him something different, something that took his memory clean away, and filled his head with weird animals and ghostly noises.

continued on page 88

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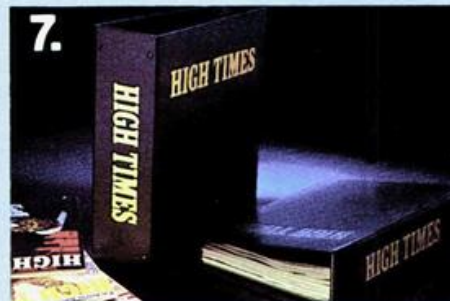
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What you will see on the next few pages of this magazine may shock you. These unretouched photos have been culled from many different countries at different times and they graphically depict a social problem that is with us to this day.

From the collection of Tuli Kupferberg

THE JUNIOR

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KILL QUIETLY WITH AXE

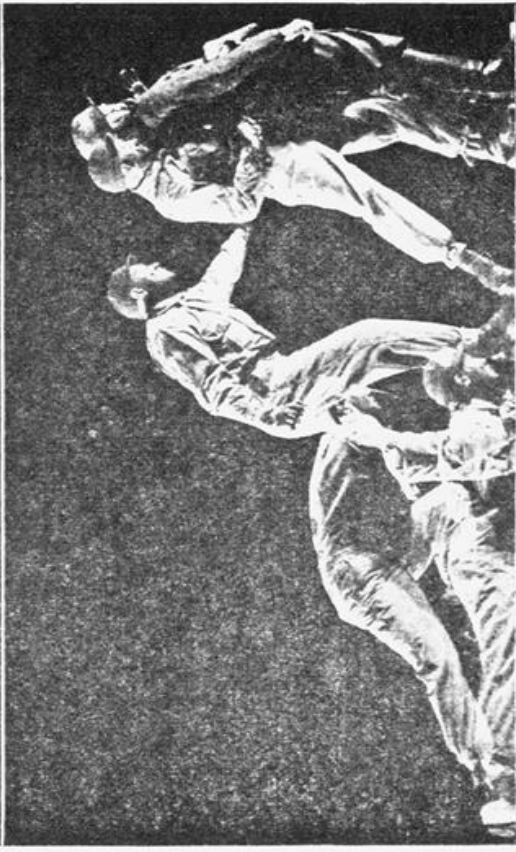


STUN QUIETLY WITH AXE



Plate 35.

KILL QUIETLY WITH TRENCH KNIFE



KILL QUIETLY WITH PIANO WIRE



Plate 36.

*A complete course for High School Students
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The "fancy-dress" is the battle dress of a fourteen-year-old native of New Guinea.



Japan. (1930s ?)

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a diventare un buon
italiano.



Textbook for overseas Italian youth, 1933.



Hitler youth manual, 1938.



Johnny Clemm, twelve years old, the youngest boy in the Union Army, 1862.

Information may be obtained for the forming of Junior Police Clubs by writing to the Secretary of the Police League of Indiana.



HEROD, OR THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

A contract with a boy or a man under twenty-one years of age is not binding in law, and this is so because it is realized by all mature people that preceding the age of twenty-one the boy or the youthful man is easily excited, confused and deceived, easily betrayed, cheated and ruined.

Yet in the American Civil War times, with flag and fife, with drum and drink, with pompously patriotic buncombe and devilishly artful urgings, a multitude of children, beardless boys and gullibly youthful men under twenty-one were seduced to enlistment, seduced to contract their lives away, seduced to go whistling, laughing and singing to the war—urged to go blindly into the roaring cannon's mouth, urged to contract to march in childish innocence into the wide-stretching jaws of Hell. And if any unhappy lads broke their contracts they were hunted down like wild beasts.

This masterpiece of kidnapping, cunningly boasted of in many thousands of sermons, lectures and Fourth-of-July orations, this Herod's harvest, this insane revel and festival of blood, this hideous crowning crime of the nineteenth century may be realized from the following paragraphs:

"BOYS OF THE WAR DAYS," by Charles King, Brigadier-General of the United States Volunteers.

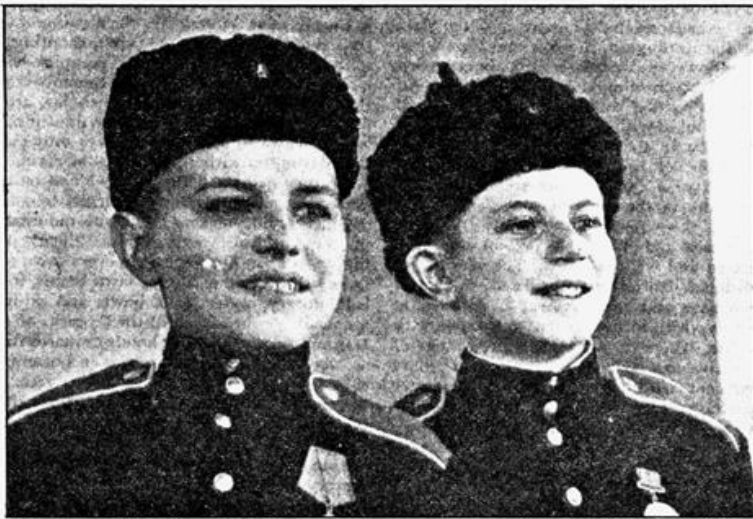
"Time and again of late years Grand Army men have made this criticism of the organized militia, 'They look like mere boys.' But it is a singular fact that, man for man, the militia of to-day are older than were the 'old boys' when they entered service for the Civil War. In point of fact, the war was fought to a finish by a grand army of boys. Of 2,778,304 Union soldiers enlisted, over two million were not twenty-two years of age—1,151,438 were not even nineteen.*

"So long as the recruit appeared to be eighteen years old and could pass a not very rigid physical examination, he was accepted without question; but it happened, in the early days of the war, that young lads came eagerly forward, begging to be taken—lads who looked less than eighteen and could be accepted only on bringing proof, or swearing that they were eighteen. It has since been shown that over eight hundred thousand lads of seventeen or less were found in the ranks of the Union army, that over two hundred thousand were no more than sixteen, that there were even one hundred thousand on the Union rolls who were no more than fifteen."

PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR: Published (October, 1911) by THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY, Volume VIII, Page 190.

* Abercrombie. Paper before Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Illinois Commandery.

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could happen to your son,
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a Daisy B-B Gun in his hands.**



The army of the future. These young heroes, orphaned sons of Russian officers, look to the future with confidence. Young though they are, they have already tasted war and have been decorated for bravery in a guerrilla detachment in action behind the German lines.



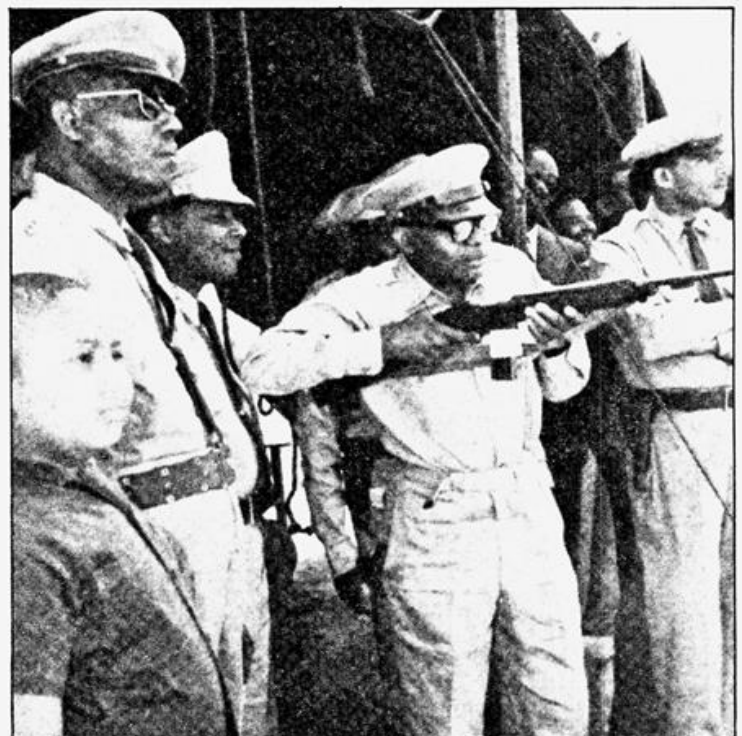
Hundreds of children were given Vietnamese guerrilla outfits on Children's Day. These two show their weapons to students of the Camilo Cienfuegos Military School.



Wide World

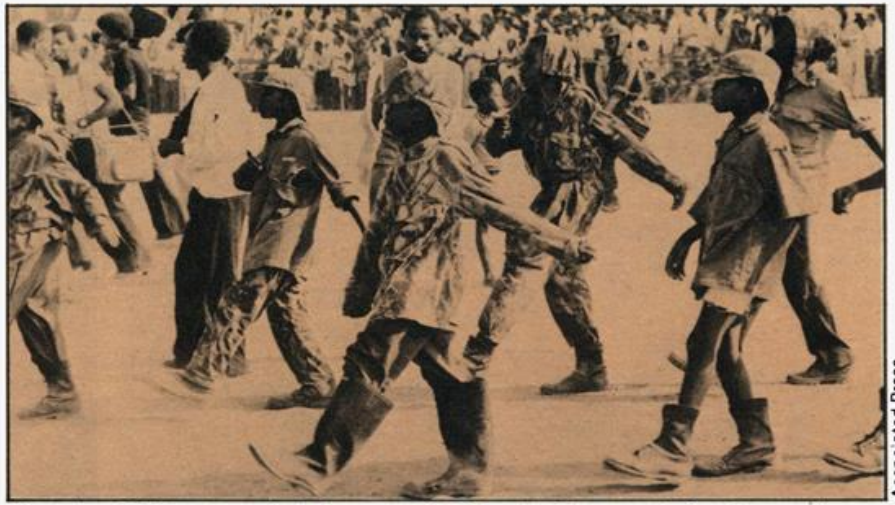
Youthful Defenders: These are some of the dozens of boys who bear U.S.-made arms in southern Laos. Dozens of teenagers, and at least a few 12-year-olds, serve in defense against the Pathet Lao. Lately, the action has been scant.

Haiti. Papa Doc (with rifle) began Jean-Claude's training in marksmanship at age 8—with rifle, pistol and light machine gun.





A youngster dressed in military helmet and garb poses with a machine gun, complete with a symbolic flower in the barrel, during a mass rally in Teheran.



Education of children is a principal concern of the Popular Movement in Angola, according to the caption of this photo, distributed by Bulgaria's BTA agency. The picture shows youngsters marching in Luanda. (1976)



Associated Press



Two Palestinian kids carry automatic weapons and a portrait of Syrian President Assad as they watch PLO leaving Beirut.

Associated Press



Associated Press

Nicaragua

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

Proverbs 22:6

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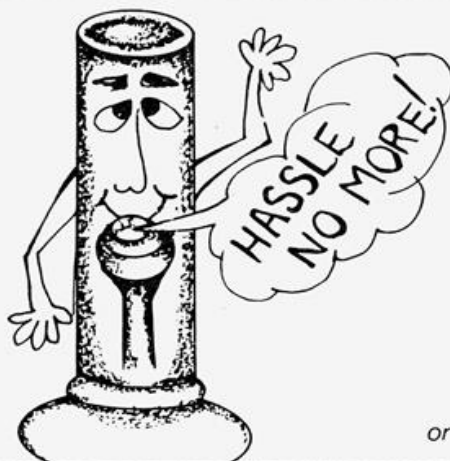
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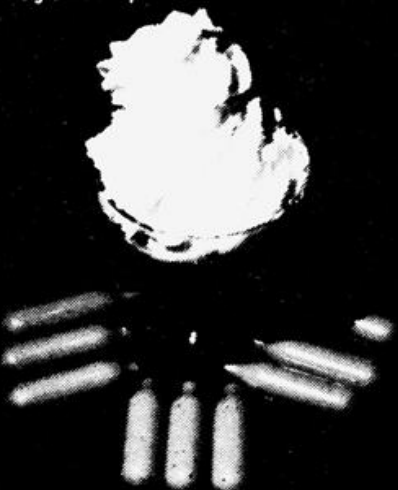
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Cindy—Roma—Please call DAVID

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DAVID G. BROOKS, #134-643. P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

MIKE BROTHERS #16023, or MIKE SIMS #16752, P.O. Box 607, R.S.P., Carson City, NV 89702-0607.

ROBERT COLE, 159-557, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

28-year-old male in prison suffering from an acute case of loneliness. Serious correspondence from a mature lady is the only cure. **RICHARD SPEITH**, 32761 Kentucky State Penitentiary, P.O. Box 128-4-19-26, Eddyville, KY 42038-0128.

I am a lonely 28-yr-old man in prison who wishes to make friends with people on the outside. More often than not, many social stereotypes believe that all convicts are stones in the road to tranquility. However, if you have cursed this stone because in your blindness you have stumbled upon it, then you would curse a star should your head encounter it in the sky. But the day will come when you will gather stones & stars as a child plucks valley lillies & then you will know that these things also are living & fragrant. For those of you who can interpret loneliness, please write to: **MAURICE HENDERSON**, #142-862, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

TWENTY-SIXTH OF A MONTHLY SERIES

355 KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA (AP)—Three drug traffickers were hanged in a Kuala Lumpur prison yesterday, bringing to eight the number executed in the last two years. The government says that 300,000 of the nation's 13 million people are drug addicts.

New York Daily News,
June 6, 1981

356 3000 HAVE DIED IN INDIA EACH year since 1950 from drinking lethal bootleg liquor.

Illustrated Weekly of India,
1976

357 TOO DRUNK TO FUCK button, Soho, NYC, 1981 (from *The Dead Kennedys*)

358 "WASTED" WAS THE UNDER-ground term for being totally stoned; Vietnam GIs used it to mean death.

Richard Lingeman, New York Times Book Review, Oct. 5, 1980

359 WHEN THIS NATION REMOVED THE Coca from Coca-Cola it started a great land down the steep slope of moral decay, so that today there is not even any Cola in Coca-Cola. Such superb hypocrisy does not go unpunished in the credit bin of history.

J. Ackerman, Fables for Tomorrow, 1978

360 WINE HELPS TO OPEN THE HEART to reasoning.
Jewish saying

361 LETTER FROM A TEACHER TO A Former Student:
I am told that thou forsakest books (and) dost abandon thyself to pleasure. Thou dost wander from tavern to tavern. Every evening smelling of beer, the smell of beer frightens men away (from thee).

It corrupts thy soul,
(and) thou art like a broken oar.
Thou canst guide to neither side.
Thou art like a temple without a god,
(like) a house without bread.
Thou art detected as thou climbest up the walls,
and breakest the plank.

The people flee from thee
and thou dost strike and wound them.
O, that thou wouldst comprehend that wine is an abomination
and that thou wouldst abjure the pomegranate drink;
that thou wouldst not set thy heart on fig-wine,
and that thou wouldst forget the carob-wine.

Papyrus Anastasi IV, II, 8ff.
Egypt, 14th (?) century B.C.

362 CHARLES KINGSLEY'S EPITHET, "the opium of the masses," reminds us that many working people turned to religion as a "consolation" . . . [But] During the worst years of the Industrial Revolution, real opiates were used quite widely in the manufacturing districts.

E.P. Thompson, The Making of the English Working Class, 1963

363 HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENTS WITH PAID jobs drink more alcohol and use more marijuana than their nonworking peers.

E. Greenberger, L. Steinberg & A. Vaux: Developmental Psychology, vol. 17, no. 6, 1982

364 M. BASS HAS RECENTLY ISOLATED and described a syndrome of sudden (glue) sniffing death (SSD), consisting of sniffing followed in rapid sequence by exercise or a stressful situation and then death. There were 110 adolescent victims in his series.

J. Amer. Med. Assn.,
vol. 212:2075, 1970

365 MORRIS CHAFETZ (THE EXPERT ON alcoholism) claims to have learned from college students that "other drugs tend to make you introspective, contemplative of your own navel, whereas alcohol tends to make you contemplate other people's navels."

Jack B. Weiner, Drinking, 1976

366 THE FARMER'S MULE HAD JUST balked in the road when the country doctor came by. The farmer asked the physician if he could give him something to start the mule. The doctor said he could and reaching down into his medicine

case, gave the animal some powders. The mule switched his tail, tossed his head and started on a mad gallop down the road. The farmer looked first at the flying animal and then at the doctor.

"How much did that medicine cost, Doc?" he asked.

"Oh, about 15 cents," said the physician.

"Well, give me a quarter's worth quick!" And he swallowed it. "I've got to catch that mule!"

American, about 1920

367 LOVE GROWS IRKSOME AND WINE grows bitter.

368 KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA, SEPT. 24 (AP)—Two men were sentenced to death Thursday for drug trafficking in a case that the United States Drug Enforcement Administration assisted on. The defendants were identified as Han Kong Juan, 40 years old, and Tan Chor Kwee, 44. The court was told that Steven Tse, a special agent of the United States agency, and an informer posed as men from Hong Kong interested in buying 50 pounds of heroin.

New York Times, Sept. 25, 1982

or: *Your Tax Dollars At Work!*

369 IS THERE ANYONE, INCLUDING TO-bacco company lobbyists and executives who would encourage their own children to smoke cigarettes?

370 BEFORE THE ROMAN CAME TO RYE or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.

G.K. Chesterton,
"The Rolling English Road"

371 ALL LEARNED AND ALL DRUNK.
William Cowper, The Task,
bk. IV, "The Winter," 1.478,
1785

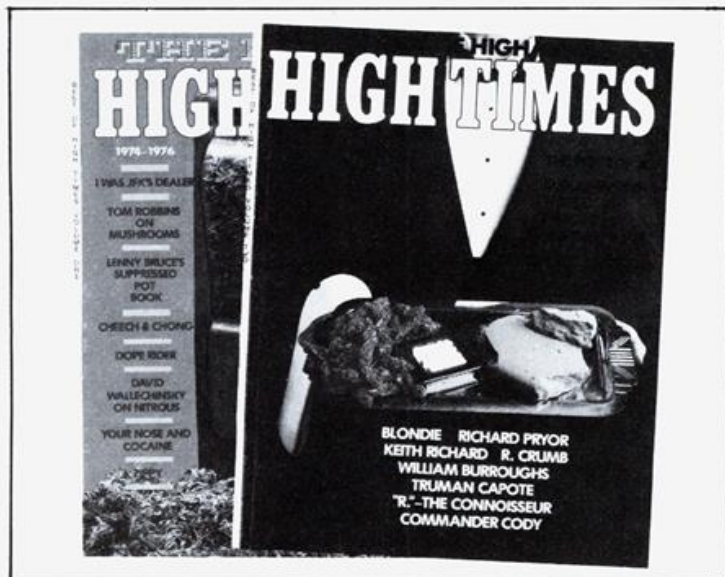
372 EVEN AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH IT was, and still is believed by the natives, that, if the moribund person was able to perceive the taste of the coca leaves pressed against his mouth, his soul would go to paradise.

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore,
HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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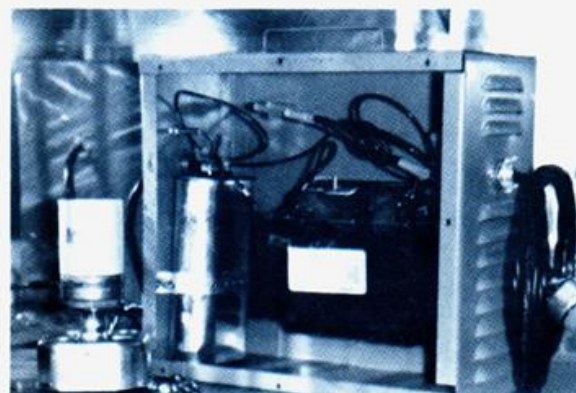
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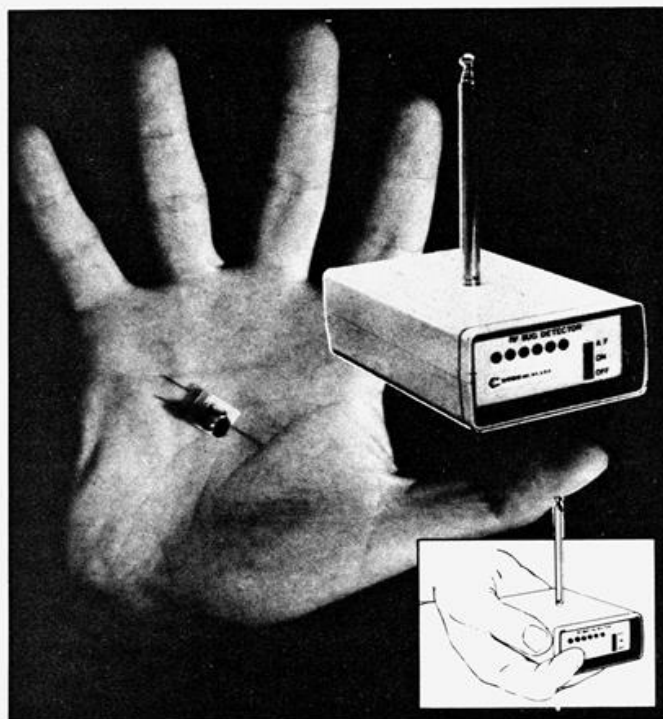
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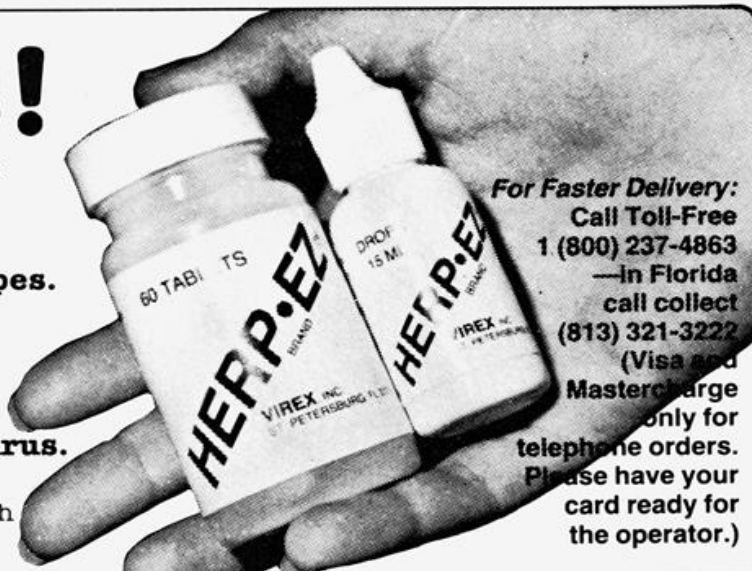
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STEAL THIS MEAL

continued from page 43

He looks like the actor who played the assassin in *Day of the Jackal*. Tallish, maybe 43, blond, the fingers of a concert pianist, very soft-spoken and extremely modest, to the point of shy—in other words, a real *mench*. His dedication is total. If he leaves his restaurant, which is rarely, he closes it. His father had this place before, but he was just an average Swiss cook. Which is to say Average. One spring, as legend has it, the young Girardet went on a tour of France. By chance he happened to eat at Troisgros, and from that one meal had visions for weeks. His dishes have since remained, he insists, mystical creations. On long bike rides through the mountains, he "sees" something cooked in a new way. And as anyone who has made the pilgrimage to Crissier will verify, that way is very, very good. We are talking about a true artist. A grand master. Someone with an aura. Perfection. And what was amazing about Girardet, you knew this just from talking with him, *before* even tasting the food. He has an amazing manner, like a mature Bjorn Borg.

Of course, Fredy knows where to get all the best ingredients, and daily planes land at Lausanne Airport with fresh fish from the Atlantic or shrimp from Greece. Trucks arrive with chickens from Bresse or ducks from Vendee. He was unhappy about Swiss breads so he constructed his own bakery and now bakes the best himself. Here's a dish you will always remember—sea scallops sautéed on a bed of cooked endives. The two choice ingredients are tied together by a butter-cream sauce based with a champagne-and-shallot reduction, then accented with a squeak of lemon and ginger, finally topped with thin strings of lime rind. It can be made in just a few minutes and looks deceptively simple. I watched him do it several times. I am a better-than-average cook, yet after a dozen attempts I've never seemed to match his effort. There is a missing ingredient, and that is Girardet. You must also try his onion tart. And why not the liver and chives? By now we suggest you give up ordering and take potluck. Try lobster and fresh pea terrine, or the pigeon, or the basil rabbit. The menu is long, serious, and if Fredy makes a mistake, the tooth fairy will correct it.

At the end you must try the passion-fruit soufflé, which is guaranteed to melt in your mind for years to come. Fredy is one fuck of a cook. He knows everything there is to know about cooking everything. You have the feeling he's creating the dish just for you. When you go to the kitchen and see the apprentices who come from around the world just to catch his drippings you realize your journey is complete. There is no arguing with Girardet, you just watch, appreciate and try to absorb some of the mystic. In the end you are convinced this is beyond

food, more an exploration inside beauty or truth. A truly great experience. And, hey, it's only going to cost the two of you five or six hundred bucks. Of course, there are other ways than money. There are even other ways than the letter trick, which now is naturally out of the question (though you could try it with *Popular Mechanics* — they don't have a food critic either). If you are hungry you will eat. If you can hold out long enough you can get to eat the very best.

TOP 10

1. *Fredy Girardet, Crissier (Switzerland)*
2. *L'Oasis La Napoule (Louis Outhier), La Napoule*
3. *Alain Chapel, Mionnay*
4. *Paul Bocuse, Lyon*
5. *Comme Chez Soi (Pierre Wynants), Brussels (Belgium)*
6. *Le Duc (Paul Minchelli), Paris*
7. *L'Archestrade (Alain Senderens), Paris*
8. *Les Templiers (Roger Doreau), Les Bézards*
9. *Olympe (Dominique Nahmais), Paris*
10. *Les Semailles (Jean-Jacques Jouteux), Paris*

The following note appears at the insistence of Playboy magazine: Anyone out there tempted to follow Abbie Hoffman's lead in impersonating a Playboy staff member should know that he does so at his own peril. Says Playboy: "We take a very tough stance against people who do this sort of thing, reporting them to the proper authorities for prosecution, conviction and imprisonment. In this case, the authorities got there first, on another matter. That fact doesn't diminish our resistance to such ruses, despite our residual affection for Abbie Hoffman."

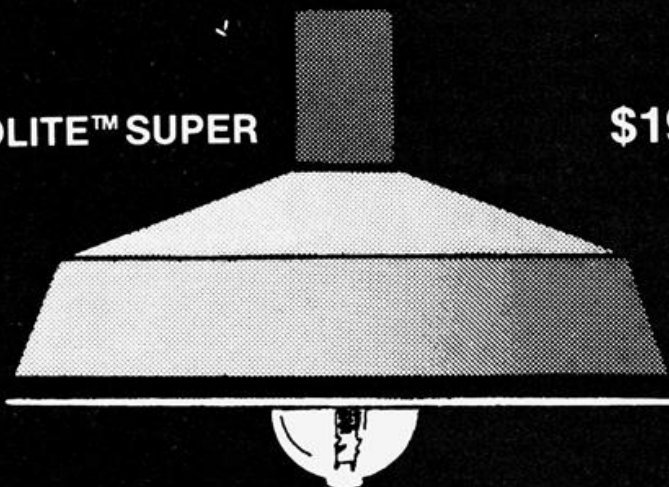
(Author's last word: Sic, sic, sick!)

FINAL LAST WORD:

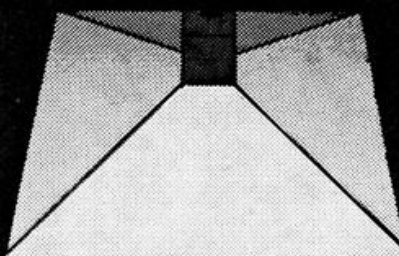
It's the chef, not the restaurant, that does the cooking, so if a chef cited has gone, forget it. Some folks have said, "Yeah, but they thought you were from Playboy so they paid special attention." Look, cooking is like sex. A great chef can have an off night, but a bad chef can't cook great. If you "fake" good cooking—well, like I said, who among us can tell good sex from sex that is "faked" good...and who cares?

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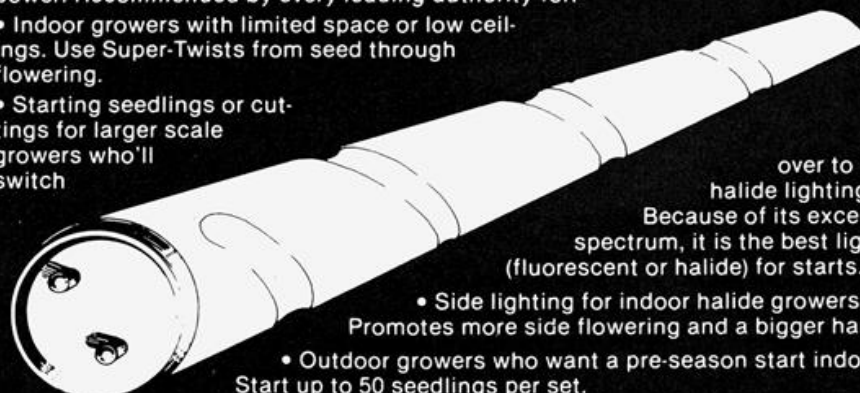
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MISS AMERICA

continued from page 44

After the Saturday-night broadcast, at midnight, the pageant officially relinquished its supervision over all contestants, save for the new Miss America. The 49 losers were on their own, and most would skip town first thing in the morning. I had to act fast, and spent the following hour seeking the whereabouts of First Runner-Up Desiree Denise Daniels, Miss Tennessee. She was on the sixth floor at the Tropicana. Only four messages awaited her at the front desk when I added mine—request for interview with *HIGH TIMES* mag at her convenience on Sunday. I hit the blackjack tables till 4 A.M., checking the front desk every half-hour, but Miss Tennessee hadn't answered her red message light. There was no answer each time the desk clerk phoned.

At 4 A.M. I discovered that every hotel on the boardwalk was booked solid. But I hadn't counted on the flophouses being sold out, which they were during Miss America week. The next chapter of my Miss America nightmare unfolded with an endless series of NO VACANCY signs, all the way to the back streets of the Monopoly board. Fleabag motel clerks found it laughable when I asked if they knew of any vacancies. I took to the streets, a loser at the casinos.

At 8 A.M., Room 217 at the Bull Shippers Plaza Motor Inn on Pennsylvania Avenue became available. I grabbed it. There was even a telephone, on which to make frantic

backup calls for other contestant interviews. A black hooker tried to bust into my room, but no dice, honey, I was here for the First Runner-Up. A dozen calls later, I broke through the incredible protective layers of hostesses and hometown security nets that surrounded Miss Tennessee. These girls were harder to reach than Bo Derek. Everything had to be cleared through some men in Room 4425 at Caesar's—her "state traveling companions." A 15-minute interlude could be arranged if I showed up at Caesar's front desk by 11 A.M. Lying on a firm mattress at the Bull Shippers Inn, I nauseously refined my 20 Runner-Up questions.

Needless to say, some good old boys from Tennessee—tough-looking ones in their 40s—showed up by noon. They explained something about "gals and schedules"; the women were still packing at the Tropicana, they apologized, and they'd have to catch a plane, so no interviews. I made a few more calls to sponsors of other contestants, but couldn't even pin down Miss Alaska. The prettiest contestant of them all, Miss Georgia, was reportedly packing her last bags right there at Caesar's, but her people also gave me the runaround. Out in the streets, Miss America contestants and their entourage were leaving in unstoppable droves. But I had been a bad little reporter, who came with no connections, and unfortunately, couldn't even land whoever came in 50th. I guess I would have even settled for Wink fuckin' Martindale, after all. □

HERO

continued from page 68

"Scopolamine, I think I heard somebody say it was," says Connie. "Can't be sure."

When they let him start piecing his head together, he'd already been at least a week in Bethesda, in a private ward. First they showed him the Silver Star with some general's commendations, and then the write-up by a big national columnist. Connie had been working with a CIA agent named Merle Price to break up a South Vietnamese narcotics-smuggling ring, he learned. He and Price had uncovered a ruthless gang of professional Southeast Asian mobsters who ran pure Number Four heroin down the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Price had been assembling physical proof, once and for all, that the Chinese were the source of all this dope, when everything blew up. Price was murdered near the Lao border, but Connie managed to cut his way, despite appalling injuries, to a Green Beret patrol . . .

"It was the Chinese, all right," Connie told the avuncular old colonel who was sitting on his bed while a *Stars and Stripes* photographer framed the shot. "But this makes it sound like it was the Red Chinese, not the—"

"Oh?" the colonel broke in pleasantly, beaming down at Connie warmer than his own father ever had. "You look a little peaked, soldier. Think you need another shot of scopolamine?"

"No sir, sir," Connie snapped promptly and loudly. HERO SPURNS PAINKILLERS, said the caption under his photo in *Stars and Stripes*, cocooned in plaster and gauze, puppetlike under the traction suspensions.

Right after the photographers left they broke him out of the plaster and unraveled about six miles of bandages from him. Sure enough, beyond the 24 stitches in his stomach there wasn't a thing wrong with Connie, and never had been. He'd suspected as much ever since the Medevac, but hadn't thought to ask.

Next, he found a plastic-covered Chase Manhattan bankbook lying by his water carafe. It had his name in it, with \$30,000 next to it. No one seemed to know where it came from, though subsequently a physical therapist—who gave him no therapy, because he didn't need any—told him it would probably be best not to ask about the bankbook. "You can't give the money back," he said. "For all you know it's a payoff from Doc Dai himself. So keep it."

Then they took him to Quantico, and gave him a cubbyhole desk in an air-conditioned office building, all to himself. He spent the rest of his hitch marking off meaningless strings of numbers on aquamarine computer sheets, and to this day he doesn't know what the hell *that* was about either. Finally, they sent him home to Phoenix, where he was very pleased to buy into his uncle's air-conditioning company. He hasn't murdered anyone in cold blood ever since, nor even much wanted to. □

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The WHO/CLASH

VISIONS OF BEAUTY AND HORROR AT SHEA STADIUM

by JOHN SWENSON

Marty is a tough man. He likes rock 'n' roll because it gives him an opportunity to kick and spit on people in public, especially when he hooks up with 20 or so like-minded pals. The Clash is his favorite band 'cause he figures they feel the same way he does about such matters. Marty knows the Clash are opening for the Who at Shea Stadium. Marty knows the Who are real popular, used to be big or something like the Rolling Stones, and he hates the Who as a result.

Marty hates the Who the way he hates everything that came before the time when he started to figure things out. Marty came to Shea looking for trouble because that's cool. Lots of pigs on hand, he notes with a little rush of adrenalin, just enough to make things interesting. Marty amuses himself for a while by circling Shea Stadium, kicking beer and wine bottles hard along the ground, sometimes making flying jumps with both feet into a pile of broken and unbroken bottles, trying to see how far he can send the shards spinning in the air.

Marty hooks up with a bunch of wise guys drinking and pushing each other, and starts telling them they should charge the gate, just for kicks. He sees it's pretty easy to crack the makeshift barrier around the Mets' bullpen, and that's exactly where he leads the surge of kids—easy—right through the fucking barricades and pigs and in! One pig swings at him but Marty's too quick, instead some fat slob behind him gets it—ha!

Marty's heart is pumping as he joins the throngs of people crushing against the front-stage barricade. All the tickets sold for the infield are general admission and the fans are crammed toward the stage front to get as close as possible. Marty loves crowds—that's where he can really do his stuff. He starts pushing forward—it always works—and there's a chain reaction. Everybody's moving, jostling—hostile, bright and

alive, cursing each other. Marty keeps pushing. In crowds, pushing is contagious, and others are pushing this way and that. The Clash are playing, raw and hard, and Marty keeps pushing. The Clash leave the stage, lights come on and Marty pushes even harder. People in front of him, girls, are screaming, and Marty feeds on their panic. Marty laughs and pushes harder. Some at the front are trying to push back now and the crowd ripples back and forth in waves as the tug-of-war goes on. Some limey on-stage is trying to tell Marty to step back. Figures. "Why should I," says Marty, "I'm having fun."

Bernie is a veteran stage-hand. He's seen it all go down and has become pretty cynical. He's watched pitched club battles between the crew and hordes of crazies on the hill behind

the stage at Gaelic Park. He knew the guard who was stabbed to death at another Who concert a few years back. He likes the Who, but reality has made him lose respect for those who profit from the misery of others. The promoters are all alike—when there's trouble, they're gone. Just interested in the money. Same with the groups, and with this show the Who, a band known for its integrity in the past, has obviously gone for the sellout. Two years ago, 14 kids were crushed to death in Cincinnati as they crammed madly into Riverfront Coliseum in an effort to secure the best general admission spots in the house. Bernie can hardly believe that after that incident the Who allowed a much more dangerous general admission setup at Shea. Didn't Townshend say something about never playing general admission gigs again?

After the Clash finish, the inevitable trouble starts. Word comes back that people are being crushed nearly to death at the front of the stage. Bernie rushes out and desperately helps bail limp bodies out of the front of the audience. Most of the kids are not unconscious yet, just groggy and short of breath, but the situation is bad. Police and firemen come in to help lift the bodies to safety. Young girls, limp and bloodless, are handed over the crowd toward the stage while some of the people cop feels and pull off articles of clothing on the way. Bernie barely has time to curse the Who while he frantically tries to save lives.

Roger is the singer in the band. It's his band, he started it 20 years ago, and despite the statements he's been making to the press about the



THE WHO

Larry Kaplan/Star File

decision that this should be the group's last tour, he's sorry to see the thing end. He knows that the greatest feeling in the world comes when the band starts playing and 20,000 people go nuts in response. He also knows that tonight's show is performed before closer to 100,000 people, and the general admission policy worries him. Roger is a simple, honest man who sticks to what he does best. He takes his responsibilities as a rock 'n' roll star seriously. He is worried about the safety of the kids in front of the stage. "Shuffle back a bit to relieve the pressure," he says to the crowd.

that when he hits that stage there is something about a crowd response that never fades. Pete is a complex man given to lying to himself. He has a God fixation so strong he's gone through incredible machinations to transfer it. The idea that people need him so much they would kill to get closer to him, fascinates Pete in spite of himself. "Shuffle forward a bit," he says to the crowd.

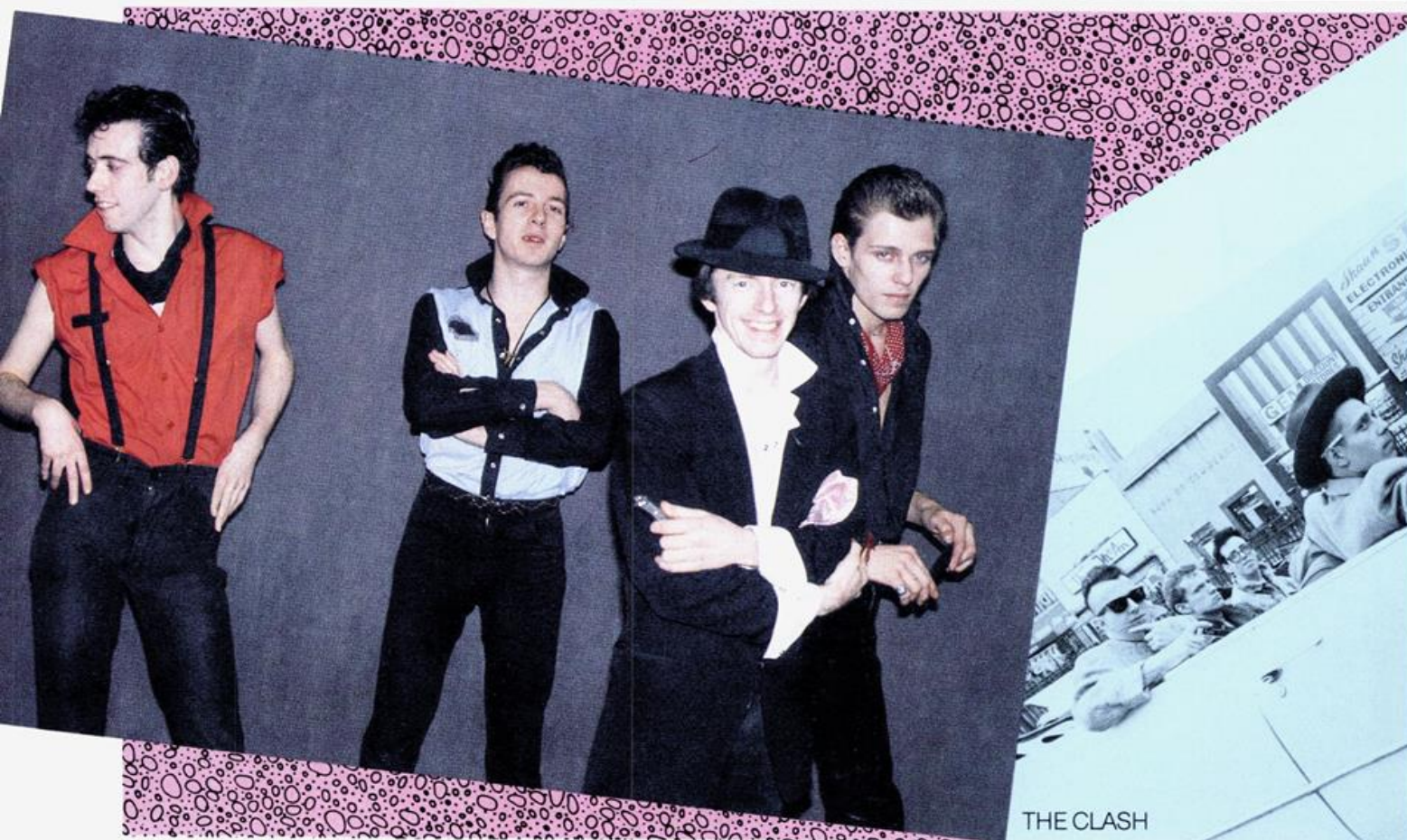
John is a music critic. He is also a die-hard Who fan. He has been to nearly 100 Who concerts and isn't deaf yet. His friends in the business have been telling him that the Who are finished

way. It wasn't easy—scalped tickets were selling for \$100 each on the open market, but John purchased a bargain ticket for 35 bucks. Unfortunately, he couldn't see the stage from the vantage point his ticket commanded, which didn't bother him much because he didn't plan to sit down anyway.

What **did** bother him was the scene in front of the stage before the show. A pair of high-powered binoculars trained on the area told the grim story—people were being badly hurt, a fact which anyone could have predicted, and which was especially ghoulish following the tragedy in Cincinnati. John had

never impressed him as it had so many other writers, and he thought it was odd that the Who said they were retiring to make way for bands like the Clash.

The Clash played well at Shea, but John smiled when a tape recording of the Doors' first album played over the P.A. system drew more applause from the crowd than the Clash did when they left the stage. It reminded him of a show 14 years ago, literally across the street in Flushing Meadow Park, when the Who opened for the Doors, and Townshend whipped the crowd into a frenzy by destroying most of his group's equipment and some of the



THE CLASH

Bob Gruen/Star File

Pete is the guitarist in the band. His decisions have determined the band's future for as long as anyone can remember, and the weight of such responsibility is an anchor around his shoulders. He hasn't wanted any of this for a long time. It's very difficult for him to get into playing his traditional role. He tried to quit five years ago and his buddy, the drummer, killed himself, so in his buddy's memory he had to suck in his bitterness and resentment and put the band back on the road. But this is the final elbow. He doesn't want to tour anymore, but he has to admit

for years now, some of them since the time **Tommy** came out well over a decade before, but John has gone to a lot of rock concerts and he knows the Who deliver the best show on earth, even on their bad nights.

The Who hired a public relations firm for their final tour whose primary responsibility was to keep people like John away from the shows. When he called the woman in charge of press tickets and identified himself, her response was, "That's your problem." The public relations woman failed in her job because John went to the show any-

been in crowds like that himself at Who concerts and he knew the danger. Why had the Who allowed this to happen? He had a lot of faith in the band, but he knew this was one incident that couldn't be brushed aside.

John had watched the Clash with little enthusiasm. They were a band he liked at moments on record but never in the live performances he'd seen. He held it against the Clash that they had claimed to represent new values in music when he could see they were merely trying to stake their claim in the marketplace. The band's amateurishness

Doors' as well.

After checking out several vantage points to witness the performance from, John decided that the best place to watch the show, aided by binoculars, was as far away from the stage as possible. From a stairway in the upper deck of Shea, he witnessed a spectacular show. "Substitute" and "I Can't Explain," the band's traditional set openers, never sounded better than that moment in Flushing with the night sky as the backdrop.

The visual impact presented by the stage was awesome. Giant letters describing the band's logo,

WHO, stretched across the deepest part of the outfield. The stage itself was framed by the bottom half of the H, with a giant video screen hung above the crossbar. With a direct view of the stage you could follow the action well. The sound system was even more impressive—far back from the stage you could hear perfectly as the band punched out its crisp hard rock. Shea Stadium had always been considered an impossible place to hear rock 'n' roll, but the Who's sound system overcame whatever technical problems the arena might have previously posed.

After John Entwistle's "Dangerous," the first of a series of spectacular light effects came into play during "Sister Disco," as searchlights fanned through the air. On "The Quiet One," Townshend played his first great guitar solo of the show, then followed with a beautiful opening statement on "It's Hard," with Daltrey adding rhythm guitar. A light plane glided overhead as the infectious cadence of "Eminence Front" gently rocked the stadium.

The Who obviously chose to close out their history in New York at Shea Stadium because of the historic Beatles concert at that venue. "The Beatles wore suits," said Daltrey during the show. "So I wore a suit." A nice, white sharkskin number it was, too.

As usual, anything from **Who's Next** drew the biggest response of the show. "Behind Blue Eyes" in-



Bob Gruen/Starfile

spired audience participation as all of Section 21 sang along through the song, clipping "vengeance," the whole bit. Man, when the top level of Shea shakes, it really shakes. "Baba O'Riley" became another mass sing-along, then the crowd cheered John Entwistle's bass-fills in "My Generation."

On the first night, "Drowned" was not especially good, but the second show, which took place during intermittent showers, provided a dramatic moment when Townshend told the audience, "Thank you for getting wet for us," and broke from the standard set to play a special farewell version of "Tattoo," followed by an amazing rendition of "Cry If You Want" with a gut-wrenching guitar solo at the climax.

As the letters comprising the stage flashed a multiplicity of colors, smoke effects filled the air and the lights around Shea blinked furiously, the band broke into "Who Are You," and the song took its

place once again with their classic performances, a tremendous statement of purpose that was not lost on the crowd. The stirring **Tommy** medley followed, then "5:15," "Love Reign O'er Me" and "Long Live Rock" before the spectacular set-ender, "Won't Get Fooled Again." The first night, "Athena" was included in the encore, to the delight of the crowd, while on the second night, the Who performed a great version of the Beatles' "I Saw Her Standing There," with Entwistle singing lead, as he does also on "Twist and Shout."

George was lying on a bed of finely crushed glass from beer and wine bottle just outside of Gate E. He came to Shea with his pal Al from Bensonhurst even though they'd been shut out from getting Who tickets because they didn't want to miss the event. George had never seen the Who, but he had a beat-up copy of **Who's Next** that he played a lot, and

he wanted to be on hand for the festivities. George brought a bottle of Seagram's and a six-pack; Al had a fifth of Jack and a couple of quarts.

When they got to Shea, George and Al knew they had made the right decision. There were at least 5,000 people outside, some warming up with their last booze before going into the show, some happy just to sit on the grass islands around the parking lot.

The Clash came on and they were so loud George could hear them real well outside the stadium. He bought a couple of downs before the show started and they kicked in when the Clash played "London Calling." As the Clash continued to play and George finished his Seagram's, the sky was moving too fast and Shea itself seemed to spin along with the music. George staggered through the broken bottles and puked against the side of the Stadium while the Clash played "I Fought the Law."

George just wanted to lay down for a minute when the Clash finished, just a minute's rest, because the Who wouldn't be coming on for a while. He didn't even brush away the broken glass. Al finally woke George up about 20 minutes after the Who had finished playing. When George realized he'd missed the Who he was so mad he punched Al in the chest. Then they both went home. □

NOTES

Ice Cream for Crow Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band (Virgin/Epic ARE 38274)

The fertile imagination of Don Van Vliet has produced yet another great record of musical poetry. His vision, once considered impossibly obtuse and beyond human comprehension, has become an accurate, in a sense almost journalistic, reflection of modern life.

Van Vliet's political commentary on Reagan's America, witnessed most directly on "The Past Sure Is

Tense" and "The Host the Ghost the Most Holy-O," offers invaluable perspective on the changing U.S. mental landscape. Where the Beefheart of **Trout Mask Replica** celebrated aesthetic autonomy, Van Vliet of the '80s works like a Flemish master—layering eccentric and beautiful sound patterns against bristling poetic images whose impact, though literally obscure, is precision gauged for effect. "Cardboard Cut-out Sundown" articulates Van Vliet's rage at the demystification of the western prairies and deserts, turned by Texans and Mormons from a frontier wilderness to an empty back lot.

Van Vliet is a creature of the desert, and its polarization of reality, its high-contrast differentiation between life and death, hot and cold, desolation and fecundity, charges the imagery of the title track and "The Thousandth and Tenth Day of the Human Totem Pole." You can almost feel the sun blister your skin

at moments in these songs—the simple statement "It was summer and it was hot" carries tremendous power when it jumps out from a tangle of Beefheartian images.

Guitarists Jeff Moris Tepper and Gary Lucas are the only holdovers from the **Doc at the Radar Station** version of the Magic Band, and they key the outfit's sympathetic sonic backing of Beefheart's word attacks. The album is fleshed out with two excellent instrumentals, "Semi-Multicolored Caucasian" and "Evening Bell."

Mister Yellowman (Greensleeves CGR 35)

Yellowman is a 25-year-old albino Jamaican DJ whose real name is Winston Foster. He is being called "the hottest new reggae act of 1982" on the strength of several hit records and an outstanding reputation for rapping live performance in tandem with his partner Fathead.

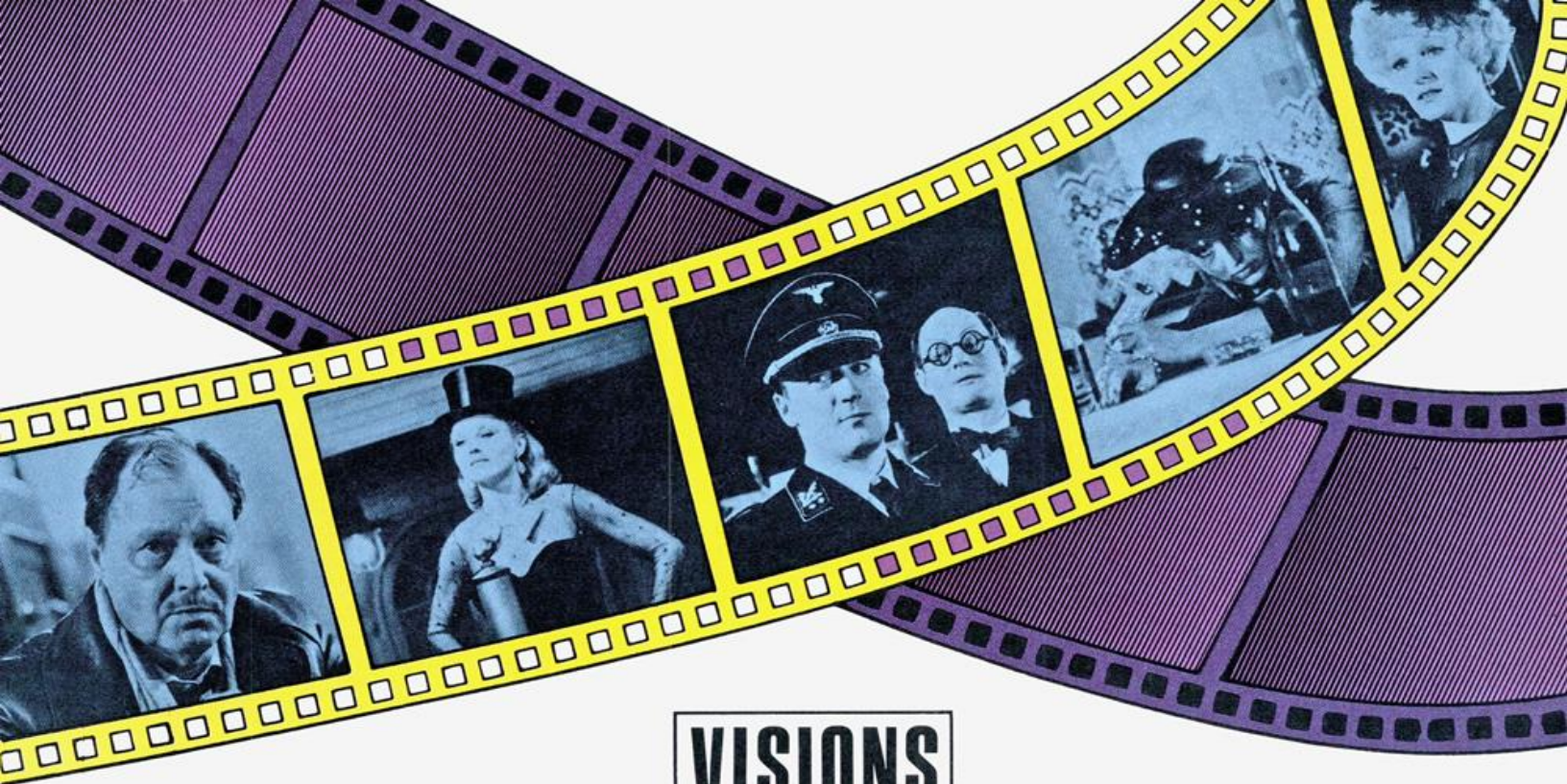
Yellowman used his rapping style

to construct a myth around himself, celebrating his transformation from a ridiculed outcast to a star, using his pigmentation as the subject for raps about racial prejudice, and offering stark, unpopular and occasionally censored political views.

This is an excellent collection of some of Yellowman's work, from the intensely political "Mr. Chin" to the hysterically funny "Yellowman Getting Married." The record is available from Shanachie Records Corp., Dalebrook Park, Ho-Ho-Kus, NJ 07423.

—John Swenson □





VISIONS

The Torment and Passion of Rainer Werner Fassbinder

By Michael Wilmington

Rainer Werner Fassbinder, dead at 36.

In the recent wave of mortality that struck the movie industry—Ingrid Bergman, Henry Fonda, Grace Kelly, Warren Oates, John Belushi—this obit was the most shocking; perhaps (excepting Belushi's) the one that gave you the greatest sense of waste and tragedy. Bergman and Fonda, after all, had *had* their careers; scaled the heights of their separate worlds; achieved every honor they could have wished—and acted right up to the end, sick with cancer or heart disease. They'd *made* their legends.

Grace Kelly had, too, though she threw her career away when she was younger than Belushi; threw it away for a fantasy of riches and royalty that made her a slightly ridiculous puto-aristocratic American icon and piece of *National Enquirer* fodder. (She'd have been better off spurning the pudgy prince of Monaco and staying in Hollywood as Hitchcock's blond ice princess; playing the leads in *The Birds* and *Marnie*—and maybe *Vertigo*—although her death will now bring a stabbing frisson for anyone who watches that scene in *To Catch a Thief*—when she guns her car engine on those hairpin Côte d'Azur mountain curves.)

But Fassbinder—he was in his prime, spewing off films like a live volcano—41 in barely 13 years, an almost mind-boggling total. And he was making his best stuff—*The Marriage of Maria Braun*, *Lili Marleen*, *Lola*, *Veronika Voss*—all in the last several years.

Forty-one films! All of them mostly created by Fassbinder himself—from his original scripts or adaptations, directed by him, occasionally even acted by him (Fassbinder, like many other male homosexual film directors, was often better, or more comfortable, directing women than men—actress Hanna Schygulla, of *Maria Braun*, *Effi Brest* and *Lili Marleen*, was his greatest Gala-tea—but in the lead role of *Fox and His Friends*, he gave the most scarring and memorable masculine portrait in his whole gallery: a hapless young lumpenproletariat devoured by his decadent upper-class bed-mates). One film every two years seems the maximum for today's directors—or, for the vigorous, perhaps *one* a year. Fassbinder made an average of *four* a year (and wrote, produced or acted for others); he saw many of these win international festival awards and fanatical acclaim. He was one of those

artists, apparently, who somehow contrive to make creation—whatever actual pain and effort it costs—look easy as breathing.

When Rainer Werner Fassbinder began directing movies, barely more than a decade ago, the German film industry was one of the most damned and deprecated in Western Europe, an industry thought to have been ravaged beyond repair by World War II; and Hitler and Goebbels, who drove most of Germany's great '20s and '30s directors—many of them Jewish—to Hollywood (where Lang, Lubitsch, Preminger, Wilder and others became jewels in an auteurist's crown... and the fatherland was left with Leni Riefenstahl, Bavarian wedding-cake musicals and however many remakes of *Jew Suss* the market could stand. *Deutschland Unter Alles!*).

And, within that sick industry, Fassbinder himself was an odd-man out—a refugee from Munich's avant-garde theater, a surly radical, a rule breaker, a flagrant, unabashed homosexual. Critics linked his work with Germany's radical left; casting his repertory troupe as a sort of cinematic Baader-Meinhoff Gang. He was refused entrance to the German Film Academy, which em-

Photos courtesy of United Artists Corporation

bittered him to the end (one remembers another protean creator, Honoré de Balzac, snubbed by the Académie Française, with only one voice—Victor Hugo's—raised in his favor).

It would be hard to imagine a bleaker situation: a pariah within a pariah industry. And perhaps it was just that desperate position that stung Fassbinder to such furious activity. (That, and the tolerance of German television toward "experimental" works; even today, a radical independent American filmmaker like Jim Benning or Mark Rappaport stands a better chance of financing from German television than from their own "cinematically enlightened" and fabulously wealthy country.) Perhaps—but perhaps not. Because, even within the prodigal German film movement of the '70s (with great contemporaries like Werner Herzog, Wim Wenders or Volker Schlöndorff), Fassbinder was awe-inspiring.

He stood apart from Herzog and others, for one thing, because he was so madly eclectic. He adapted works by Nabokov, Genet, Theodor Fontane—and he remade Douglas Sirk's 1954 Rock Hudson-Jane Wyman weeper, *All That Heaven Allows*, as *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul*. He was equally capable of making allusions to Goethe and Kleist—or of dropping into the middle of a serious (even tragic) film like *In the Year of the 13 Moons*, a five-minute-long homage to Jerry Lewis (with one of his actors repeating, move for move, Lewis's big dance number in *You're Never Too Young*). And, in addition, his sheer prolificacy made it difficult to intercept his flight. Though his films weren't sloppy, they looked like the products of a fast worker—someone who trusts his instincts; makes bold, swift strokes; and never agonizes over details or motives. He was a master of styles; a supercinematic chameleon: *An American Soldier* is the very image of a low-budget early '50s film noir; *The Merchant of Four Seasons* breathes the cool, flat atmosphere of a Universal sound stage; and *Lili Marleen* was *Lola Montes* transmogrified—its sets were teeming, ablaze, cluttered, the camera swooping through and around and over them in a manner that recalled those gods of tracking shot: Max Ophüls and Orson Welles and F. W. Murnau.

Fassbinder began with avant-garde theater, radical theater, and he remained faithful to those traditions, that iconoclastic mind-set. His work was determinedly anti-bourgeois, deliberately startling. He never set out to coddle audiences; he always had his needle out. His first big English-language film—*Despair*, from the Nabokov novel, with a Tom Stoppard script—was scarcely slanted toward Steve Spielberg's or George Lucas's audiences; in many ways, it was the most deliberately obscure, convoluted movie he ever made.

There was a hothouse quality about Fassbinder's work that further set it apart from the glacial precision of the other young Ger-

mans; the heirs of Fritz Lang, and that unmistakable terror-stricken Teutonic UFA style of the '20s and '30s (with its shadowy last laughs in a spy-ridden metropolis).

The classical German cinematic style has great surface clarity—yet it deals with contradictions, evil, delirium, madness. That's the Herzog of *Aguirre* or *Fitzcarraldo*, the Wenders of *Kings of the Road* or *Lightning over Water*, the Schlöndorff of *The Tin*



Photos courtesy of United Artists Corporation

Drum. Herzog may have been the genius of the whole group; but, in comparison, Fassbinder's mad fertility and fecundity was like some steaming, soupy pile of splendor and shit shooting out luxuriant roots and spiny thorns through the walls of ice. He may not have been the genius of the group (for me, Herzog still is), but he was always the most fascinating.

Perhaps he was too intoxicated by the whole process of making films to lavish total inspiration and energy on any of them. (He always claimed they wouldn't be better if he worked any slower.) Fassbinder's oeuvre was continuous, turbulent; it flowed impatiently from one film to the next—*Behold the Holy Whore* to *The Third Generation*, *The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant* to *Fox and His Friends*, *Lola* to *Veronika Voss*.

Key elements, signatures, kept recurring: a seeming stance of detached sarcasm (the compassion revealed itself slowly, almost obliquely); a delight in all kinds of quotations and allusions; a predilection for society's misfits and outsiders (homosexuals, radicals, lunatics and show people); climactic death scenes unwinding against sterile, lonely backdrops—and, most especially, an addiction to stories of failed or frustrated love.

Fassbinder's great theme (at least in the 12 films I've seen—barely a fourth of his output) was the failure of love—the search for love, the impossibility of love, the destruction of love. His characters suffered and battled for their passion; and mostly died or lost in that battle. In many ways, he was a true German romantic—a cinematic heir of Goethe's "Young Werther"—though on the surface he seemed so offhand, sardonic, brutal. This theme seemed to permeate everything he created, but it was clearest in *Fox and His Friends*, *In the Year of the 13 Moons* (about an alienated transsexual's doomed passion for a screwball millionaire hedonist) and two released before he died, *Maria Braun* and *Lili Marleen*.

Lili Marleen illustrated the "failed love" theme *par excellence*. Like *Maria Braun*, it focused on a couple passionately joined in the first scene, and then kept apart for most of the rest. Sexual checkmate became the plot's motor, the steam driving its turbines; the sex was a dammed torrent. Perhaps this is what Fassbinder loved so much about Douglas Sirk's '50s Universal soap operas—and why Dorothy Malone, in *Written on the Wind*, as a rich nymphomaniac unable to seduce Rock Hudson, was one of his favorite characters. People of powerful passions, who are continually frustrated, who battle against that frustration—and, who, when they finally triumph over it, find they no longer have a taste for the prize—these seemed to be his special darlings.

Lili Marleen, for me his greatest film, was about the struggle between "high" and "low" art—art as a reflection of class. Sex, in this case, reflected society—and "culture." The "star-crossed" lovers of the film were a symphonic conductor, Jewish and active in

the anti-Nazi underground, and a lumpen pop singer, whose tune becomes the World War II anthem for the German armies; their wildly differing social backgrounds reinforced by their cultural affiliations. Fassbinder created a love-hate match between opera and pop—it jolted you as much as Janis Joplin screaming the blues in the middle of *Tristan und Isolde*. And, by the time of his sardonic climax, he showed high and low culture so circumscribed by social forces that the collision was more than an aesthetic clash, the separation more than a failed romance. It was a grand battle of race and sex and culture and class—stunning, crazy, magnetically theatrical.

So why—with such facility, such genius, and at the moment of his greatest triumphs—did he die? Was it the barbiturates and the cocaine? Disease? Or the killing pace of his own demonic drive?

Fassbinder seemed to live on the edge, take himself to dangerous limits. While in Manhattan for the New York Film Festival (they showed nine of his works, a number exceeded only by Bunuel, Godard and Truffaut), he was said to make the rounds of the toughest, most sinister "rough trade" gay bars in town. He often seemed ill, feverish, in public. Perhaps he was pursuing sex—or love, or death or some mixture—with the same appalling, ruthless intensity



Photo courtesy of United Artists Corporation

with which he made his films. And perhaps he was ill. Perhaps all his furious activity was a battle against the inevitable darkness.

His irony and facility—even his greatness—could not quite conceal the hunger and bitterness at his core. His vision was soaked with despair, smoky with the struggle against it. That may have been the reason he was often rejected by his own audience—radicals and homosexuals, some of whom condemned his masterpiece, *Fox*, for its "negativity"—and embraced by Vincent Canby and Andrew Sarris, conservatives for whom his landscape was a strange and mysterious other-land, dazzling as a mirror blasted into fragments beneath a dark and poisonous sky.

When you looked into his world, what he showed—of his own agonies, of the agonies and confusions of life in general—often made you flinch; both at the pity and horror of his stories, and the curious coldness with which he seemed to tell them. But the coldness was a mask. What burned beneath it was wondrous, passionate. However sad or sordid Rainer Fassbinder's end was, however premature, it signaled (like Fonda's or Bergman's) the death of a great artist. When he died, he took a world away with him—a world that was infernal, brilliant, despairing, wonderful. And, probably, irreplaceable. □

FILMS TO WATCH FOR—FILMS TO WATCH FOR—

Mephisto (D-Sc: Istvan Szabo. With Karl Maria Brandauer and Rolf Hoppe)—Last year's "Best Foreign Film" Oscar-winner (still in erratic release around the country) is one movie around you should see at any time, in any circumstances. Based on a roman à clef by Thomas Mann's son, Klaus (in it, he ripped up his ex-brother-in-law, actor Gustaf Grundgens—provoking the most famous libel suit in German history), *Mephisto* recounts the slimy rise and slimmer fall of a brilliant thespian, Heinrich Hofgen, who leapfrogs to power on the scaly headquarters of Hermann Göring—betraying every friend, lover and principle he has in the process. As Grundgens-Hofgen, Karl Maria Brandauer gives a volcano of a performance—explosive and infantile, demonic and pathetic: a definitive portrait of the artist as corrupt, fawning opportunist. (You may remember Brandauer and director Istvan Szabo from that wild bear-hug and impromptu polka they did on the last Oscar show.) Szabo's

film—Hungarian, but with a German soundtrack—is better than Mann's book: It blazes with theatricality, a mix of blood and greasepaint. Usually, an Oscar is no imprimatur of greatness (or even quality); this is one time when it was.

Q (D-Sc: Larry Cohen. With Michael Moriarty, David Caradine, Candy Clark, Richard Roundtree)—A mammoth pterodactyl (nicknamed "Q" for "Quetzalcoatl") hatches eggs at the top of the Chrysler Building, and terrorizes nearby penthouses and sun decks on food forays. Meanwhile, its crazed worshippers are committing ritual murders all around Manhattan (one of them only three blocks from the *HIGH TIMES* office). As a horror movie, this doesn't really curdle the blood, the special effects are at a cheapo minimum, and the big bird itself resembles one of Inoshira Honda's "Godzilla-Rodan" Tinker Toys. But *Q* works well as a sort of daffy nightmare-

comedy and half-conscious satire. And—as a cheap hustler who stumbles onto the egg and tries to milk the city for a million—Moriarty gives an unexpectedly great performance: the last word in spineless, sleazy worm-turning.

Chan Is Missing (D-Sc: Wayne Wang. With Wood May and Marc Hayashi)—The search for a missing cabby in San Francisco's Chinatown turns into a sort of triple-layered metaphysical Chinese checkers. A charming little mystery-comedy; also, one of the truest, funniest portraits of Sino-Americans ever put on film. (The offbeat touches include a radical dishwasher who wears a SAMURAI NIGHT FEVER T-shirt and keeps singing "Fry Me to the Moon.") Shot for barely \$20,000 by first-time writer-director Wayne Wang, *Chan Is Missing* is more entertaining than most movies that cost 20 to 40 times as much.

Tempest (D-Sc: Paul Mazursky. With John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Susan Sarandon,

Raul Julia, Vittorio Gassman)—It received so many bad reviews (including pans from both Pauline Kael and Andrew Sarris), that you may have to let *Tempest* breeze by. Actually, it's one of the best movies ever made by Paul Mazursky (*Harry and Tonto*, *Blume in Love*, *An Unmarried Woman*); and—along with *Blade Runner* and Woody Allen's *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*—one of my personal favorites this year. The story is a typical Mazursky Manhattan marital crisis, but the characters and events magically duplicate or recall Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. Most of the action transpires on an idyllic Greek island in the Peloponnese, gorgeously photographed by Australian Don McAlpine (who previously lit his fires under *Breaker Morant* and *My Brilliant Career*). Rich, wondrous, unexpected, goofy—a real delight: "Full fathom five, my father lies/These are pearls that were his eyes" translated to the world of post-Sexual Revolution America, Devo, Feiffer, high tech, the Mafia and Atlantic City. □

WATERS

continued from page 37

High Times: They never saw it?

Waters: No, but they know what it's about. They said, "If you want us to, we'll see it." Why should they see it? It would really upset them. But I guess if I had a kid that made a movie I would have to see it. If I had a kid, he'd try to make something that would appal me. A Walt Disney movie. That's a bad analogy. I like Walt Disney movies. A lot of the characters in my films are even modeled after some of the Disney characters.

High Times: So what shocks you now? Other than your royalty statements?

Waters: The thing that offends me are male pickets against abortion. Television. Also *Pink Flamingos*, the last time I saw it. I haven't seen it for four years and I was shocked when I saw it again. I thought, "Oh my God, I made that?" No wonder people get pissed off.

High Times: I guess you'll be forever living down or living up to that shit-eating scene.

Waters: I think that's pretty much over with. Many people saw *Polyester* who hadn't seen any of my other films.

High Times: But you became the self-admitted Dr. Joyce Brothers of dog shit.

Waters: Well, you got to start somewhere. It worked.

High Times: Were there Waters purists who hated *Polyester*?

Waters: Some. I think it was just reverse snobism. *Polyester* was the only film where Divine didn't want his costumes. He said no drag queen in the world would put these shoes on. I think Divine was especially good in *Polyester* because he was playing something completely different than in my other films: a victim. Divine's a really good actor. I think he could play male roles too. He isn't just costumes and makeup. I'm working on a script now where he'll play triplets.

High Times: Did you feel happy getting those rave reviews in establishment journals like *Newsweek* and the *New York Times* when *Polyester* came out?

Waters: I was ecstatic.

High Times: You didn't feel coopted? Like maybe you were doing something wrong?

Waters: No, I always try to sell out. The early bad reviews helped us out at the time. We didn't feel one bit coopted. We wound up selling the film to thirty-three countries. Israel, Iceland, Argentina. I went to eighteen cities in Germany to promote it.

High Times: What's your impression of Germany?

Waters: My favorite country. A nation of villains.

High Times: I already know the answer to this question: Did you visit Dauchau?

Waters: As soon as I got off the plane. They picked me up and took me straight there.

High Times: Who would you like to work with in the future?

Waters: Pia Zadora more than anyone.

Pam Grier. Tina Turner. Victor Mature. Lana Turner. Benji. All the real stars.

High Times: Do you think there are any taboos now?

Waters: With me? Sure. I'm not a necrophiliac. I'm not a coprophiliac. There are a lot of things that I think are strictly no-no's. For me. Other people can do it all they like. I think if you're a necrophiliac you have to become an undertaker. It's about the only place you can meet dead people. No, some discos you can meet dead people.

High Times: You get a lot of questions about your personal sex life?

Waters: No, because I never talk about it. I enjoy when I don't know what a person's story is. I have no desire to share my sex life with the readers of *HIGH TIMES*. I don't feel any real inner urge to do that. I have friends that I confide in. I always wonder when I read about these movie stars crying over their breakups. I think, "Don't you have friends you tell this to?"

What is it you want to know?

High Times: I don't want to know anything. Actually, a lot of people urged me to ask about your sex life. I'm personally not too interested in your sex life.

Waters: Tom Snyder kept trying to find out if Divine and I were gay. It's hardly a stop-the-press issue. No kidding.

High Times: I've read interviews where you talk about being gay. Like in the *Advocate*. In some way has your sexuality—

Waters: It's my own business, that's what I think.

High Times: I don't mean that. Has it somehow influenced the way you look at the whole world?

Waters: Sure, but I reverse it. I always have heterosexual people playing homosexuals, and homosexuals playing heterosexuals. Almost always. I change it around to further confuse people because that's what's the most fun about sexuality—confusion.

High Times: In *Female Trouble*, Edie gives that long speech to her son urging him to turn gay, how gay is better than straight—

Waters: That's just market research so I can tell how much of my audience is gay and how much straight. They applaud accordingly. That's another reversal—a mother trying to talk her son into becoming gay. Usually it's the other way.

High Times: There wasn't real ideology behind it?

Waters: Just more reversal. Believe me, I don't think one is better than the other. They're both quite difficult, straight or gay. I don't think it's easy, all these ludicrous positions. All sex, you've got to think, "Why am I doing this?"

I don't think that my films appeal only to gay people. I think the breakdown is just like in real life. In all my films Divine is never portrayed as a man playing a woman. That's never revealed at the end, like old drag shows. The guy that mixed *Polyester*, when we were talking about it after we finished, I told him and he was stunned. He

sat at the film for eight days and he didn't know. I think in my films sex is just as ridiculous as everything else. Ludicrous.

High Times: Have you ever been attacked by gay or feminist groups?

Waters: Once in Boston a gay group tried to stop *Desperate Living* because it "made fun" of lesbians. Well, it does. But what makes them immune from satire? I didn't hear them bitching when I made fun of everyone else. I don't know how any gay group could attack our films, it would be really pushing it. I don't know, I've been to some of those bars where no one smiles. It's the opposite of what the word gay is. Everybody is so dead serious and they're all dressed up like people that beat them up all their lives. That's the thing I don't get.

High Times: Are you familiar with some of the recent sociobiological theories about criminality being genetic?

Waters: I don't believe that. I think it's all parents and environment. I think the answer to crime is abortion and education.

High Times: You're a walking bundle of contradictions.

Waters: It depends on the issue.

High Times: Or the hour. Or the weather?

Waters: No, I'm pretty consistent in keeping the same opinions.



Pink Flamingos

High Times: You vote a lot?

Waters: I try to vote as much as I can.

High Times: Five, six times, I read.

Waters: Well, I've calmed down. I used to vote a lot each election. Every city I was in, because it made the newspapers more interesting. I felt more civic-minded if I voted six times in an election. I love to vote.

High Times: Yeah, but then they have your name and you can get called for jury duty.

Waters: I certainly wouldn't mind that. I'd be so happy.

High Times: Sorry, I forgot.

Waters: They'd never let me on a jury. Are you kidding? They'd question me, "Have you ever been in a courtroom?" "Well, I've traveled thousands of miles at my own expense to go to them, yes. Every day I go to court." Forget it, they'd never let me on a jury. □

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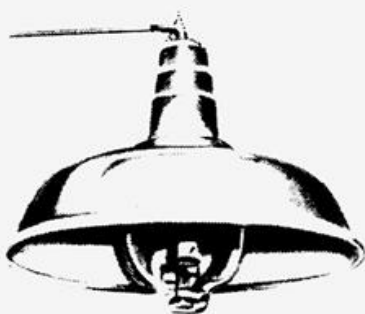
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The Sinsemilla Technique by Kayo

How Few Plants in Smaller Plots Yield More Cannabis of Higher Quality

San Francisco: The Last Gasp of San Francisco, \$9.95

Kayo is the first author to come forth and present an accurate account of the cultural, agricultural and economic phenomena of "sin semilla" cannabis cultivation. For this, he and *The Sinsemilla Technique* are to be commended. His logical writing style clearly illuminates many facets of sinsemilla cultivation, and his cultural examples are characteristic of many clandestine cultivators nationwide.

Kayo has deeply researched and succinctly summarized the past and current social, political and economic dilemmas surrounding the illegal cultivation and eradication of cannabis. His sources include interviews with a wide range of cultivators, new releases and information gathered from the various law-enforcement agencies. Extensive travel forms the foundation for his observations and personal interviews with both sides of the law serve as the bricks for building his conclusions. Some of them are extremely provocative:

"... Noted authorities are polarized on one side of the issue or the other. While the information they yield may serve to enforce a preconceived notion, sway public opinion and pass legislation, it does not encourage rational consideration by an informed public. The result of this confrontation is decades of high-voltage hyperbole which encourages emotional reaction rather than rational contemplation.

"In addition, the energy of conflicting values creates unusual hybridizations of character among the participants in the phenomenon of homegrown cannabis. While the cultivators are society's bad players, and the Delegated Authority society's good players, the conflict creates situations where bad is good, and good is bad. Like propaganda, these confusing roles affect the flow of information and distort perception..."

"The decades of hyperbole, together with the hybridization of 'good' personality traits with 'bad,' have created an intellectual environment which resembles, in character, the fall of Saigon, as seen on the network news. Objective information on the phenomenon of cannabis is nonexistent. There is no reason; there are no facts. One segment of the population considers cannabis a threat, and another segment considers it a blessing."

Hybridization of character has created the farmer-outlaw and the eradicator-sheriff. Between them, a complex and tedious balance exists. The sheriff, in effect, controls the price of sinsemilla by controlling the supply and the emotional atmosphere in which it is grown. If no seizures or arrests are made, cannabis cultivation will be rampant, the supply will increase and the price will drop. If the sheriff makes many seizures and arrests, the remaining worried cultivators will feel that they should grow fewer plants to lower their chances of being arrested, and they will charge a higher price to make up for their increased risk and lowered supply. The higher the price of sinsemilla, the higher the incentive for neophytes to begin cultivating on a commercial scale. Also, if the sheriff seizes more sinsemilla he is more likely to receive money from government agencies to continue his eradication campaign by buying new equipment and employing additional personnel. Escalation of the situation is inevitable without decriminalization of cannabis cultivation for personal use, which would lead to the removal of most of the profit and greed.

Kayo portrays the average sinsemilla farmer as a peaceful, honest, hardworking neighbor and a positive mainstream element of society, except for the illegality of his or her chosen hobby. Cultivators who have made millions of dollars ("sinsemillionaires") are few and far between, and those cultivators who feel the need to use arms and violence to protect their gardens are very, very rare.

Kayo portrays the average sinsemilla farmer as a peaceful, honest, hardworking neighbor and a positive mainstream element of society . . .

The Sinsemilla Technique explores the parameters of cannabis growth in outdoor, indoor and greenhouse microclimates, and examines the cultivation cycle from seed to smoke. Kayo also individually analyzes effects of stress on demand, supply and the character of the cultivator and plant. His extrapolation, however, that stress effects conveyed through the mind of the cultivator increase the quality of character of the plant and smoke is a bit hard to swallow.

In quantity and quality I have almost always observed that cannabis plants respond to loving care and organic feeding. Growing in a harmonious, natural setting, a stress-free environment where fear and paranoia on the part of the cultivator are for the most part absent, is where I have encountered plants and smoke praised for the highest of character, quality and potency. Though character analogies to the suffering of vines to produce high-quality wine grapes are of interest, vineyards develop their individual character over many years, whereas cannabis is an annual.

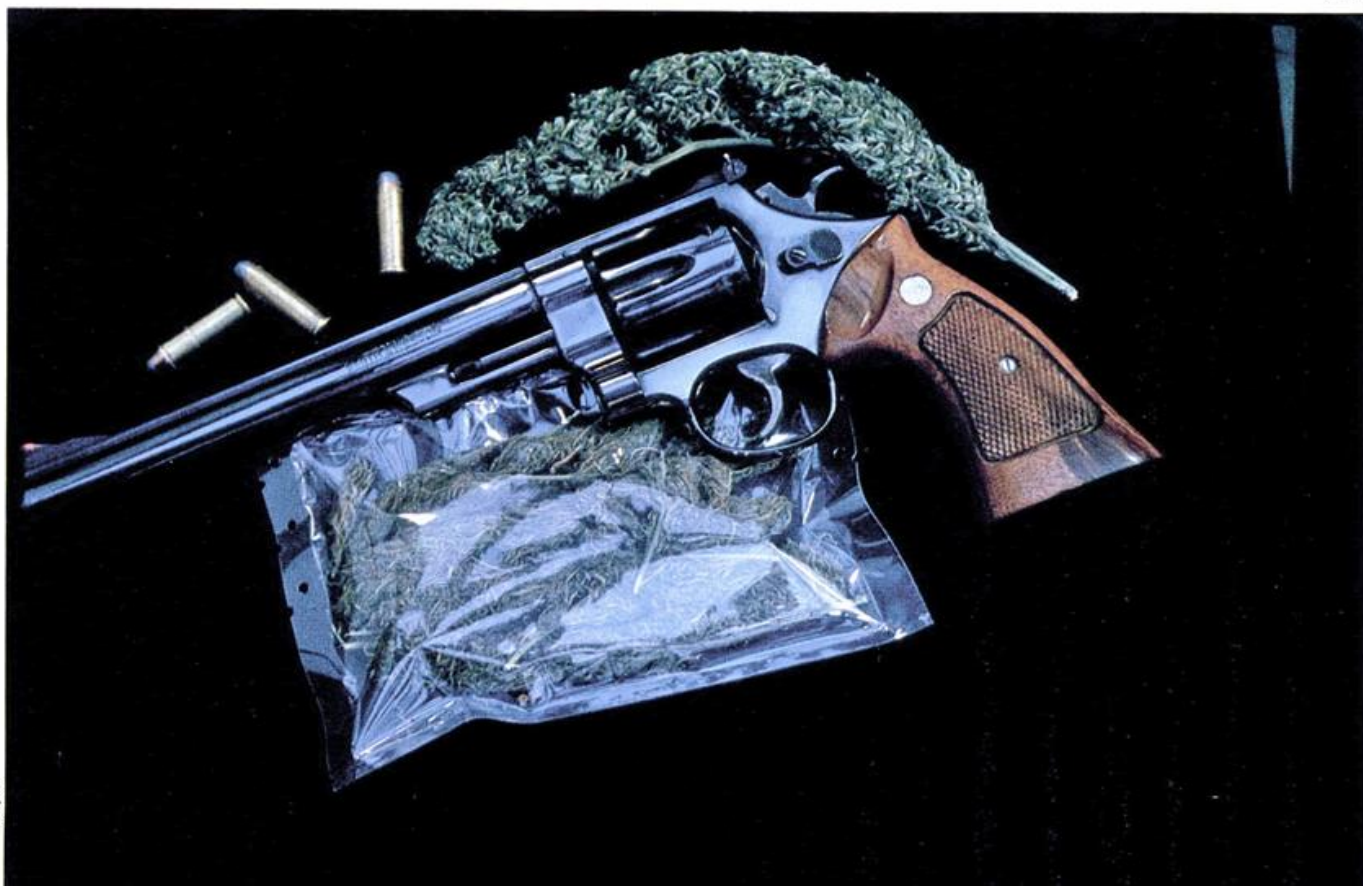
Excellent photographs by the author and those from law-enforcement agencies are liberally dispersed throughout the text. Line drawings and sketches add a warm, personal touch. A fine color section includes beautiful, well-captioned natural color and infrared photographs of a variety of strains growing in differing microclimates.

Kayo has written an excellent documentary account for the average reader who desires to understand the sinsemilla phenomenon from an insider's viewpoint. Cannabis cultivators are for the most part misunderstood, and they also should appreciate Kayo's attempt to tell it like it is.

The Sinsemilla Technique is a valuable contribution to the understanding of contemporary sinsemilla culture, and a must for your cannabis library. □ —Robert Connell Clarke



Kayo



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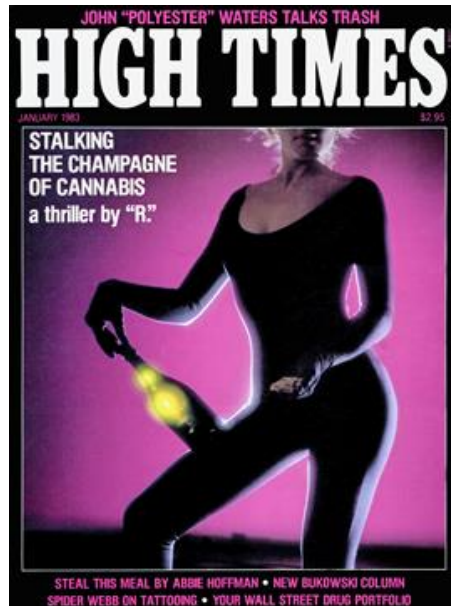
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